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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

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March 27, 1937

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# Collier's

E NATIONAL WEEKLY

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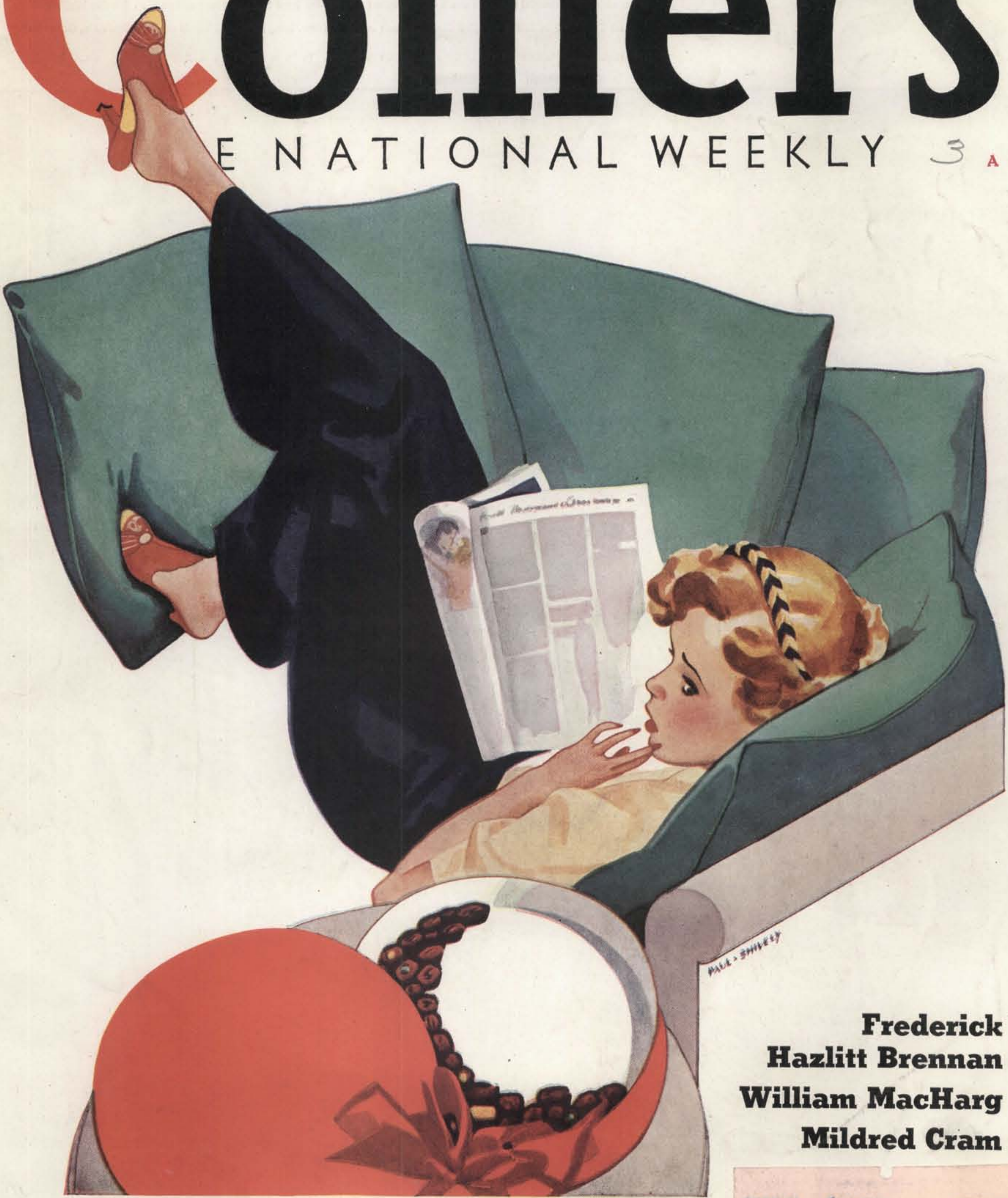


**Frederick Hazlitt Brennan**

**William MacHarg**

**Mildred Cram**

**The First Ten in Contract Bridge By She**

MRS JOAN :..HARGROVE 12
417 E MADISON RCO 21969
IOLA KANS 22JY39 R HH3

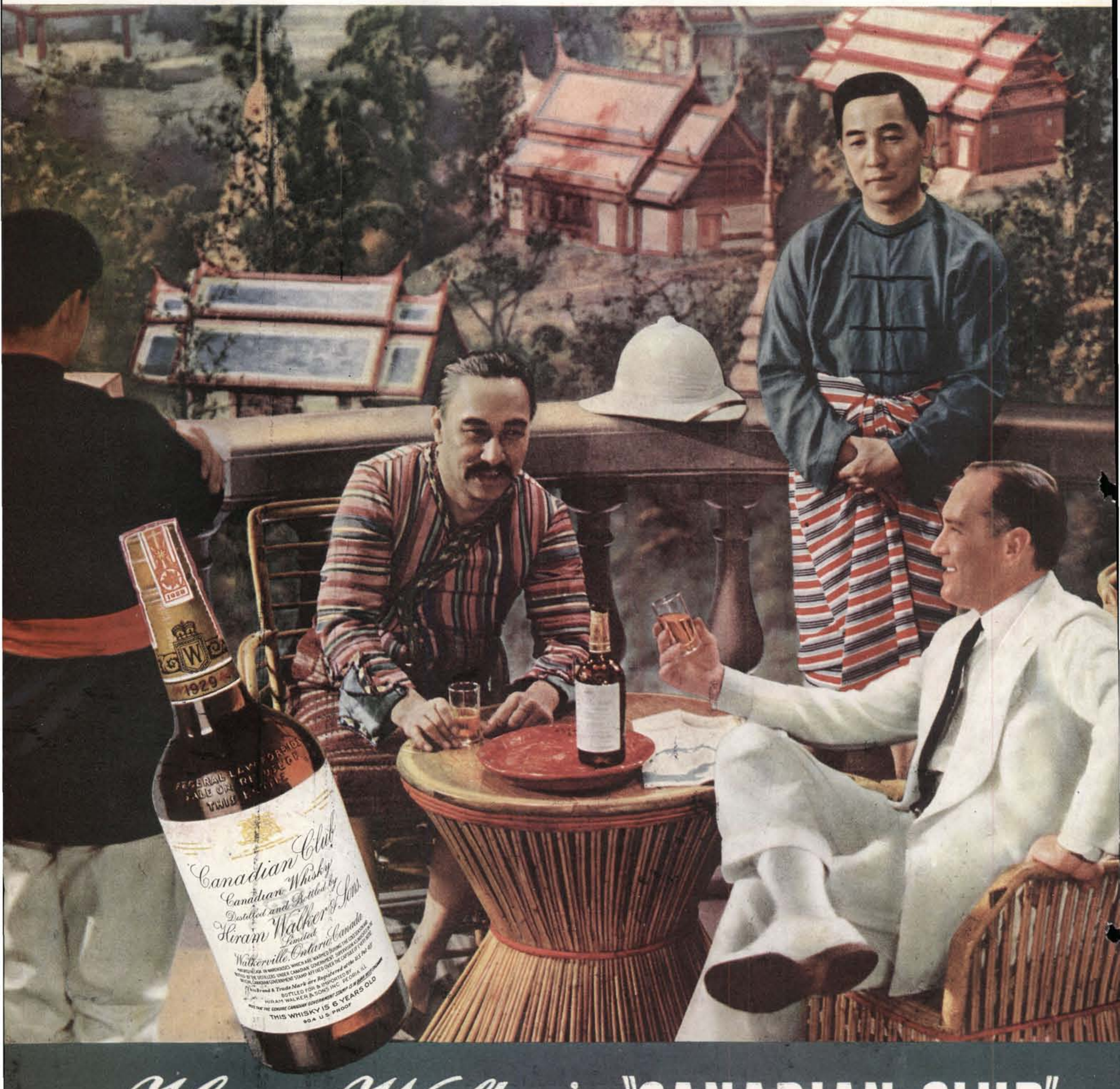
March 27 1937

# BIGGEST SURPRISE IN SIAM

"In Siam I was dazed by the Lopburi Pagodas," writes M. R. Swift of Tacoma. "I was astonished by combats between fighting fish, awed by the great Emerald Buddha. But what amazed me most was to find I could buy your 'Canadian Club'—just as at home. Somehow foreign wonders pall before our own. And I was less excited over having to go to Siam to see the Emerald Buddha than over having 'Canadian Club' go to Siam to give the Siamese a taste—and what a taste—of some of our own most famous and treasured domestic wonders!"

If you've an eye for quality, look for the name Hiram Walker. For, whether you prefer rye or bourbon — bonded, blended or straight — you'll find a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at clubs, bars and hotels everywhere . . . Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Illinois and Walkerville, Ontario.

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB" CANADIAN WHISKY. THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD, 90.4 PROOF

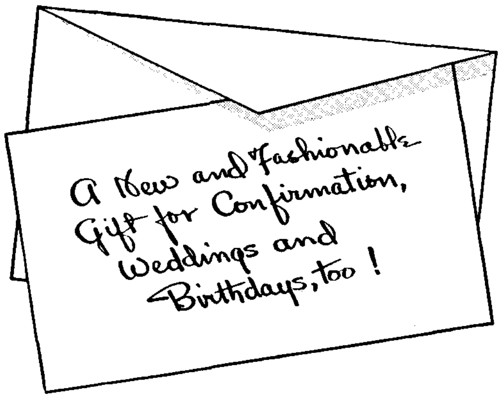

1929
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
BOTTLED FOR & IMPORTED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA, ILL.
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"

# *To Lead the Easter Gift-Parade –*

# R.T.S.P.

(Remember To Send Parkers)


A New and Fashionable Gift for Confirmation, Weddings and Birthdays, too!

**Parker's Laminated Pearl Beauty with TELEVISION Ink Supply**

***Held to the light, it shows the ink level so it won't run dry in the midst of your work***

Be a Good Fairy this Easter-Tide to those you love—give them this fresh start with better going. For writing the old way—"the hard way"—now makes a person look foolish. That's why millions have replaced their old-time "blind" barrel pens with this revolutionary invention.

The only way of telling when those "old-timers" were running low was when the last drop suddenly gushed out on your paper, announcing that they were empty. And they usually ran dry like that *just at the wrong time!*

But this new Parker Vacumatic with the Television Ink Supply actually lets you SEE the amount of ink within. Hence you can refill at any odd time and KNOW that your pen won't suddenly stop at some critical moment.

This sacless marvel holds 102% more ink than old-style because there are fewer parts—no rubber ink sac, no lever filler; and, unlike other sacless pens, no piston pump. Its simple working parts are sealed in the top where ink can never corrode or decompose them. That's why this patented invention is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

FULL
Television ink supply
Holds 102% more ink than old style
(Less than actual size)
Scratch-Proof Point of Platinum & Solid Gold
USA PARKER

**Parker**

**VACUMATIC** REG. T. M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10 — $7.50 — Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5

A wholly new and exclusive style—laminated Pearl and Jet—smart, shapely, and as shimmering as velvet. Winner of the pen Beauty contest by a vote of 2 to 1.

Now having 33⅓% more gold in its Scratch-proof Point yet without price advance, it is more than ever the finest value in the whole pen world. This point, by the way, is the gentlest writer your hand ever tasted. Go and try it today at any good store selling pens.

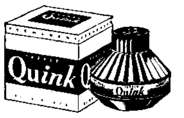
But be sure to look for the smart ARROW clip. That ARROW identifies the genuine—and holds it low and SAFE in the pocket.

Do this now—BEFORE Easter. Remember that the More Abundant Life is based on remembering others. So don't let Spring Gift-time pass without being someone's Good Fairy. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

COPR. 1937, THE PARKER PEN CO.

### This Revolutionary Ink Cleans Your Pen As It Writes

Parker Qu*ink* is a new discovery in writing ink that makes your pen work like a charm—a Parker Pen or any other. Dissolves deposits left in your pen by ordinary inks. Qu*ink* dries 31% faster ON PAPER, yet does NOT dry in a pen. Get it at any store selling ink. Small bottles at 15¢ and 25¢, up to quarts, 5 gal. jugs and 50 gal. kegs. Once you try Parker Qu*ink* you'll throw your old ink down the drain.



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**CHARLES COLEBAUGH**
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# Collier's

March 27, 1937

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

## Next Week

ALMOST from infancy Joan Sibley had been "Groomed for Marriage," fed, watered and currycombed. It made her distrustful and unhappy. "People are such liars and cheats and hypocrites," she said. Very likely she said that to a number of people; but from Pender Marquette she got more of an answer than she'd counted on.

Marquette was a professor of psychology. He was on the same ship with Joan, headed for the West Indies, not in search of an heiress. Struthers Burt takes you along to watch him give and receive a lesson in applied psychology which reached its climax in the harbor of St. Thomas.

THE principal excitement of next week will be Collier's $7,500 house. It represents the most careful thought of expert architects and contains the latest facilities for modern living. Drawings and descriptions of this little gem will be found in our next issue. We present it with pride as the best and most convenient small house we have ever seen.

THERE'S a definite Park Avenue type. Fashion artists created her. She is very long of limb and has no more hips than a pencil. There is about her a sinuous, feline grace. She slinks. Her expression is always the same: a touch of hauteur, a trace of boredom, a hint of amusement. Meet her in the flesh—Miss Kay DeLane, who lives on Park Avenue all right, but rather far north. She is "The Plush String Bean" in a delightful story by Richard Connell.

DESIGN a molecule that will kill a germ, one special germ, the streptococcus. That command was issued in a German laboratory, and it is one of the miracles of modern science that it was carried out. J. D. Ratcliff describes the "Magic Dye."

CHIEF MULCAHY, a man of steel and iron, could have chosen no better helpers in the delicate business of furthering his romance than Messrs Linn and Dunnevan. Double-handed they were able to circumvent the curse of the Hanrahans, that bitter fate which decreed that in each generation a colleen of the family would be deceived by a seafaring man. Their exploit is properly extolled by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan in a short story called, appropriately, "Woman-Proof."

HENRI DUVERNOIS writes the Short Short Story. Max Brand, Quentin Reynolds, Octavus Roy Cohen, Kyle Crichton, Dwight Mitchell Wiley and others complete the program. Bear it in mind.

●

## This Week

### SHORT STORIES

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●

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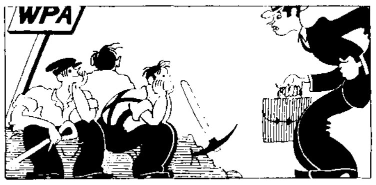
COVER PAUL SHIVELY

## Any Week

NOW on the threshold of what we hope is to be a beautiful springtime, Mr. John D. Yeates of New York City is in no mood to be trifled with. He confesses that he was "coming along normally" until, quite unintentionally, he ran into a WPA sit-down strike. "And now you ought to see me," says Mr. Yeates. "I'm quite an economic royalist all over again. Until I ran into that mob of muscle-hoarders I was right in style, a bright and restless liberal even if my feet did hurt a little from tramping the streets in quest of a few insurance commissions. But now everything's spoiled. What I'd do to those WPA sitters-down would make the Liberty League blush. When I think that I'm being taxed to the ends of my diminishing hair to support those—"

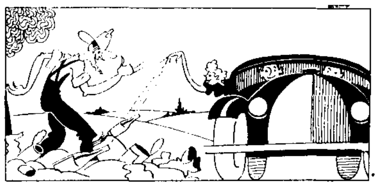


BUT at that point we had to call a halt on Mr. Yeates. We're rather glad he didn't know that in North Carolina the situation is even worse. Mr. N. K. Smith of Asheville reports, sending us the advertisement to prove what he says: that down there one may insure himself against physical damage from just such righteous indignation. The advertisement Mr. Smith sends us proclaims the willingness of a bank to insure "against fire, theft, and collision with a local agent."

WE pause for a moment for a little chore of mumbling. Mr. R. M. Newcomb of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, protests that the popular drink of the steel-mill workers in Pittsburgh is not, as John T. Flynn had it in his "Steel is Hot," a plumber-and-his-helper but a puddler-and-his-helper. Mr. Flynn, conceding that Mr. Newcomb may be right, says that he understood the word to be plumber. However, he admits that his informant had had several of these authoritative drinks and was doing quite a little mumbling. "Try mumbling the two words," says Mr. Flynn. "Let's mumble them together. Let's get together this evening at Paddy Logue's and mumble. You will find that, mumbled, the two words sound oddly alike."

WE'D like very much to have Mr. T. Hardridge of Omaha, Nebraska, join us. Mr. Hardridge might have several valuable words to say on the subject. This we gather from his letter in which he objects to what we said in our editorial, "Lucky Seventy-fifth." Therein we remarked the passing of Doctor Townsend's pension plan as a threat to the peace and quiet of the current Congress. Says Mr. Hardridge: "Your article is libble and full of mallets."

YOU haven't heard, perhaps, of The Missouri Farmer's Revenge. We hear of it with considerable satisfaction from Mrs. Florence Summat of Kansas City. A city family, inspired by the balmy weather, packed a voluminous lunch and drove out into the country. On this farmer's place they halted and, without leaving the car, ate. As they emptied boxes, bags, pickle bottles and beer bottles they heaved them into the farmer's meadow. The farmer strolled up and, as mild as the day, asked after their health, made note of the name and address and politely left them to their jollity without referring to the rubbish they were leaving behind. But a few mornings later they were surprised and even a bit annoyed to find in their front yard a spectacular collection of barnyard litter, including a few old horseshoes.



PERHAPS we should feel a bit flattered. Yet we can't help wishing Seattle, Washington, had waited a little longer. Mr. Tom Sunderman of that city informs us that the authorities have "washed our Little Tokyo and Little Shanghai whiter than snow." There was considerable mystery about the closing of these two entertainment areas until Mr. Sunderman made inquiries in informed places. "The real trouble was," says Mr. Sunderman, "that somebody spread the word that one of those Collier's mugs was on his way out to look around."

WE doubt that we had anything to do with the cleaning of Little Tokyo and Little Shanghai. Anyway, the subject leaves us in much the same temper as is Mr. William C. Sullivan of Springfield, Illinois. He assures us that this Supreme Court wrangle bores him stiff. "Fifteen judges or a hundred judges," says he, "couldn't be wronger than nine when they're wrong or righter than nine when they're right. The trouble is, are we safe in leaving the final interpretation of right and wrong to any one man just because he is President—and a good one?"

WE saw a robin yesterday.

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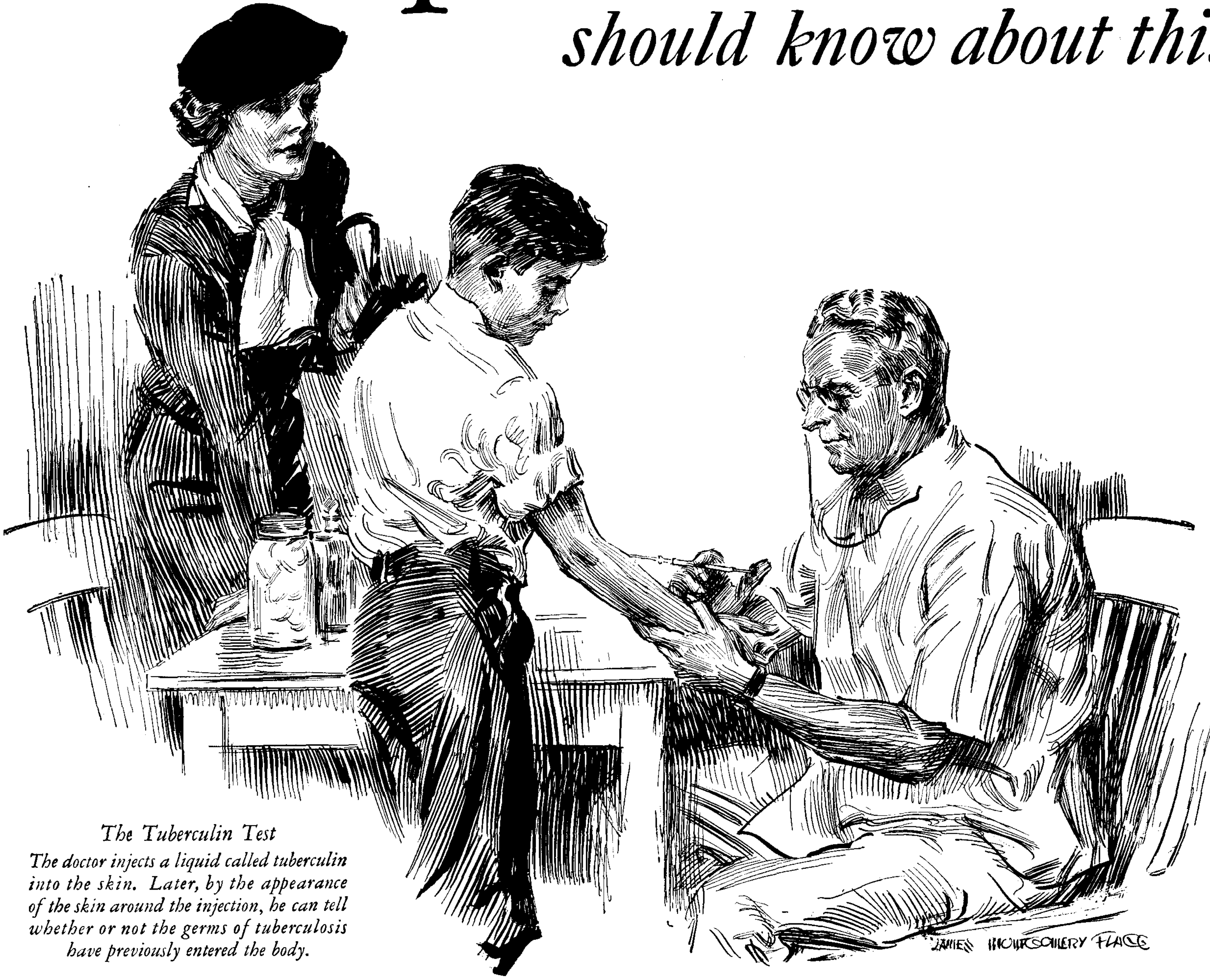
# PARENTS
## *should know about this—*



*The Tuberculin Test*

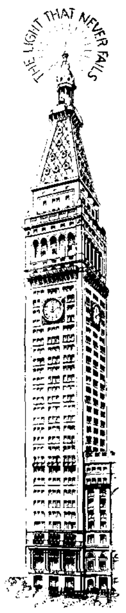
*The doctor injects a liquid called tuberculin into the skin. Later, by the appearance of the skin around the injection, he can tell whether or not the germs of tuberculosis have previously entered the body.*

IN many of the foremost schools and colleges, students are given tuberculin tests and also X-ray examinations, when they seem advisable. The tuberculin test shows whether or not a boy or girl has picked up germs of tuberculosis. If the test shows that germs are present, X-ray pictures help to reveal whether or not the germs have done any damage.

In the schools where it is convenient to do so, mothers are invited to be present at the time the test is made. It is important that all parents should more fully understand how the early discovery of tuberculosis and proper treatment may prevent future danger.

The tuberculin test is in no sense a preventive, or a cure. When followed by X-ray pictures that show trouble is brewing, it points the way to modern, scientific treatment of the patient.

In case your child does not attend a school which provides the tuberculin test and X-ray examinations, you will probably wish to consult a physician. He can arrange to have these lifesaving precautions taken in his own office or elsewhere. Tuberculosis, especially in the beginning, can almost always be brought under prompt control.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

When the familiar symptoms appear — a persistent cough, pain in the chest, loss of weight, undue fatigue, lack of appetite, chronic indigestion—the situation is serious and no time should be lost. They indicate that the disease is active, and that the battle with mankind's oldest enemy should begin in earnest.

In the United States great progress has been made in fighting tuberculosis. But there are still five hundred thousand persons sick with this disease. Efforts in fighting this stubborn enemy should be increased until it has disappeared like other life-destroying plagues which have been conquered by modern science.

Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Tuberculosis." Address Booklet Department 437-C.

*Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly*

# METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

**FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board** ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ **LEROY A. LINCOLN, President**

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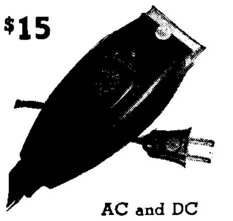
"It isn't a rich man's gadget"

[ From the letter of a working man who paid half-a-week's wage for his shaver, and wouldn't sell it for $100 if he couldn't buy another ]



Wealth cannot buy more shaving comfort, for it is the same Schick Shaver that is used in humble cottages and in luxurious homes. It brings more pleasure into a man's life than any other personal possession *yet it is the cheapest way to shave.*

It is not an expensive, tricky *gadget* but a new and revolutionary way to shave that is fast changing the shaving habits of the world.

THIS AMAZING TRUTH

We thought at first that only men with money would buy the Schick Shaver. To our astonishment we found that working men—truck drivers, policemen, postmen, laborers—insisted on giving up the old lather-and-blade method of shaving to use the Schick.

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL YOU WAIT?

More than a million men are daily Schick users. Every day brings new users by the thousand. Doesn't this convince you that it is only a question of time when all men will use a Schick Shaver?

Why do you put off another day the joy of comfortable, painless shaving without lather and blades?

THERE'S A DEALER NEAR YOU

Any Schick dealer will demonstrate the shaver to you, explain the advantages of electrical shaving, and tell you how you save enough on blades, soap, creams, etc., to pay for the Schick over and over again.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN.
Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
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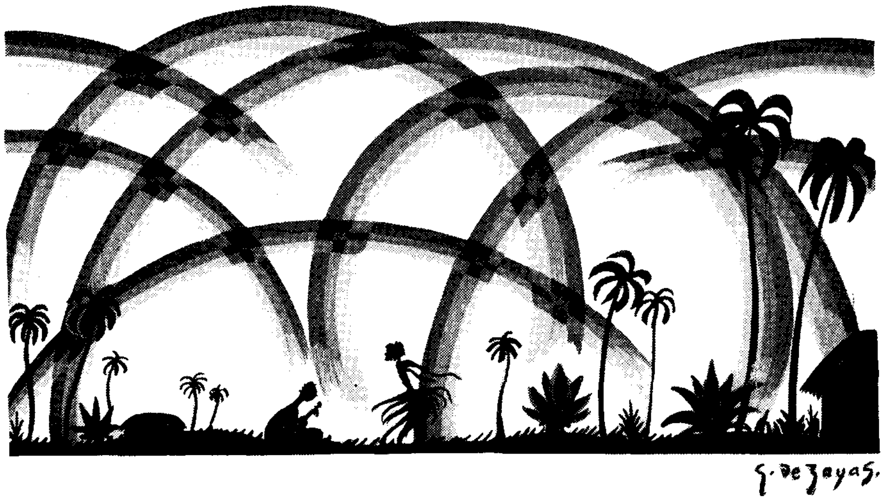
SCHICK SHAVER

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster



PAGO PAGO, capital of American Samoa and, incidentally, the locale of the famous play "Rain," holds the world's record for simultaneous rainbows, sixteen having been seen over this town at one time.—*By Asen Nikolov, Sofia, Bulgaria.*

*A recent* physiological study of flute playing shows that the velocity of the air as it leaves the flutist's mouth, even for low tones, is equivalent to that of a hurricane, or at a rate of more than 75 miles an hour.—*By John Samuels, New York City.*

*China* now offers approximately $1,500,000 for the capture, either dead or alive, of about twenty "Reds" who are the ringleaders of its Communist Army. The various rewards, placed on the heads of these individuals by the Nationalist Government, range from $5,000 apiece for several "propaganda girls" up to $250,000 apiece for two generals.

*One* of man's deadliest and most insidious enemies is carbon monoxide gas, produced domestically by coal and gas heaters and ranges and gasoline engines. One part in a thousand parts of air can produce unconsciousness within thirty minutes. Furthermore, there is absolutely no indication of its presence. One breathing this colorless, odorless and tasteless poison is not aware of the fact until he suddenly collapses.

*A few* years ago a gangster became a "big shot" and decided to take up horseback riding. So he hired a horse from a swank riding academy and shortly, through his inexperience, fell off and was killed. His henchmen, agreeing that this horse could not murder their boss and get away with it, rehired the animal the next day and shot it to death on a lonely road, the only case on record of a horse having been "taken for a ride."

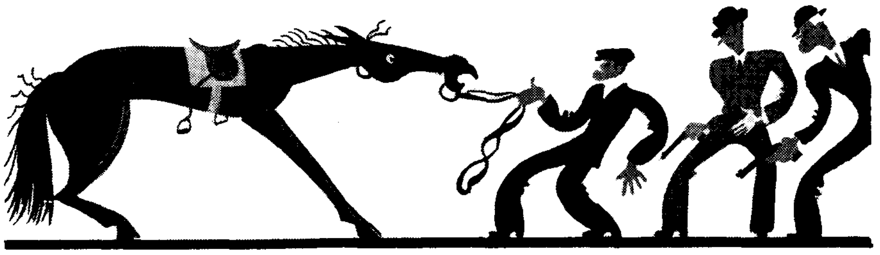
*A frantic* search for a bottle—lost at sea—took place along the Atlantic coast between 1912 and 1914. It had been thrown from a liner by a lawyer while he was delirious and, as it contained the will of a deceased client who had left an estate of $30,000,000, a reward of $25,000 was offered and paid for its return. During its travels, the bottle had been in two ship disasters, swallowed by a whale and worshiped as an idol by some Brazilian natives.

*The* University of Nevada in Reno is now giving a course in Marriage, Homemaking and Divorce, which is described in its catalogue as "A presentation of the psychological principles involved in these three types of social adjustment." —*By Frederick Wood, Reno, Nevada.*

*Pulverized* coal, now used extensively in steam boilers, cement kilns and metallurgical furnaces, must be ground so fine—for its special burners—that more than 80 per cent of it will pass through a 200-mesh screen, a close mesh through which water will not flow.—*By A. B. Wolle, Hartsdale, New York.*

*No* one knows definitely why the orthodox Jewish wedding ritual requires the bridegroom to crush a wine glass under his heel. According to the most popular of its many interpretations, however, it is done to keep fresh the contempt which the Jews still hold for the Romans who, in 70 A. D., captured Jerusalem, and, in burning the city to the ground and enslaving the few who escaped the sword, ended the Jewish nation.—*By Beatrice Warner, Newark, New Jersey.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers**



# TOURED EUROPE, CANADA AND U.S.A.

## HAPPY PLYMOUTH OWNER PRAISES RELIABILITY

*The Car that Stands Up Best—*

*Read this amazing story of Frew Hall... he motored in 8 Countries... climbed the Alps 7 times... declares that Plymouth is the most economical car he's ever driven*

## Still Greater Reliability for Big 1937 Plymouth!

ELEVEN THOUSAND trouble-free miles at home made Mr. Frew Hall realize his Plymouth would be a great car for foreign travel. So last summer he took it to Europe.

"In seven weeks we drove 3,216 miles. Never a moment of trouble...or one penny of mechanical expense. In a strange land, that counts!" says Mr. Hall.

Freedom from trouble...and expense ...is the story everywhere of Plymouth cars. More than ever...for 1937!

Also...no other low-priced car with such riding comfort! Body mountings of rubber...airplane-type shock-absorbers... scientific sound-proofing... end bumps, vibrations and noise.

All-steel body...double-acting hydraulic brakes...and the sensational new Safety Interior...protect you.

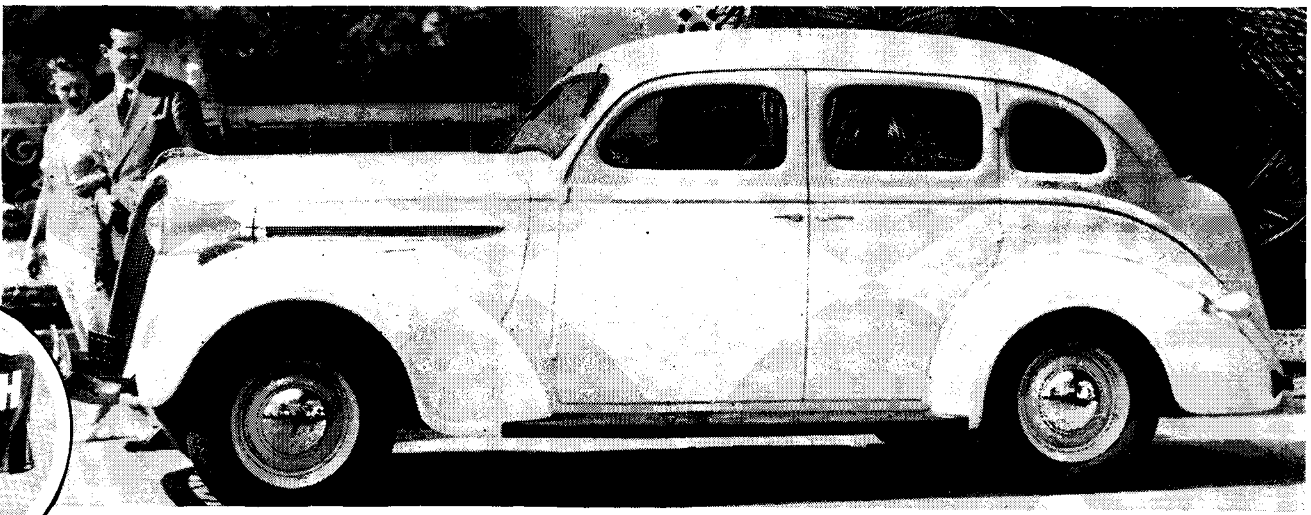
On gas, oil, tires...and on every item of upkeep... this beautiful, big 1937 Plymouth will save you money.

"Look at All Three" low-priced cars. Drive them. Ride in them. Compare size ...comfort...performance. Investigate the many long-life engineering features that make Plymouth the car that stands up best. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

### PRICED WITH THE LOWEST

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest... and offers very convenient payment terms. You can buy a beautiful, big new Plymouth on remarkably low payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which you will find fit your budget...and make it exceptionally easy to purchase a new Plymouth *today*.

FREW HALL, of Frewhall-Pope Travel Service, 598 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., picks Plymouth for travel abroad...or at home.



BIG, EXTRA ROOMY—as beautiful inside as outside... 1937 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan.

# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

## VISION ALWAYS HAS BEEN A HIGHLY PRIZED ASSET

And it is apparent that today American business needs vision as it has never needed it before. It helps to put the whole man on the job. » » » Farsighted operators of the Mimeograph are ever insistent upon using the complete process, wherein all things work together for good. Every coordinated factor in the process has been developed in our laboratories. And these factors have brought the fine art of stencil duplication to a high state of efficiency  Not one of them can be neglected, if the speedy duplication of forms, letters, graphs, etc., is to be done with precision—and low cost. A unit process backed by an organized responsibility! For help in your duplicating problems write to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—or see telephone book for local address.

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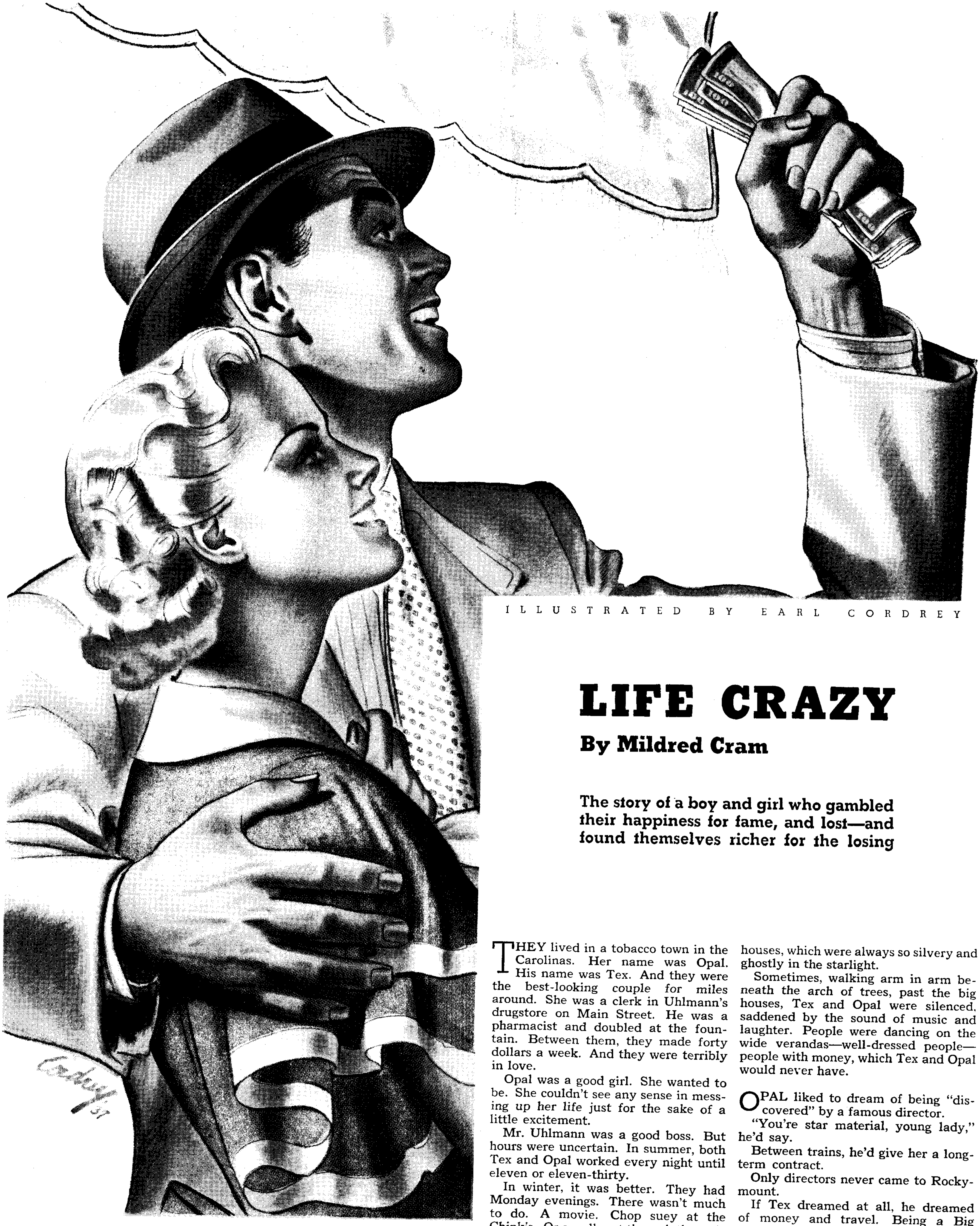


"I've got Fate by the tail!" he cried. "I'm going places, kid"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

# LIFE CRAZY

## By Mildred Cram

**The story of a boy and girl who gambled their happiness for fame, and lost—and found themselves richer for the losing**

THEY lived in a tobacco town in the Carolinas. Her name was Opal. His name was Tex. And they were the best-looking couple for miles around. She was a clerk in Uhlmann's drugstore on Main Street. He was a pharmacist and doubled at the fountain. Between them, they made forty dollars a week. And they were terribly in love.

Opal was a good girl. She wanted to be. She couldn't see any sense in messing up her life just for the sake of a little excitement.

Mr. Uhlmann was a good boss. But hours were uncertain. In summer, both Tex and Opal worked every night until eleven or eleven-thirty.

In winter, it was better. They had Monday evenings. There wasn't much to do. A movie. Chop suey at the Chink's. Or a walk out through the residential district toward the tobacco warehouses, which were always so silvery and ghostly in the starlight.

Sometimes, walking arm in arm beneath the arch of trees, past the big houses, Tex and Opal were silenced, saddened by the sound of music and laughter. People were dancing on the wide verandas—well-dressed people—people with money, which Tex and Opal would never have.

OPAL liked to dream of being "discovered" by a famous director.

"You're star material, young lady," he'd say.

Between trains, he'd give her a long-term contract.

Only directors never came to Rockymount.

If Tex dreamed at all, he dreamed of money and travel. Being a Big Shot. Driving a powerful car. Going places. Seeing things. He hated to be nailed down. He did his duty, but there were little restless blank places in his mind.

They wanted to get married. Tex said they were cheating. She in her boardinghouse room; he in his dump behind the store—lying awake nights, thinking of each other, wanting each other. Life wasn't meant to be lived that way. They were held back, month after month, by their own knowledge of the traps destiny can spring. Opal might have a baby. A baby costs three hundred dollars. Tex might die. Death is expensive.

And so they waited.

It wasn't so hard in summer. They were busy. But in winter, it was. They had time to think. . . .

"We'd better get married," Tex said. "Settle down. Work. Face the truth. *Like* it. After all, kid, we're lucky. We've got each other."

He took her arm. It was their evening off. A warm and starry January Monday. Main Street was bright and busy.

"Listen. It's Bank Night at the Cameo. Five hundred dollars! Suppose we win? We could furnish a bungalow. Bank two hundred. Take out some insurance. Let's go!"

A LONG line of people snaked along the sidewalk toward the box office. Tex swept Opal through the lobby and into the dark, stuffy auditorium. They sat in the plush depths of the loges, hand in hand. Opal could feel their pulses pounding and racing.

Tex was different, somehow. Opal sensed it. He was irritable and jumpy and fed up. A storm raged in him. Rebellion. He was tired of waiting. Ready to break loose. Unless something happened. Unless his luck changed. . . .

When the manager and the judges came out on the stage to make the draw, Tex said:

"Here, kid, hold my hat. I'm going to win."

"Oh, Tex—" Opal said weakly.

"I'm right," Tex said.

When they called his name, he wasn't even surprised. He went up on the stage and got the money and thanked the manager, as if winning five hundred dollars wasn't anything. But when he came back, and the lights dimmed again, Opal felt him shaking.

"Let's get out of here," he whispered. "*Quick*."

He wanted to yell and dance and hit his head and get drunk. Opal had never seen him like this. She was thrilled and frightened.

"Five hundred dollars! All at once! Funny. It's taken the scare out of me. I've got Fate by the tail," he cried. "I'm going places, kid. Watch me!"

His eyes were like sparks. His smile sliced into Opal's heart. That quick, brilliant flash.

They'd be married right away. Honeymoon in New York, and then back to Mobile to see his folks. Or maybe west. Some decent clothes. Furniture. A wrist watch. A new gun. A dog. Maybe a car—one of those sport roadsters. Gosh, he could think of a million things he'd wanted and had been pushing down, out of sight, because he knew he couldn't. . . . Now, he could—he *could!*

"Happy?"

"You bet," Opal said.

But she wasn't. Not quite. If they married, Tex wouldn't get his chance. And she wouldn't get hers. They'd just go on, here in Rockymount.

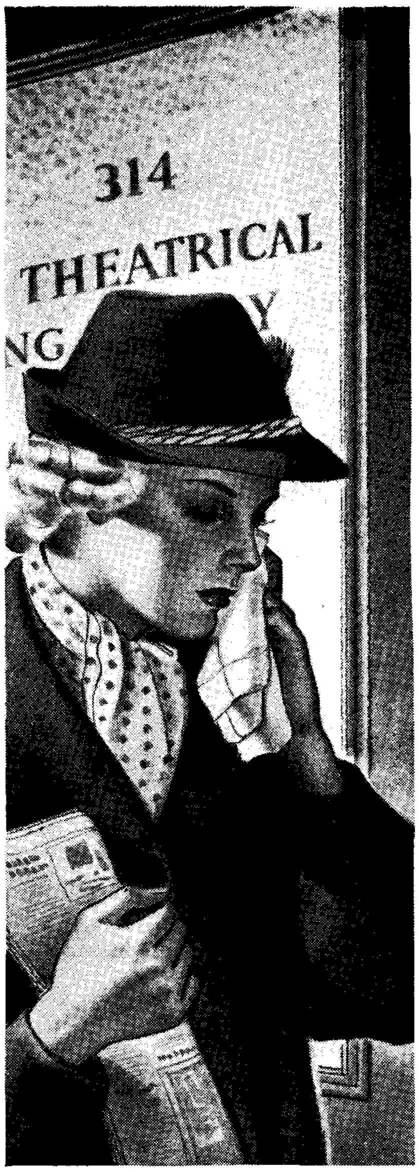
But if they split the five hundred, and stepped out—

She could go to New York. And Tex could go west.

When he calmed down a little, she put it up to him:

"We could separate for a year. Then we'd be sure."

"Sure of what?" Tex said.



**"I had to get back," Tex said. "Because I'd promised. I started to walk. I didn't have a dime"**

"Our luck," Opal replied.

"I don't get you. I thought you loved me."

"I do. Oh, Tex—gosh, I do."

"So what?"

"We haven't *lived* yet."

There was a long silence. Tex stared at her. Suddenly pale. His mouth drawn down at the corners. His eyes clouded. After a while, he pushed the coffee cup aside.

"Maybe you're right," he said. "Maybe you're right at that."

IT BEGAN like this: each was to go his separate way. To make good. To smack the world in the eye. To pick the plum. And knock 'em cold.

Not to meet. Letters, yes. Letters, to be sent to Mr. Uhlmann, who would forward them.

In a year, a year to the day, to the hour, they would both come back to Rockymount.

Then they'd know their luck—and themselves.

In the morning, they told Mr. Uhlmann. The elderly German listened quietly, his eyes blankly gentle behind his spectacles. He shook his head.

"When we come back," Tex said, "We'll both be famous."

"Famous?" Mr. Uhlmann smiled.

They explained. Opal was going on the stage in New York. Tex was going into pictures in Hollywood. Others had. Hundreds of 'em! It took nerve, of course. But suppose they landed? They'd have their castle in Spain. And a castle in Spain is better, any day, than trying to make yourself believe you're happy when you're not.

Mr. Uhlmann shook his head again.

"It takes courage to do your duty, too."

"But don't you see, Mr. Uhlmann, Opal and I haven't *got* any duty!"

"Don't you love each other?"

Yes! Oh, yes, they *did!*

Alone again, they sought each other's eyes across the store. Little nervous shivers ran down Opal's arms into her fingers. Every time she looked at Tex, she thought how dear he was. And tomorrow she wouldn't be seeing him any more. Every time she passed him, she caught his fingers with the tips of hers. And tomorrow she wouldn't be passing him any more.

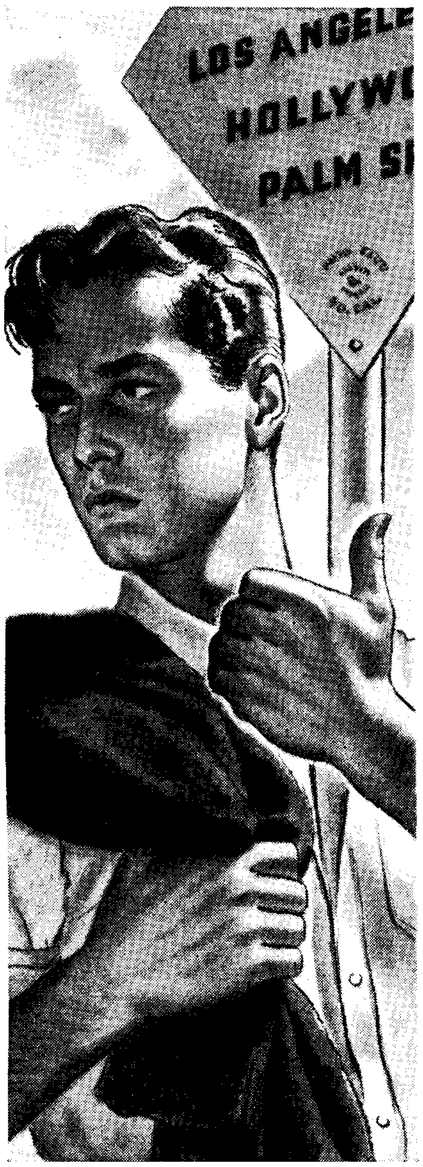
THE papers said it was snowing in New York. Blizzard. With snow shovels. And ice-coated boats in the harbor. Here, in Rockymount, the sun was yellow and hot. Tex wore his white coat. And Opal hung her sweater in the washroom and went bare-armed.

They weren't busy. Perhaps because this was their last day, the old drugstore looked awfully nice. Tex said he was going to miss the fountain and the prescription counter and Mr. Uhlmann. Opal said she'd miss the candy stand and the cosmetics. And the old clock. And the trees outside the big plate-glass window.

"Maybe we're wrong," she said. "Maybe we'd be happier if we stayed! Oh, Tex, I love you so!"

"Sure you do, kid."

**She was very persistent, but she couldn't crash the polite evasions of the booking agents**



"I think I'd like some furniture, after all! And a wedding. And a trip. And then—home. Do you mind, Tex?"

Tex stared down at her, his eyes, stern and honest, searching her face. "I don't mind, kid. It's what I wanted in the first place— Wait a minute! Somebody's—"

A car stopped at the curb outside. Opal swung around to look.

It was the finest car they had ever seen. Incredibly long and low and rakish. "European," Tex said. He whistled. "Gosh! *Look* at that car, will you?" It was black and silver, upholstered in silver leather. A man was at the wheel. A woman sat beside him. In the rumble, behind glass shields, a Negro chauffeur in gray whipcord held two wriggling, yelping terriers.

"They're getting out," Opal said. "Oh, Tex, have you ever seen—"

Tex ran his hands over his black hair. "They're somebody, all right."

The man and woman came into the store. The man was dark and lean. He wore a terry-cloth cap and a belted coat and chamois gloves. The woman was ash-blond, pale, with a red mouth and pomegranate nails. She wore a sport coat of silky shaven lamb and a felt hat with a quill and a square sapphire and funny, flat shoes.

"What's good for a headache?" the man said to Tex.

Tex fixed a fizz.

Opal went behind the fountain and took a clean cloth and polished glasses.

The man stared at her. He was a somber, black-eyed man. A sort of Ronald Colman. The worried, intense kind. He didn't try to flirt. He just stared.

The woman stared at Tex.

"You, sir?" Tex said in his crisp, professional voice.

"No," the man said. "No, thanks. How much?"

"Ten cents."

"What town is this?"

"Rockymount, North Carolina."

"Ah—very nice town."

"Yes, sir. Driving south?"

"Florida."

They went out again. The car moved powerfully, majestically, irresistibly away, like a charger.

Tex put his forefinger on the dime. There was a funny, twisted look on his face.

"That's *living*," he said.

"That's what I *mean*, Tex!"

Tex tossed the coin, caught it again. A little muscle quivered in his cheek. He set his jaw. His eyes turned cold. Like ice.

"Okay. We go."

"Tomorrow, Tex?"

"Tomorrow."

Tex took the bus. Opal didn't admit to him how panic-stricken she was. Their last kiss was their best. It left Opal dedicated forever to her love for Tex. Belonging. . . .

New York was different. Terribly cold. And wet. And confused.

Opal purchased all the theatrical trade papers. And then began the round of the agencies. She was very persistent and very determined. But she couldn't crash the polite evasions of the agents themselves.

"We'll call you, if anything turns up. . . ."

Personality, Tex explained in his first letter, is what counts. Already, he had seen Bill Powell and Robert Taylor.

"They aren't good-looking. You'd be surprised. Just ordinary guys. I had a long talk with Fredric March today. . . . How are you, sweetheart? Have you met Helen Hayes and Cornell?"

She wrote Tex: "Helen is a sweet thing. So simple. So natural. Kate, on the other hand, is like an Egyptian princess. We are all so busy. A career is

*(Continued on page 55)*

# LEG WORK

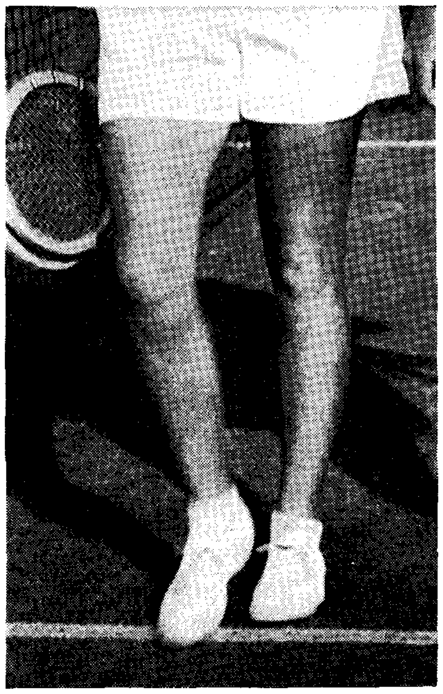
### By Germaine Green Marcus

**With skirts growing shorter, by decree, legs have become even more than normally important. Yours won't be trim and efficient unless you treat them right. Here some experts tell you how**

SHOES COURTESY BONWIT TELLER

IFOR THOMAS

**The sleek legs of Floria Vestoff (right), Marie Grimaldi and Betty Bannister (left, upper) and Alice Marble, woman tennis champion**



ACME

DO YOU know that your legs can suffer from the jitters—that they can be starved—that as barometers of your health and habits they can collapse like an accordion—that they need not be ugly ducklings—and that how far they will carry you depends upon how you treat them?

NEWS FLASH—Spring skirts will hang fourteen inches above the ground. Which means that even women who have skillfully eschewed bathing suits will want to bring sleek legs out of several seasons' hiding. And since men have taken to shorts for sports, their legs also gain importance.

Become a leg detective and track down your own leg clues. We'll help you. Your shanks are not made of iron nor even of flexible steel, and the cult of fit legs is not just another fad.

Dancers and athletes, whose very careers depend upon their shape and fitness, know that ignored legs usually revenge themselves by becoming nervous, wobbly, stiff, starved, flabby or bulbous. And if your legs are limber and graceful, now, you'll want to know how to keep them that way, always.

Legs, legs, legs. Delicate bundles of nerves, flesh, muscles, blood, skin and bones. Stretching from the tops of our knees to the bottoms of our ankle bones are our shanks—possibly the most generally neglected parts of our bodies even in this medical and beauty-wise era. We blandly expect our legs to be steady, strong and ornamental and berate them if they lose their beauty or cave in under us just when we need their full co-operation.

Kneading, massage, diet, exercise. We constantly apply one or all of these health-conducive measures to every part of our bodies except our legs. We know that in addition to ruining our dispositions and looks, overwrought nerves and fatigue can make our hands tremble. But how many of us appreciate that our legs get the fidgets and can suffer nervous collapse. Or that a cold in the head as well as too much party can make them lag.

The most we ordinarily condescend to do for our legs is to sink on the nearest sofa, stretch them out and moan, "They're so tired." Getting your legs off the ground is splendid. They need plenty of rest. But that isn't the whole story.

Legs flabby from long hours planted behind an office desk are suddenly expected to perform marvelous feats on tennis courts or hikes. Legs worn out and muscle-bound from standing behind counters or making business rounds must gallantly carry us through our working days and are expected to transport us lightly over dance floors at night, or eighteen holes of golf.

Professional people have their own problems. And we can benefit from them. The magic of make-up may transform a tired face so that it looks fresh and glamorous over the footlights, but a dancer won't be able to make her legs synchronize if she doesn't train. A ballplayer's legs become muscle-bound from the jerky movements of starting and stopping. A prize fighter loses the power of his punch if his legs are unsteady.

But before reading what the trainers of dancers and athletes have to tell us about this business of preserving legs, suppose we pay attention to a few easily followed and helpful methods of getting and keeping our legs in such excellent, all-year-round condition that they'll never be caught napping and will be unlikely to rebel against any reasonable demands we may make of them.

However, we want to stress that if you have varicose veins, the only recommendations given that you may follow without your physician's permission are those of proper diet and rest.

Otherwise, any of you ladies and gentlemen who have a good hand at bread-making may try kneading your legs into shape if they suffer from bulging muscles. By making them supple, you will be loosening the adhesions—the fibrous tissues within the muscles that make your legs look like knotted oaks—so that your legs won't tire or balk.

So get to work, using one chair to sit on and another to support your legs in a comfortable, easily reached position. Seek out your muscles with your finger tips. You'll probably find large clumps of them in the fleshy parts of your legs and tiny ones around your ankles. Pat the little ones gently. But the larger ones need more heroic treatment. Therefore, remembering you're a kneader, not a pincher, grasp the muscles between your finger tips, roll them—pressing down as you roll—and let go. Then press the

*(Continued on page 43)*

# Alma Mater Song

## By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

*The Story Thus Far:*

CARING nothing for money or fame, tall, rawboned Dr. Paul Rand, Johns Hopkins and University of London graduate, becomes a professor and resident physician at Ozarkian, a tiny mountain-region "college." Almost immediately, he performs a "miracle," saving a mountain child, Mary Belle Hendricks (who, struck by a truck, had been pronounced dead), by administering adrenalin. From that moment on, despite his sincere protestations that he is only a simple physician making use of science's discoveries, he is regarded as a "miracle man," a healer with divine powers. And he is forced to treat many patients.

Lisha Moseby, a girl senior who, working in the college's clinic, cares for Mary Belle Hendricks, feels that Rand should continue to perform his "miracles." Petey Garner, who is in love with her, believes that the "Doc" should devote more time to his lectures and laboratory work. They quarrel over the question. A few minutes later, Petey (who tells the story) calls on Rand. He finds Sam and Molly Hendricks, Mary Belle's parents, preparing to leave. As they go out, Molly turns. "Oh, yes, Doc," she exclaims, "we don't want Lisha Moseby to take keer of Mary Belle no more."

### Conclusion

HOW'S that?" Doc asked, a bit sharply.

"Lisha's a plumb heathen, Doc," Molly labored on, "an' 'tain't fitten thet a gal like her should be waitin' on Mary Belle."

"Er waitin' on you, neither, Doc!"

Rand laughed indulgently.

"That's a very foolish notion," he said. "Miss Moseby is certainly no heathen—"

"She run out on Missus Hunkins, I reckon."

"She ain't acknowledged her Savior at meetin', Doc."

"I thought you folks trusted me?"

"We *do*, Doc, only—"

"Well, I can vouch for Miss Moseby. She's the nicest youngster in school. And I would say that she's one of the best practicing Christians I ever knew!"

The Hendrickses said no more, ducked their heads with a "God bless yer, Doc" and "We shore do thank 'ee kindly, Doc," and left.

Doc walked to the door and bolted it. He then went to a cupboard and poured himself a drink of whisky, a thing I had never seen him do before.

"You've been making yourself pretty scarce around here, lately," he said.

"Yeah—I guess I have."

He sat down at his desk, rubbed his face in the palms of his hands, stared a moment at the door.

"How do people acquire a faith like theirs, Garner?"

"It's dinned into them when they're children and they never question it afterward."

"I had read of such folk but I always thought they were overdrawn."

"You should see Sam and Molly at a revival."

"Oh, I'm convinced! Amazing, though. And even a child like Jimmy—" Doc shook his head, bewildered. "Why, Garner, that kid has had the nearest thing to a spontaneous cure I ever saw."

"They always slump back when the hysteria is over, don't they?"

Doc laughed.

"*That's* the sort of talk I need, my boy!"

Emboldened, I said: "We've had a lot of the old-time religion and darn' little chemistry lately."

"I know. But what else could I do?"

He looked immediately ashamed of this confession of weakness and before I could say anything he hurried on: "The temptation was irresistible, Garner. Merely as a matter of scientific experiment, you see? Religious hysteria diverted into proper channels for a sound medical effect. And besides—they—they rather got to me. Oh, I admit it. I have an abominable softness at the core. A woman's tears or a child's smile fetches me—always have been that way. But now it's gone too far. . . ." He jumped to his feet and wandered restlessly around the room, sucking at a pipe. "Yes, it's getting out of hand. Their imaginations have worked me into a sort of Messiah. Good Lord, *me* a Messiah! What am I going to do? Eh? What do *you* think?"

I let him have it with both barrels.

"I'd tell Prexy to close the clinic. And if they didn't let me alone to teach, I'd resign and go back to town."

"Yes! Of course!" Then, he stopped in his tracks. "But Mary Belle needs constant attention. Has a definite compression over the speech center. May have to do a skull lift on her. And Jimmy, and Grandma, and that Hunkins woman I had in here today—very bad heart—I can't just go off and leave them, can I?"

I tried to edge toward what was in my heart—the question of Lisha.

"Prexy could send 'em all up to Barnes Hospital in St. Louis, if he would. He can raise plenty of dough. And—uh—it'd be a big load off Lisha's mind. . . ."

"Lisha? How so?"

Another knock on the door. Prexy and Joan Temson were calling. I had to leave.

Casting up acounts now, I see that I can take no credit for persuading Doc to halt his "miracle" work at Ozarkian and resign.

PREXY did it. The little nitwit had been itching for days to get Doc and his alleged miracles into the St. Louis and Memphis newspapers. It was always a great sorrow to Prexy that he had no distinguished alumnus to grab newspaper space for Ozarkian. Now, he saw a chance to cash in on Doc Rand.

For two hideous days the gentlemen of the press and their cameramen descended on our campus. Doc refused to see them or pose for pictures. But Prexy did enough talking to fill several columns; and all Doc's "miracle" patients were interviewed and photographed.

Doc sent for me the afternoon the papers arrived in Milledgeville.

He was kneeling in the middle of the living room floor, packing his books into a box.

"I resigned an hour ago," he said, his voice flat and positive. "I'm sick of the whole obscene business. God, what must my friends be thinking of me? Charlatan, quack—Miracle Healer, bah! It's a stench that'll take years to lose."

"Let me help you pack, Doc!" I said.

The disgrace had hit him hard. He fumbled at the books with shaky hands; sweat drained from his neck and soaked him to the waist; his voice rasped in great, hard-wrung breaths:

"And think, Garner, I was once an honorable man. They thought I was impractical to come down here but they respected my purpose. It's this damnable sentimentality of mine. Well, I deserved what I got! I hope they'll read me out of the Medical Association and the College. I hope they take away my license and laugh and sneer at me! Oh, I've been a fool, a fool—"

"You're all right now, Doc."

DOC got a grip on himself, looked helplessly about the room and said: "Fetch me a couple more boxes, will you, Garner? And double-quick? I've got to catch the night bus."

When I returned through the back hallway with the boxes, I heard Lisha's voice. I halted and listened:

"What about Mary Belle?"

"I'll have Sam and Molly bring her to St. Louis for the operation."

"What about all these other poor folks a-naming you in their prayers?"

"Now, don't try to get me sentimental—"

"You've lighted a hundred candles where it was dark, Doc—"

"Cut it out, Lisha!"

"You jest *can't* leave. Why, Doc, you've brought God down close to these red-hog hills. Sam says you're Jesus' brother. You've made these folks *believe* all over again—they feel they're of some account now—"

"What they think in their stupidity doesn't matter a damn. I'm leaving."

I wanted to walk away from their voices but I could not.

"It *does* matter what they think, Doc! They're real folks in the here an' now—not a passel of people who'll live some day in a world gone past our graves."

"Lisha, please. We've been all over that before—"

"I'm not a-going to let you go sneaking off like a skunked hound. I'm not—I'm not!"

"Spare me the dramatics. If you want to stay give me a hand with this suitcase. If not, let's say goodby like friends."

"It's your smart college brain that's doing this, Doc. You're afraid of what your friends back East are thinking and I say, 'Damn all the smart snoopers in this world.' What have they ever done compared to what you've done here?"

"You're a sweet kid, Lisha, but you're talking the most awful rot. Now, I'm very busy—"

"Doc, look at me!"

"All right, I'm looking."

"No. I wish I had a handful of puffball dust to throw in your eyes."

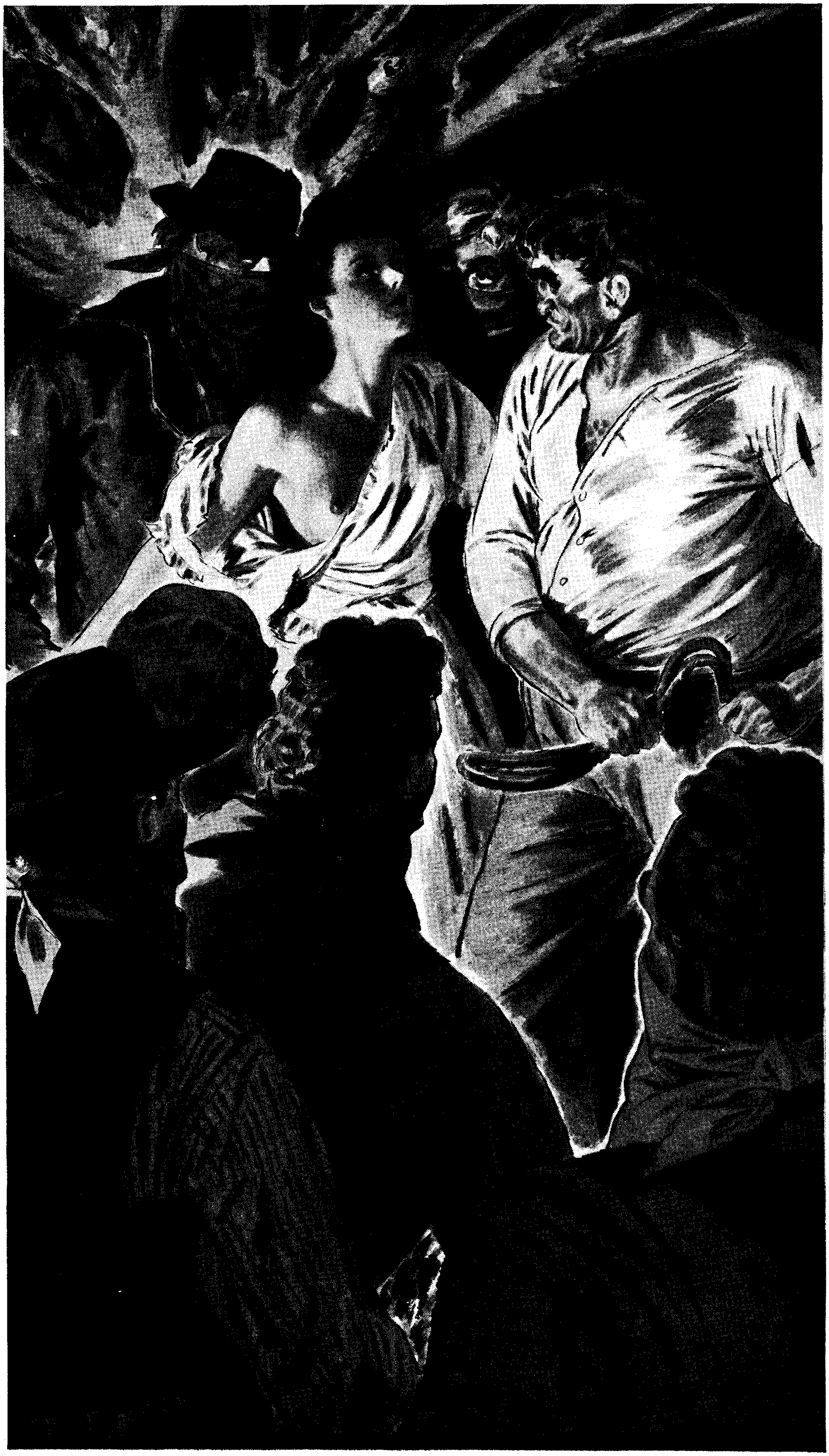
"To blind me, eh?"

"No. To make you look at me through tears."

"I see that you're a very pretty girl, without the tears, thank you. And much too bright to waste breath pleading for religion-drunk hillbillies who call you a heathen."

"Oh, Doc, what they think of me doesn't matter. It's *you* that matters."

"I'm selfish enough to agree! And



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

**"Don't do this to me," she told them. "Not on my account—but Doc's. He'll hate you. It might turn him against you, once and for all"**

I'm leaving in just about two hours."

"C-can't I say anything—or do anything to stop you?"

"No. Sorry. Hand me that kit bag—"

"Would—would it do any good to tell you—to tell you I love you?"

"Oh, now, Lisha—"

"I see it wouldn't. But I've told you—and I don't feel very ashamed. It's true."

"No girl has ever said that to me, Lisha. I'm very proud that you said it. But of course you really don't mean it, you know."

"Yes. I mean it."

"No, no—you're in love with young Pete. Joan told me all about it. He's a fine boy and smart as a whip. I'm going to be in a position to help you both, very soon. Why, I'd like to be best man at the wedding—"

"Don't, Doc. Please. Let's just shake hands—"

"N-now, Lisha, be a big girl—no tears—"

"I've got a right to cry, if I feel like it. G'by, Doc—no, I can't let you go. I jest damn hell *can't*—"

"I'll send for you and Pete—"

"Stay here with me, Doc. You make every word that Jesus said true. What more do you want—you can heal sick folks and teach their children and have their love—what more do you want?"

"I want to keep my self-respect. It's no use, Lisha." Then, as Lisha started to say something, Rand's voice broke in: "Here comes Joan Temson. Let's go for a little walk, shall we?"

I WAITED for them to leave and then carried my boxes into the living room. Joan came in.

"Where's Dr. Rand?"

"Don't know."

"He's just resigned."

"Has he?"

"He told you!"

"Yeah."

"Fine way to treat my father, after all his kindness. I suppose he's planning to walk off without giving anyone a chance to—"

"You leave Doc alone," I said. "You're just sore because he wouldn't fall for you!"

"That's a lie!"

"Get out of here."

I didn't bother to look at her. She stood her ground for a moment, then she said: "Dr. Rand isn't the only hoodlum who will be leaving school!"

I was glad. Let Prexy expel me. I didn't care what happened.

Leaving Doc's boxes unpacked, I went over to my room. I lay down on the bed and felt low for a while. I thought maybe I would kill myself to make Lisha sorry. I wallowed in maudlin self-pity. I don't know why, but the last verse of our college song started running through my head:

*We will fight, dear Alma Mater,*
*For the birth of nobler days—*
*Truth and justice, faith and freedom.*
*Make us worthy of thy praise!*

This got me angry and I jumped up

*(Continued on page* 25*)*

RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION

WIDE WORLD

# The New Oregon Trail

### By Richard L. Neuberger

**Some of the forty-niners stopped short and settled in the Dust Bowl, though it wasn't called that then. Now their descendants are going on with the journey westward. They travel with flat pocketbooks, most of them, but they carry with them their grandfathers' possession—the courage of the early frontier**

THE weather was scorching; it had long ceased to be merely hot. Drops of sweat as big as green peas trickled off Jim Emmett's forehead and splattered on his denim shirt. He didn't bother to wipe them away. He had stopped doing that two weeks before, when the thermometer in the shade of the back porch hit 102 for the first time. He just leaned against the wobbly fence, as motionless as the windmill that towered above the water hole in his pasture. There wasn't enough breeze to make the windmill even creak. And what was the use of wind, he thought. The water hole was dry—as dry as the dust of what had once been his cornfield.

He finally summoned enough energy to move his tall, overall-clad frame across the barnyard. The heat was so heavy it was almost like walking through the dust storms that frequently followed the hot spells. He remembered how during the first dust storms they had sat on the steps of Duncan's General Store and joked about which counties of Wyoming or Montana were being blown past then.

They didn't joke any more—not since their own South Dakota topsoil had been added to the great billows of dust hurtling toward the Atlantic Ocean, 2,000 miles away. Jim looked down at the ruins of his fields. The corn still standing was dry and brown. Most of the stalks were broken in the middle and bent over to the earth. What the searing heat hadn't withered the grasshoppers had chewed. Half of his cattle had died. The ones that survived stood at the arid water hole and lowed mournfully.

Jim trudged slowly up the steps of the gaunt, weather-beaten farmhouse. Inside, a layer of dust coated everything. They kept the windows closed continually, but still it seeped through. Jim's wife, Martha, had stopped trying to fight it. Even their food tasted of dust. Whether they ate lima beans or canned peaches, the bite and grit of dust was the predominant taste. A fuzz of dust covered the gilt-framed picture of Jim's grandfather on the mantel. Old Wilson Emmett had started for the Far West on the Oregon Trail, but the rich,

Farmers from sun-baked Nebraska hit the highway to the Pacific Northwest

RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION

**Opposite page: Left, a Washington-bound family from South Dakota, driven from its farm by grasshoppers and drought, pauses for camp in Montana. Right, a North Dakota family loading its household goods for the trip to Oregon. This page: Drought refugees from the Ozark Mountains, Arkansas, in search of a new start in Oregon**

loamy soil of the Great Plains had induced him to unload his prairie schooner in the Dakotas.

Jim wondered what Grandfather Emmett would say if he could see that soil either blown away by the wind or caked into crumbly lumps by the scorching sun. Upstairs one of the children coughed. Jim thought he recognized Marjorie. The cough came again and again. Jim moved nervously. He had not forgotten the death of the little Brooks boy down the road from dust pneumonia. Jim looked at his grandfather's picture again. Maybe the old argonaut's journey to the Pacific Coast would be finished yet. Jim had heard there was plenty of water in Oregon; too much water, someone had told him. Too much water! Jim didn't believe it.

He went outside and began tinkering with the motor of the six-year-old touring car parked near the gate.

Three days later the Emmett family took a last look at their dried-up farm, entrusted the keys and deed to Clyde Duncan at the General Store with instructions to sell for what he could get, and Jim headed the radiator cap of the automobile into the West. A thin roll of ten-dollar bills was tucked in his pinch-clasp purse: the proceeds of the sale of the remnant of his livestock. Martha sat at Jim's side in the front seat, holding the youngest child on her lap. The other three children shared the dilapidated but spacious tonneau with pillows, books, pots, dishes, jars of preserves and pickles, andirons, baskets, and sundry other indispensable household equipment. From a cartlike trailer, jolting rockily along behind, protruded bedsprings, chairs, tables, lamps and the spinning-wheel that had belonged to Martha's Aunt Ruth.

The trek which Grandfather Emmett had started to the Oregon country in a covered wagon in 1849 was about to be completed almost a century later by his grandson in a battered touring car.

There have been a lot of Jim Emmetts in the past few years—nearly twenty thousand, to be exact, and more are in prospect. Officials of the Resettlement Administration and other federal agencies declare that between fifteen and twenty thousand farm families — at least 65,000 people—have fled from the heat and wind of the Dust Bowl to the Pacific Northwest states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and western Montana. This estimate is exclusive of the single men and non-rural families, who add another four or five thousand persons to the general total.

All told, about 70,000 Americans have moved westward from the sun-baked areas of Oklahoma, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado and the Dakotas. Many of these nomads are still on the move, looking for places to start farming anew. It's the most important and significant migration since the days of the covered wagon. And this modern pilgrimage is not without its connection with that epic chapter in the country's expansion. Many of the families now being pushed toward the sunset by the havoc of the drought are descended from the pioneers who roamed into the Middle West ahead of the advancing frontier in the period just preceding and following the Civil War.

### History Repeating Itself

"Drought refugees" is what the Pacific Northwest calls these twentieth-century wanderers. Get out a historical map of the United States—you may still have tucked away somewhere the one you used in high school—and you'll see that they are following the Oregon Trail, the course blazed years ago by their predecessors of wagon train and long rifle. Up through the lofty passes of the Rockies in Montana and Wyoming, and down into the Sawtooth Range of Idaho the drought refugees rattle in their heavily laden automobiles. Some of them stop in Senator Borah's home state, but others motor on toward the upland plateau of eastern Washington, and then swing down the Columbia River canyon where it cuts through the Cascade Mountains and merges with the broad valleys of the Pacific seaboard.

Your map will show you that this was the route Lewis and Clark traveled in 1804, when they carried the Stars and Stripes from ocean to ocean. The drought refugees who rest their sputtering engines at the Bonneville Dam picnic grounds in Oregon eat their ham sandwiches and drink their coffee within a few rods of where once gleamed the campfire of the first white men to head westward across the continent.

Ever since blazing heat and furious winds began to sear the Dust Bowl several summers ago, the highways between the Missouri River and Puget Sound have been studded with families rolling to the Pacific Northwest in search of new homes. Let's watch some of them as they clatter by on their way to Washington, Idaho and Oregon. Suppose we park our trusty coupé in a little grassy meadow alongside U. S. Highway 30 where it winds among the basalt cliffs of the Idaho uplands. Here we can review the great trek of 1936 and 1937. We shiver as we contemplate that perhaps from this very meadow the fierce and painted Shoshones may have waited with spears and tomahawks for the great trek of 1849.

A bearded farmer—at least he has the ruddy cheeks of a farmer—waves cheerily as he jolts past in an ancient green roadster bearing a Kansas license. Suitcases, jugs and sacks are strapped to both running boards. We wonder if he has to unload each time he opens the door, or if he is still spry enough to climb over the top. On the sloping back of his car is a piece of white cardboard with a message in black paint:

*Thirty miles from water,*
*Forty miles to wood,*
*Life is —— in the Dust Bowl*
*And I'm leaving for good.*

A few miles behind this venerable wayfaring poet are seven bronzed young men in a truck. The license plate tells us that they're from Oklahoma. We hail them and they stop near our coupé.

"Had to let the old crate cool anyhow," the lean and rangy driver says, and he points to the radiator, which is steaming like a geyser in Yellowstone Park.

We learn that all seven lads are from different families. The drought has put their fathers on WPA rolls, and the boys are going west to see what opportunities there are on the Coast. They intend to stay a few months, hiring out as farm hands to get their information about soil and crop conditions direct. Then they'll meet in Seattle or Boise or Portland, or some other pre-arranged point, and drive back to Oklahoma to report to their folks. If their verdict of the farming possibilities in the Pacific Northwest is favorable, their families will join the westward parade.

The boys tell us they are camping along the way and that they get harvest work in wayside fields and orchards to pay for their food. "We take our time slips out in grub," one of the youths confides. "We get 'bout twice as much that way." He shows us three or four sacks of fruits and vegetables on the floor of the truck. Jeff Beckman, the oldest lad, boils some turnips and fries a big slab of bacon and a pan of potatoes. The boys eat like hungry football players. Incidentally, so do we.

"The drought fried our farms just like that," remarks curly-headed Jeff, nodding at the skillet of sizzling potatoes.

Another lad chimes in: "I sure hope we get a chance to get new farms here or in Oregon. Farming's all our folks have ever done." Jeff tells us that the fathers of several of his companions were anticipating bumper fruit or wheat crops before the drought struck. "The sun nearly baked their apples right on the trees," he explains. "My golly! We've just got to find somewhere our folks can start over again." For a moment his good humor vanishes, and his calm gray eyes are worried and anxious as he gazes into the West.

### Prairie Schooners, 1937 Model

The last we see of the lads from the Dust Bowl they are sitting in the rear of the truck as it sways around a bend in the road. Their truck once carted wheat and other produce to market from the ranch of Jeff Beckman's father. Now it is the prairie schooner for a modern reconnoitering expedition into the Far Northwest. Possibly it was such peregrinations as that of the Oklahoma boys which prompted Mr. Felix Belair to write, when he was covering the drought disaster for the New York Times last summer:

"Farmers with their possessions and families loaded into trucks that normally would be carrying a second crop of hay were headed west to Oregon, Washington and Idaho."

And so it goes. Examine the register books of the tourist camps of the Far Northwest. You'll see hundreds of names from such places as Palisade, Nebraska; Vivian, South Dakota, and Coldwater, Kansas. Not long ago the Dakota Colonization Society formally requested the federal government to transfer a large number of destitute rural families from drought-seared North Dakota counties to lands suited for farming in the Pacific Northwest. Lawrence Westbrook, director of the Rural Rehabilitation program, reports that his office has been deluged by letters from the Dust Bowl seeking data on crop conditions in the Far West.

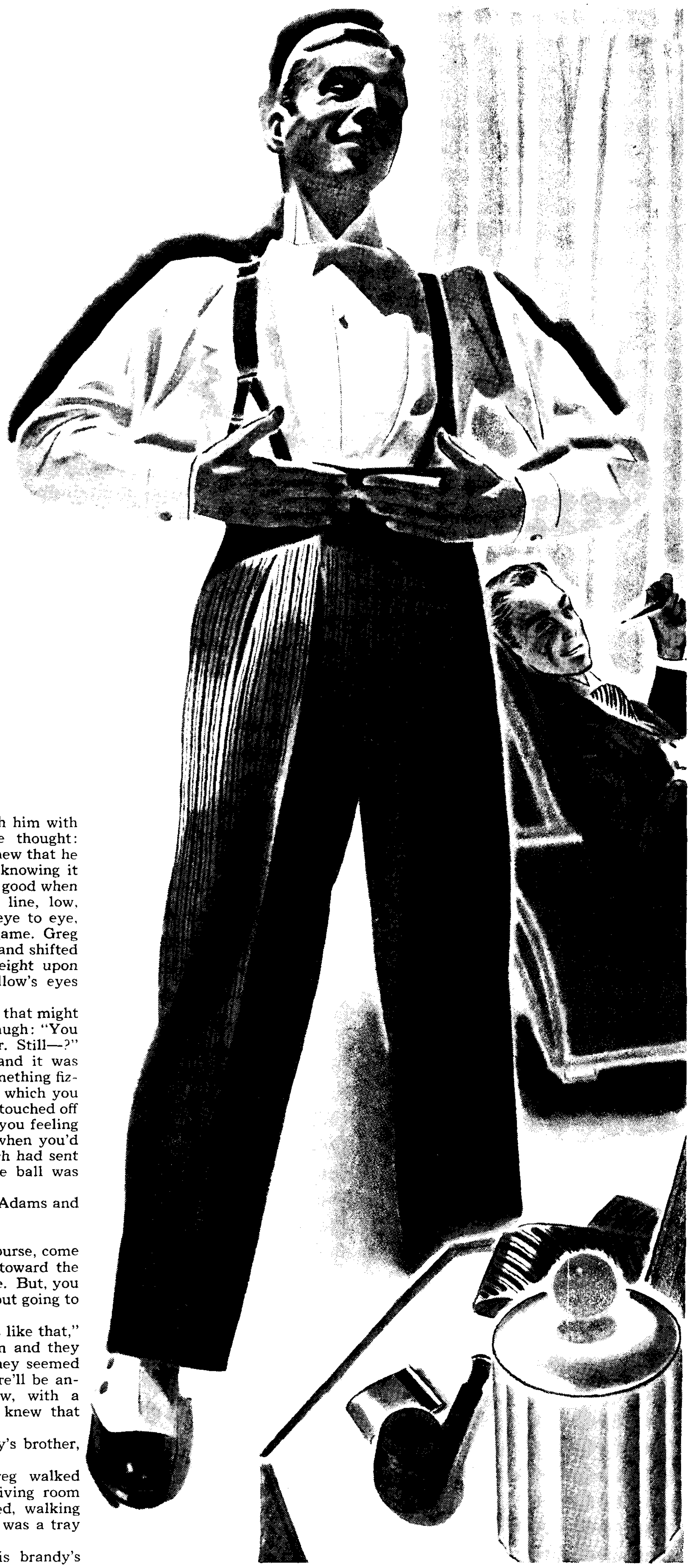
Instead of writing to the national

*(Continued on page 38)*

# Castle Key

## By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



*The Story Thus Far:*

PERRY CRANE, a suave promoter, inveigles Rita Adams' husband, Greg, into investing three hundred thousand dollars in Castle Key, a Florida real-estate development. After which he divides his time between trying, subtly, to win Rita's affections and gambling in stocks. His gambling proves disastrous.

Among Greg's closest friends are Hugh Carlisle and his sister, June. Their combined income, from two petty jobs, is small. In love with Greg for years, June still adores him, secretly. Knowing how loyal a friend he is, and how kind-hearted, she is not surprised when, following the death of Hugh in an airplane crash, he suggests that she start a dressmaking shop, into which he will gladly put twenty thousand dollars! She refuses.

Rita learns—from Perry Crane—of Greg's plan. Enraged, she accuses Greg of having a clandestine affair with June—and flounces from the house.

Having lost two-thirds of Greg's "investment," Crane confesses to his brother, George, a shrewd lawyer. George maps out a course for him to pursue.

Then, while riding together in Greg's car, Crane convinces Rita that Greg is on the verge of leaving her.

Unable to find Rita, Greg encounters June. And in the course of a long talk, June tells Greg that she loves him. When he returns to his home, Greg finds Bill Keith (in love with June, and one of Greg Adams' best friends) awaiting him. Bill drops some cryptic remarks about Rita and Crane (whom he loathes).

Interpreting as best he may what Bill has said, Greg rushes to Perry Crane's apartment, knocks on the door. The door opens. A stranger—a man in a purple dressing gown, with a pistol in his hand—confronts him!

### V

THE man said: "Well?"

His high voice matched the fussy purple house robe and, if that were all and you intended going in, you would have laughed and gone on in; the gun would have been simply funny. But his eyes were of another pattern, strangely different from the rest of him. His eyes went with the gun; they pointed at you, cold, impersonal, incurious. Not threatening; just pointing at you, loaded like the gun.

Greg thought: "He could pull that trigger and they wouldn't even change expression." And the pale eyes seemed to read the thought and to confirm it with a subtle, mocking challenge.

For a second, standing there, the situation boiled down to the two of you and nothing else. The reason you had come here didn't matter, for a moment. All there was, right now, was this: that you had come up here to go on in that door and you had told yourself that all hell couldn't stop you. All right, here you were. And there was this odd gander with the gun. And with the eyes that told you, mockingly, you didn't have the guts. It boiled down to the two of you and even farther; just to you alone; to what sort of insides you had, because the man's eyes made the thing as personal and primitive and brutally conclusive as a small boy's challenge. "You don't dare to knock this chip off."

All right. You could stutter, "Please, sir, I have come to see about my wife." Or you could knock the chip off.

You had wondered, sometimes. You would read about the current filling-station man who leaped upon the bandits with a tire iron and you'd ask yourself: "I wonder if I've got that sort of nerve?" The chances were that you would live your life and never really know. But here it was, right here. Greg thought: "You'll find out now, all right." And something surged all through him with a quick, electric glow. He thought: "Here goes, guy." And he knew that he was going in that door and knowing it felt good, like the way it felt good when you crouched down in the line, low, staring at your opposition, eye to eye, before that first play of the game. Greg kept his eyes upon the eyes and shifted imperceptibly, to get his weight upon his left foot. When the fellow's eyes moved—

The man said, with a noise that might have been his version of a laugh: "You don't look very like a burglar. Still—?" He made the noise again and it was over; it was anti-climax. Something fizzled out in Greg. That fuse, which you thought led to the explosive, touched off just this silly laugh and left you feeling let down and a little as if, when you'd got yourself all set, the coach had sent another fellow in before the ball was even snapped.

Greg told him: "I'm Greg Adams and I'm coming in."

THE man said: "Why, of course, come in." He flicked his eyes toward the gun. He said, "So silly of me. But, you see I'm just a little timid about going to the door this time of night."

"Not timid—not with eyes like that," Greg thought. He met them and they still seemed mocking and they seemed to say: "Another time. There'll be another time." And somehow, with a queer deep intuition, Greg knew that there would be.

The man said: "I'm Perry's brother, George."

He stood aside and Greg walked through the hall into the living room and Perry's brother followed, walking over to a table where there was a tray and a decanter.

George Crane said: "This brandy's

really very good. You'll have a drink?"

He'd walked around behind the table. On it, lying by the tray, were Rita's pocketbook and gloves.

George Crane said: "Or there's Scotch if you prefer."

When you'd played football for four years for old Pop Greer you'd learned to keep your head and size a play up, quick and cool, before you moved. You kept your head no matter what; no matter what. Greg's mind clicked, queerly, back to old Pop at the blackboard, chalking out an opposition play. Pop's slow, sardonic drawl, "They'll score with that. If Adams gets sucked in."

This funny little egg with the unfunny eyes had known you'd see the pocketbook and gloves and he had got the table in between you. So you'd lose your head and jump him? So you'd get sucked in and start for him and knock the table over and get shot? So he could call it self-defense? For just an instant some deep warning instinct made the situation clear and then Greg thought: "Oh, hell now. Melodrama. You've got yourself keyed up to melodrama." But he kept his head. He said, and tried to keep an even tone: "Where's Perry?"

The man said suddenly, surprisingly, "I know just how you must be feeling, Mr. Adams. You see—"

Greg said again, and it was harder this time: "Where is Perry?"

"I was just about to phone you," George Crane said. "You see, when Perry left, a little while ago—"

"*Will you answer me?*"

"PLEASE," George Crane said. The words came smooth, convincing. "Naturally you are overwrought. But surely, Mr. Adams, you have no misapprehensions about Perry? Perry did his best for you tonight, as naturally he would. And I did, too, of course, because you're Perry's friend. But Mrs. Adams and her father—"

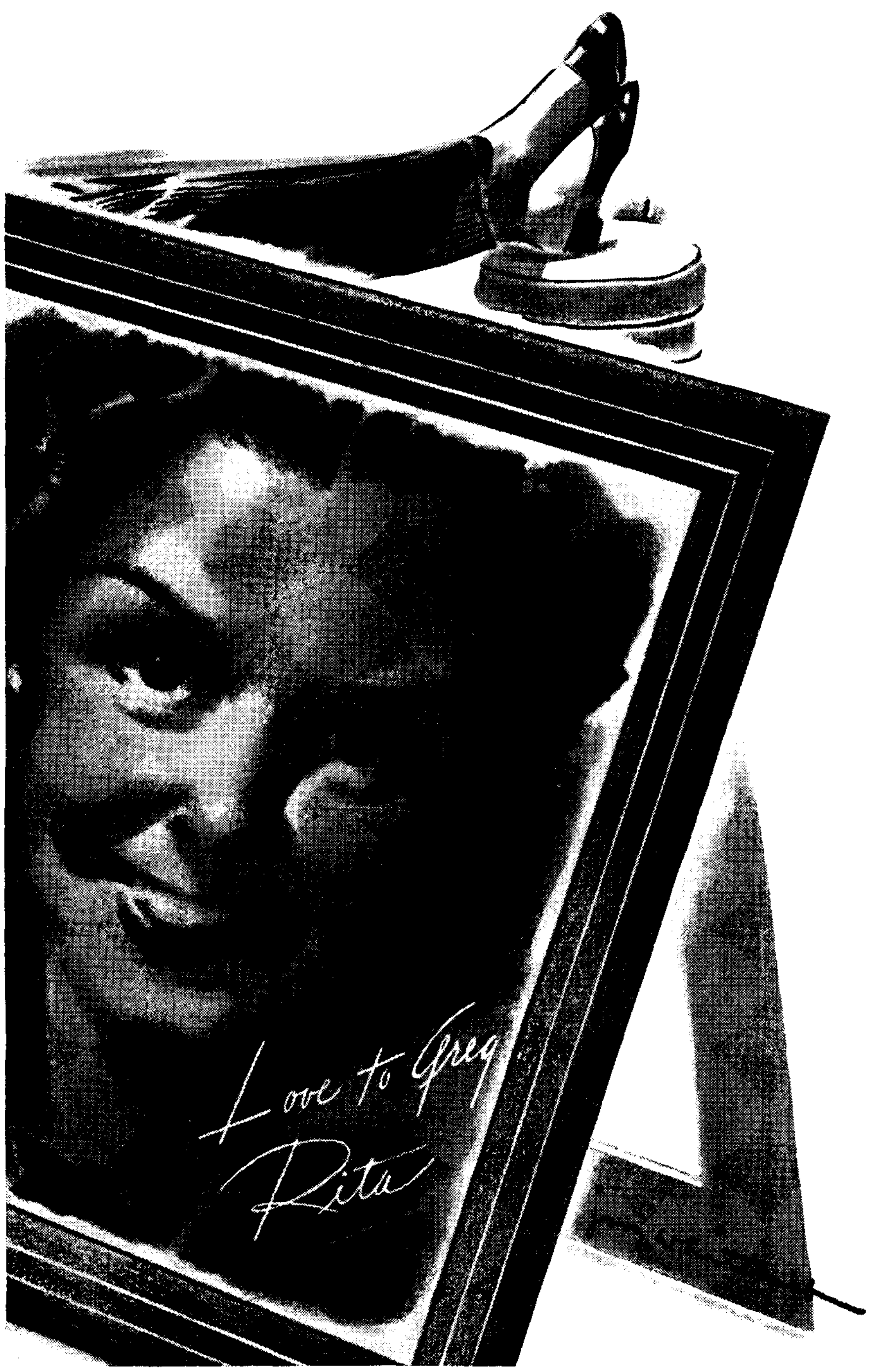
Rita's father? What the devil did he mean?

Greg said: "Was Mrs. Adams' father here?"

"Of course. You surely haven't been thinking . . . But that seems ridiculous. You'll pardon me but, Mr. Adams, I've been dragged into this very complicated situation much against my will. I want to tell you what transpired here tonight and it is going to be difficult. You'll bear with me."

"Go on," Greg said. "Make it fast."

**Rusty had laid out the striped trousers and Greg had gotten into them, carefully. He told Bill: "No gains through the middle of the line, anyway"**



"First," George Crane told him, in his cool high voice, "I think it only fair to tell you I have been appointed Mrs. Adams' counsel, temporarily at least, and much against my inclinations. My brother thought it would be to your interest, since he could not persuade her to—"

Greg laughed. He said: "For Pete's sake, Mr. Crane." You got yourself keyed up for melodrama and it came to this: to Rita, putting on a show. She'd stamped out of the house and found her father and somehow they had bumped into Perry and they'd come up here. And Rita had put on a show; and everybody, and her father, even, thought that she was serious. Greg laughed again. She'd probably said: "I've left him! Now! Forever!" And for the moment, reveling in drama, she would even think that she was serious herself. But all it came to was, you had a black-eyed wife who liked to shoot off sparks. Tomorrow she'd feel silly.

Greg said, amused: "Go right on, Mr. Crane."

George Crane said: "Possibly this is a laughing matter, Mr. Adams. But, from Mrs. Adams' attitude—"

Greg said: "Listen, Mr. Crane. Tomorrow—"

Perry's brother interrupted, saying slowly: "Probably I'd best speak formally, as Mrs. Adams' counsel. As I told you, Perry thought—"

"Damn Perry!" This had definitely ceased to be amusing. Greg said: "And so far as that goes, Mr. Crane, why, damn you, too." He got up swiftly and went over to the phone. The operator's bored, precise voice echoed Rita's father's number and the hollow and unanswered buzz began. Greg put it down and went back in the living room.

GEORGE CRANE said: "No one, Mr. Adams, would deliberately choose to be involved in someone else's intimate domestic troubles. Perry surely didn't! Mrs. Adams called him up, to see if he knew where her father was. She seemed upset; hysterical, almost, my brother told me. He persuaded her to wait for him and let him drive her to her father. Then they came back here. My brother tried in every way—"

"Go on back to your story," Greg said.

"As for damning me," George said, "if you had rather negotiate here with some local lawyer who might have an eye to the publicity—"

Greg said: "Negotiate?"

George Crane said, slowly and distinctly: "Mrs. Adams is convinced that you have been unfaithful to her. This opinion Mrs. Adams' father shares. They have—"

Greg started getting up. If you can see red, for a moment he saw red. The cool voice brought him to his senses just in time.

"Remember, I am speaking as a lawyer. For a client. Mrs. Adams is convinced your infidelity is of long standing. It is her belief—" The smooth high voice went on. The words went on and this was happening to you. Not someone else, not someone soiled and whispered of; not someone headlined in a scandal sheet, but you. This was, incredibly, your wife; and you; and June. The other woman. June! It made you sick and shamed; so shamed, for Rita, that you couldn't even speak. But over and above the sickness and the shame, and stronger even than the slowly mounting anger, was the sense of incredulity. That this was you he meant. Greg Adams. This was you and June, Hugh's sister, he was talking of.

Incredibly, "That since the death of Miss Carlisle's brother you have, by transferring a considerable sum of money, openly acknowledged your relationship and that—"

Incredibly, "My client's firm belief is that your intentions are, by this humiliation and embarrassment, to force her to divorce you, so that you may legalize—"

Incredibly, "My client, in her deep resentment, in pursuance of her marital rights—"

And, finally, and unbelievably; oh, unbelievably, "I am empowered to inform you of my client's firm intention to bring suit against you for divorce, and name, as corespondent, Miss Carlisle, and further to bring an action against Miss Carlisle for alienation of affections. So, unless—"

June's name dragged through the mud. Hugh's sister's name dragged through the mud, with yours.

Greg said, quietly: "Unless?"

"Unless a settlement is made. A sum which she considers satisfactory. Without delay. In which case she will waive all claims, proceed at once to Reno and secure divorce upon conventional Nevada grounds."

YES, this was you, Greg Adams. This was you and Rita; this was June.

And, suddenly and clearly, he believed that this had really happened. Unemotionally, in his odd high voice, this queer, cold little man had told him the incredible, and it was true. He thought: "When I came in that door I'd rather had found her here with Perry. I could understand that, maybe; that would have been human, anyway. But this!" One thought came clear: If Rita could believe this, do this, even talk about it, even think about a thing like this, then their three years were meaningless and everything that he had thought they'd had was meaningless. It wasn't over. It had never been.

George Crane said: "That was formal. For a client. Now—well, I don't know you, Mr. Adams, but you're Perry's friend, and I'd advise a settlement. In my opinion, and I've had experience in many cases, when the situation reaches such a point—"

Greg said, and knew that it was useless: "There is not a word of truth in this, of course."

George shrugged. He said: "The trouble is that's quite beside the point. Your wife's convinced that this has long been common gossip. I don't think that there is anything that you or anyone could do to change her, and she means to go clear through with this. Your good name and the good name of—"

Greg said: "We've talked enough."

THE clock on Perry's mantel said that it was ten of six. The room was chilly and the air was old and dead with smoke. Greg got up slowly. Nothing counted much right now except that he was tired, with a bone-deep aching weariness he'd never felt before.

He said, not that it counted, now: "Where did they go? When do I have to see her; if I see her."

George said: "I don't know. Mrs. Adams seemed determined not to see you. Possibly that's best. Her father talked of taking her away somewhere. At once. My brother left with them to make an effort, still, to—"

"Yes," Greg said. "All right."

He got up. George Crane got up, too. There were more words: "I'm sorry that we had to meet like this—in circumstances—one of Perry's best friends—Mrs. Adams seemed determined—and at once—but easier for you this way—and amicably and no danger of publicity—"

"All right," Greg said, "all right."

George Crane said: "I'll have Perry phone you in the morning."

It was morning now, beyond the close-drawn curtains of this stale and heavy room; a fine fall morning and the best time of the year. The sun would just be getting started and you might be starting too now, you and Rita. It was tops

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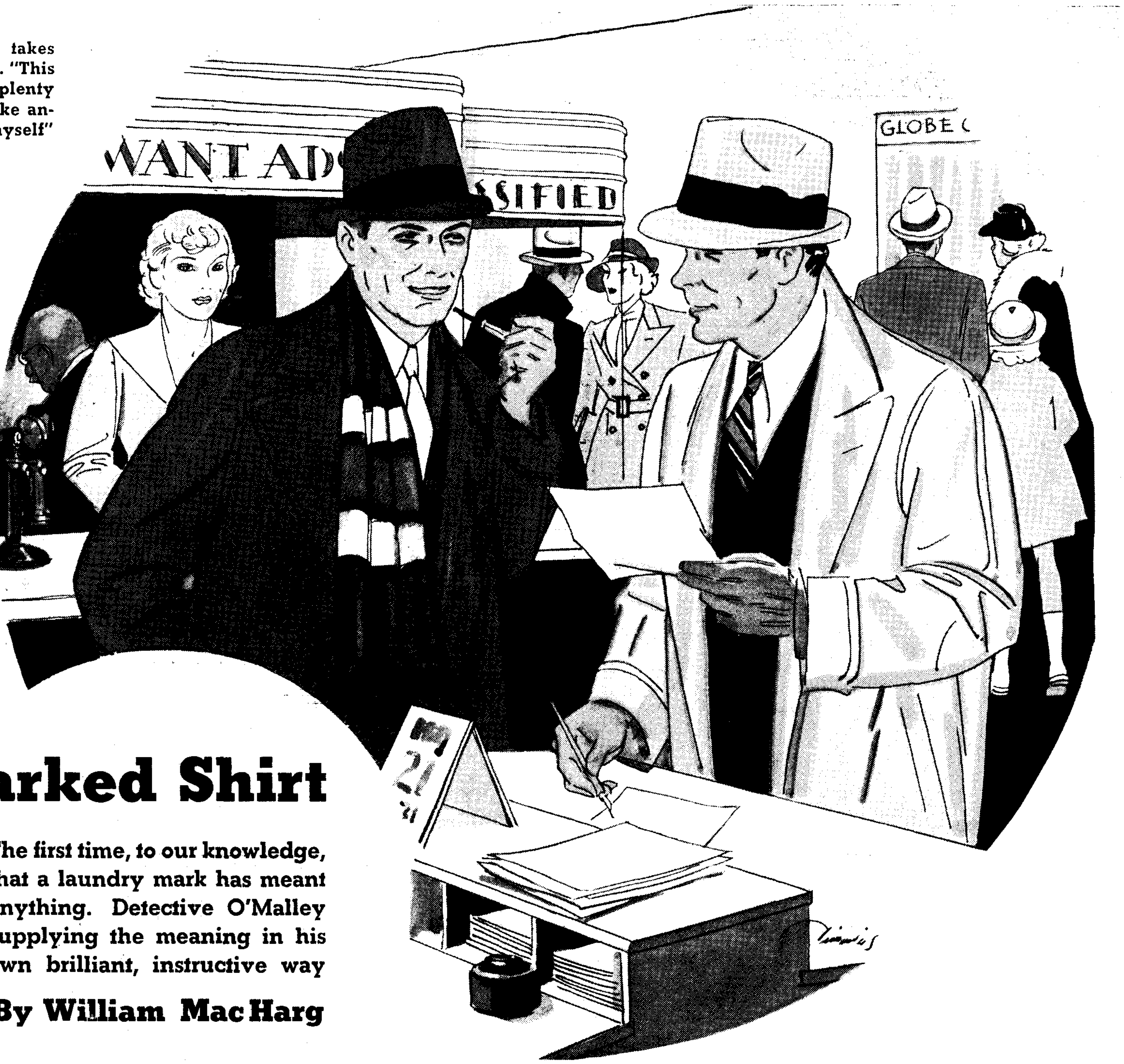
"I'm a guy that takes chances," he said. "This ought to get me plenty answers. I feel like answering this ad myself"



# Marked Shirt

**The first time, to our knowledge, that a laundry mark has meant anything. Detective O'Malley supplying the meaning in his own brilliant, instructive way**

### By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

NOW we got one of them 'unidentified' murders," O'Malley said. "A guy got found in the East River. He had been beat to death and choked and they don't know who he is. A cop certainly has troubles!"

We went to see the dead man. There was nothing distinctive about him. He was of medium height and build, medium complexion. He had many head wounds. A short piece of rope around his neck showed how the killer had made certain of his work.

"A half-million guys like this are walking the streets," O'Malley commented. "Well, how to find out who he was? They got anything at all on this?" he asked the officer in charge.

"Sure. His name was Deebs. We just got him identified."

"That saves a lot of leg work."

"The boys did nice work on this," the officer said proudly. "They didn't have much to go on—no scars or other marks on him, no dentistry. There wasn't any labels so they could trace his clothes. They couldn't find any laundry marks or cleaners' marks. He had on an old shirt. They put lampblack on the shirt where a laundry mark might have been, and when they brushed it off the black stayed where the cloth was rough. So then they saw there'd been a laundry mark. They found the laundry in Brooklyn and their records showed who he was and where he lived. The couple that he lived with are coming here to check the identification."

We waited until a cop brought the couple in. They were a big, rather handsome man and a quite pretty woman. Their name was Marshan.

"Yes, that's Joe Deebs all right," they both declared a little sadly. The man explained: "He lived with us when we lived in Brooklyn. We haven't seen him for a couple of months. He stopped living with us then because we moved to the Bronx. He was a landscape gardener."

"You got any idea who might have killed the guy?" O'Malley asked.

They hadn't.

"Don't know why nobody would want to bump him off?"

They couldn't think of any reason.

"Well," O'Malley said, "I suppose I got to try to find out who knocked off this guy."

We went to Brooklyn to the address they'd given us. The people living there now had not known Deebs. The neighbors remembered him but they couldn't tell us much about him. They hadn't seen him for about two months. They didn't know where he had been living. There was a saloon on the corner and we went in and bought drinks.

"You know Joe Deebs?" O'Malley asked the bartender.

"Sure. He used to come in here. I just heard he got bumped off."

"I heard it too. I wonder who would do it?"

"I guess some husband."

"Was he that kind of guy?"

"He was."

"What husband?"

THE bartender didn't seem inclined to answer, so O'Malley showed his shield.

"Well," said the bartender, "I guess I talk too much. I ought to've known you was an officer. I can give you several names but you probably won't need more than one of 'em. A guy had a fight with Deebs in here one night and I heard him tell him he was going to bump him off for fooling round his wife."

He gave us some names. We went to see the man who'd threatened Deebs. He owned a grocery and his name was Oberg.

"You hear about Joe Deebs?" O'Malley asked him.

"No. What?"

We told him, but he looked to me as though he already knew it.

"You can't make me cry. I'm glad he's dead," he answered.

"They tell me you promised him you'd knock him off."

"I might have. I didn't keep that promise, though. Somebody else has got to get that credit."

We saw the other people whose names the bartender had given us but we didn't find out anything. They all claimed they hadn't seen Deebs recently.

"This is a peculiar piece of business, O'Malley," I decided.

"Why, what's peculiar? I got to find out where it was Deebs worked. I probably won't learn nothing."

He was going to see nurserymen to try to find out for whom Deebs worked. I didn't go with him. I saw the next day that they'd arrested Oberg, but I didn't see O'Malley till the day following.

"How much have they got on Oberg?" I inquired.

"The guy acts suspicious. They found some blood on Oberg's clothes. He says he got it on when a friend of his cut his finger, but the friend's out of town and Oberg can't tell 'em where."

"I believe he did it, then," I decided.

"Some cops think that. They think I'm nuts because I say he didn't. I found who Deebs worked for. They haven't

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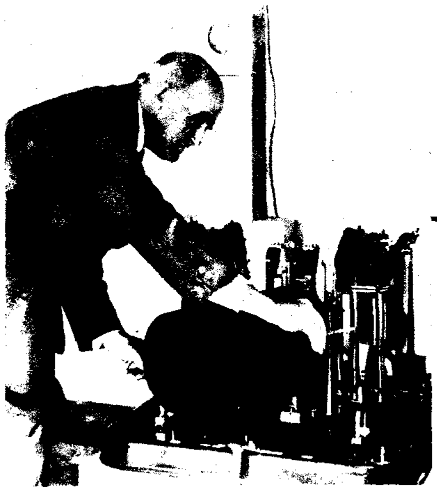


# Pet Volcanoes

### By Jim Marshall

**Sitting on a volcano would be an anticlimax for Dr. Jaggar; volcanoes are his pets. Any time one gets out of hand he gently rebukes it with a few thousand pounds of TNT**

UNTIL a few months ago, if you lived near a volcano, and the volcano became annoyed and started squirting hot lava, there wasn't anything much you could do about it—except pray hard and run. Usually, you hadn't time to pray and, as the lava rivers usually flowed along as fast as a limited train, running was just a waste of breath. This human helplessness in the face of volcanoes and earthquakes—sisters under the earth's skin—resulted, and still does, in the death of nearly half a million people and about two billion dollars' worth of property damage every ten years.

Out in mid-Pacific today, a tall, bronzed chap who looks a great deal like the late President Harding thinks maybe he has volcanoes licked—for the first time in millions of years. He's Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar and he knows more about volcanoes and their whims than anyone else on earth. You get some faint idea of Jaggar's job when you see him, a hulking slab of a man in a faded green suit, battered hat and high boots, standing on the edge of a 700-foot fire pit into which you could dump most of Manhattan Island—a pit that may suddenly start pouring out red liquid death at any moment. "Of course," he says, peering down into the steam-filled depths of Kilauea, on the slopes of Mauna Loa, "there isn't anything we can do to stop eruptions—yet. Be dangerous if we could, and did. But we can bomb a lava river into submission, stop it, turn it aside from its course if it's headed for a city. We did it, here in Hawaii, in 1935, and we'll do it again when the old slag heap pops off next time."

You don't have to take Jaggar's word for it that he saved the city of Hilo from destruction by a lava river in '35. Stanley Elmore, a leading businessman of Hilo, with a passion for exact figures, says that Jaggar saved the town just $51,079,323, which is important money in Hawaii. Jaggar did it for $25,000, which was the cost of turning out an Army bombing squadron and tossing six tons of TNT down in the right places.

Jaggar himself is modest about it. He says the idea of bombing lava rivers to stop or divert them belongs to Guido Giacometti, a chemist for the Olaa sugar plantation, far down the volcano's slopes. Giacometti figured out why the plan might work; Jaggar's scientific training made it appear plausible—and the old volcanologist's drive and energy got the planes and the TNT and directed the operation.

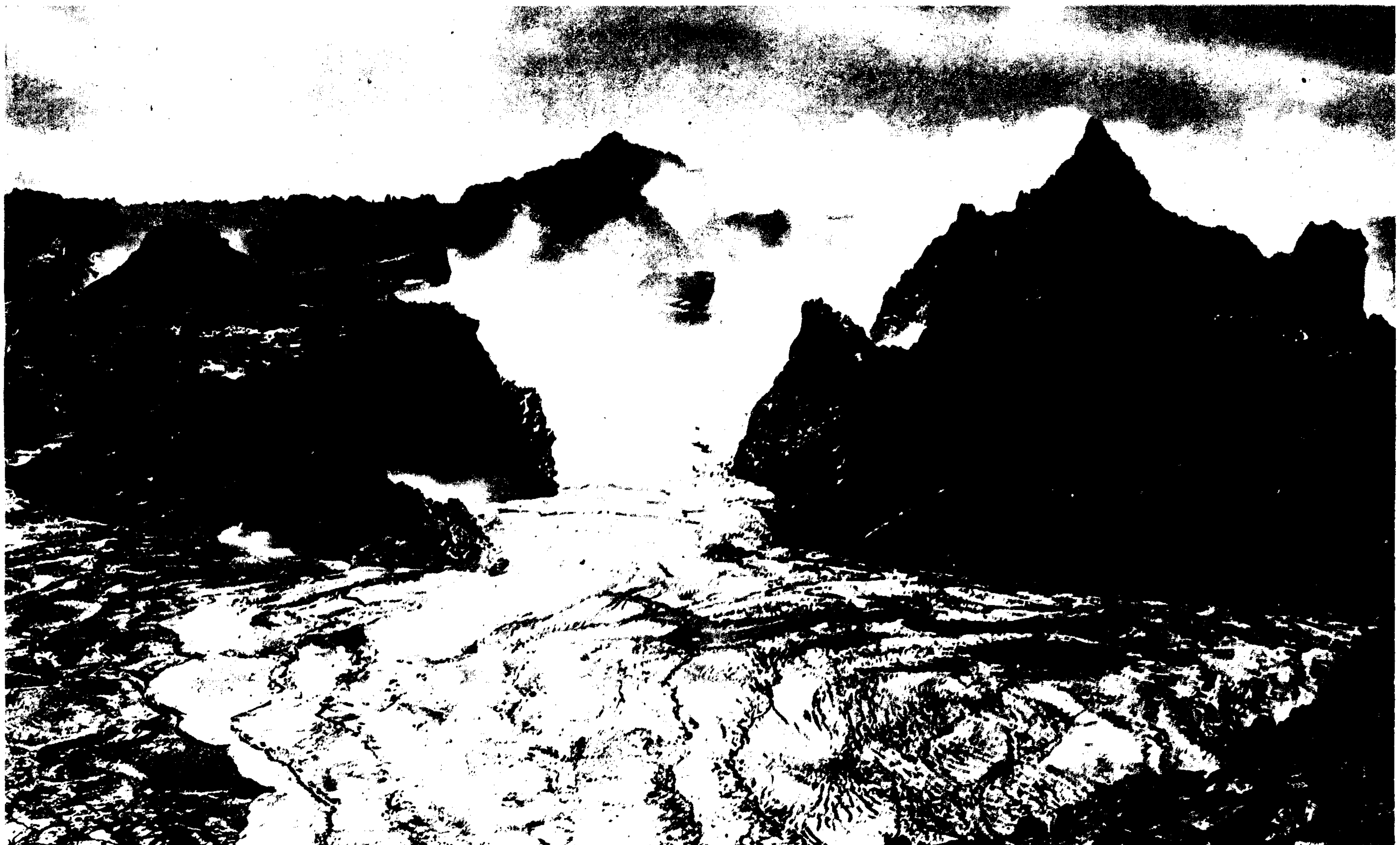
Since there are about seventy active volcanoes on earth, and hundreds of others that may decide to start squirting at any time, and since millions of people and scores of towns and cities are built near these fire-holes, the Giacometti-Jaggar achievement is something for a lot of folks to get excited about. The American people own a whole flock of volcanoes, here and there, but American politicians never have given Jaggar more than a few thousand dollars a year to work with—and when the depression came along they wiped out four fifths of his appropriation. He had to let his long-trained assistants go, give up hope of new equipment, square his firm chin and take over most of the load himself.

If Jaggar had given up—and many a man would have—there might just be a slag heap today where Hilo, with its 20,000 inhabitants, lies basking in the Hawaiian sunshine beside its blue bay.

But before we visit Dr. Jaggar let's have a quickie

*(Continued on page 59)*

**Beautiful, menacing Halemaumau, lake of liquid fire in Kilauea's inner crater. Above is Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar, one of whose jobs is curbing the famed volcano's violence**



# 24 Hours to Live

### How to be happy though rich—a lesson in the fine art of living, with Professor Johnny Durant handling the controls

### BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH E. ENTWISTLE

DEAR Diary: Nothing ever happens in Florida.

June Black sat pensively on the edge of her bed, looking reflectively at what she had written. Sometimes she thought it very silly of her to keep a diary but she had started it years before and the habit persisted. Her father had given her a diary for a Christmas present. Her father was Robert Minton Black, president of a very large railroad.

"My child," he said tersely, as befitted the speech of railroad presidents, "keeping a diary is a great character builder. Each Christmas bring me your diary. If you have written in it faithfully I will give you—let me see—$5,000. That is a great deal of money and the possession of it will teach you that money is a sacred trust that is not to be taken lightly."

"Yes, Daddy," she had said, and that had started it all. Sitting there on the edge of her bed, looking very small with her dark brown hair falling happily about her shoulders, she looked back at some of the entries she had made.

"Went to the Colony with Francis. He held my hand on the way home." . . . "Played bridge with the McClains. Danced at the Everglades." . . . "Went to the polo game with Francis. He asked me to marry him again. He said he had already talked to Daddy." Then there were the words she had just written, "Nothing ever happens in Florida."

For a moment her thoughts strayed idly to Francis. He was Francis Devan and he worked rather vaguely downtown, something to do with the stock market. Francis had a thin patrician face, the kind you always find attached to a bridge player in the lounge of the Racquet Club.

HE ASKED June to marry him on an average of once a week. Sooner or later, she reflected, she would. After all, her father (her mother had died when she was quite young) had laid down the pattern of her life. He was always conscious of the fact that some day she would be the guardian of the thirty million dollars that he would leave. That pattern included marriage with Francis or someone like Francis. Occasionally she rebelled, but never for long. Her father's logic was unanswerable.

"When I die you will have great wealth," he would say. "Great wealth means great power and with that power a great trust to see that the wealth is wisely administered. Money is the most important thing in life and, like time, it should never be squandered or treated lightly. That is why I forbid you to bet when you go to the track. That is why I don't want you to play bridge for money."

"Yes, Daddy," she had said meekly. Now she was alone in a thirty-room marble house on Poinsettia Boulevard. Alone with a diary and fifteen servants. Alone? Vaguely restless, she walked to the window and the scent of orange blossoms came to her and the magic of the moon swept over her for a moment and she suddenly asked herself, "Why am I not happy?"

That night she had asked Francis to take her to Bradley's. "June," Francis had said sternly, "you know very well that your father disapproves of gambling. I certainly wouldn't take you to Bradley's or any other gambling house without his permission."

"I wish," she had said bitterly, "I knew just one man who had never heard of Father, who wasn't afraid of him. I wish also that you would take me home."

But now it was midnight and Palm Beach was asleep. "A cemetery with electric lights," June murmured, "and I am as dead as the rest of the place."

She sighed and walked to a closet. There on the floor was a nice-looking bag, a new one she had never used.

"I'd like to pack you with some clothes," she told the bag, "and get out of here for just twenty-four hours. Have one grand time for twenty-four hours and then I'd be willing to come back and marry Francis and—"

Why not? June didn't know it but the magic of the moon and the magic scent of the breeze that had blown over orange trees had touched her. Suddenly she laughed.

SHE laughed and she grabbed clothes recklessly and threw them into her bag. She threw sport clothes and an evening dress and a bathing suit and then last of all she noticed her diary lying accusingly on the bed. She threw that in on top of the clothes and then she was ready to face whatever adventures the next twenty-four hours had to offer.

Fifteen minutes later she was roaring down the wide road. Would she go to Miami? She didn't care where she went as long as it was away from Palm Beach. On the Tamiami Trail she turned right and headed for Coral Gables. She'd go to the hotel near the track, for she knew that she'd be out there that afternoon watching the horses run.

She walked through the palm-lined lobby to the desk. There was a man talking to the desk clerk. He was quite tall and his shoulders were broad and, because his back was turned toward her, that was all she saw of him. He was saying, "Don't forget Mimi D in the second race, sucker. It'll pay a nice price."

"Thanks, Mr. Durant. I'll play it—Madam, can I do anything for you?"

"I would like a suite just for tonight," she said bravely.

"Of course, you have a reservation?" The clerk smiled a bit uncertainly. He was not accustomed to having brown-eyed girls come alone into the lobby at three o'clock in the morning.

"A reservation?" June said blankly.

"It's one of those things Indians live on." The tall man half turned.

The clerk, obviously embarrassed, broke in hastily, "I'm afraid we're filled. What was the name, please?"

"The name?" June's courage was ebbing rapidly. She didn't want to give her name. When she was missed in the morning, she knew the servants and Francis and perhaps her father would be looking for her. She didn't want to be found—not for twenty-four hours.

"My boy, you are stupid," the tall man said. "Don't you know Mrs. Almy? She's been coming here for years. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Almy, I did get a wire from your husband asking me to reserve a suite for you, but I forgot all about it."

June stood open-mouthed with astonishment. The tall man was smiling and he had a nice face. He had a square jaw and wrinkles about the corners of his eyes.

"Sorry, Mrs. Almy, sign right here, please. Of course we'll find a suite for you." The clerk was suddenly anxious to please.

"How is Horace, anyhow?" the tall man went on. "I haven't seen him in a long time. When I saw him he was still suffering from alopecia." He turned to the clerk. "That means small bald spots on the top of the head. He got them from Mrs. Almy putting her cigarettes out by pressing them against his head. Very ugly man, your husband."

"He's not ugly," June snapped.

"This way, madam." A bellboy had taken her bag and she headed for the elevator with an angry flush touching her cheeks.

The boy led her to her door, opened it and she went in—followed by the tall man. The boy opened windows and went through the mysterious rites which bellboys the world over go through. The tall man handed him a dollar.

"Thank you, Mr. Durant," he smiled, and then left.

Then June faced him. "How dare you?" she stormed. "What do you mean by talking to me as you did?"

"Don't thank me now, youngster," he said easily. "The morning will be time enough. Let's say breakfast at 10:30. I'll meet you in the pool."

"Please get out of here. If you are a gentleman you'll leave at once." June was white with anger now.

"Oh, I'm no gentleman," he laughed. "And don't mind what I say. Good night, youngster." And he was gone.

JUNE didn't know whether to cry, whether to laugh or whether to stay just plain mad. She stood indecisively for a moment and then walked to the large French windows which opened on a balcony. Standing there, with the tropical beauty of Florida below her, she could neither laugh nor cry nor remain angry. She felt at peace; she felt alive. The annoying but useful Mr. Durant was gone; Palm Beach and Francis were many miles away. She raised her arms and for the second time that night she laughed happily.

Seven hours later two things awoke her; the ring of the telephone and a feeling of exhilaration and expectancy.

"I'm waiting breakfast, youngster," a calm voice told her. "Hurry up, it's too nice a day to lie in bed. Do you know that ninety-five per cent of all people who die die in beds? Stay out of beds as much as you can and you may live forever."

"I'm having breakfast in my room," she said coldly, "and who is this?"

"It's your husband's pal, Johnny Boy Durant, the working girl's friend."

"That," she said with complete finality, "is why I'm having breakfast in my own room."

"What a pity." She could hear him sigh over the phone. "Now I'll have to tell the hotel manager that you lied—that you aren't Mrs. Almy at all. So help me, lady, if you aren't down in twenty minutes, I'll expose you. I'll tell them who you really are."

"You don't know who I really am," she faltered.

"But I'll make up something good," he said cheerfully. "Now hurry up, youngster, the soup is getting cold."

"I don't want soup for breakfast," she began, but he had already hung up. What to do? She was half tempted to get her bag and go home. What would she be doing now in Palm Beach? The thought was such that she hurriedly got into a bathing suit.

TEN minutes later she was blinking in the bright sunlight which bathed the pool and searching with cold eyes for Johnny Durant. He was seated at a table under an umbrella, reading the papers. In a bathing suit he looked taller even than he had the night before and, she had to admit, he was good-looking. He had a frank, smiling face but when he saw her he frowned and said quickly, "Here, put these dark glasses on. The sun is very hot today."

She put on the glasses and gazed at him speculatively. His hair was wet and tousled and sandy, and he was, she imagined, about thirty.

"That's right," he said gravely.

"What's right?"

"I'm about thirty. Just thirty in fact, and my name is Tazio Nuvolari, the youngest driver ever to win the Milan Grand Prix. It was really nothing," he laughed deprecatingly. "I did it all for aviation."

"Are you a little bit crazy?" she asked coldly.

"Just around the edges," he admitted, "but sit down. Mom has a nice breakfast for us. Finnan haddie in cream. Very good for hang-overs."

"But I have no hang-over. I never had a hang-over in my life," she protested.

He looked at her sternly. "But I have. I have one big enough for two."

"I don't—" Then, suddenly, she laughed. After all, she had wanted adventure. She had wanted twenty-four hours that were different. She was having them. She sat down.

Johnny kept talking gaily, foolishly, and they finished their finnan haddie and had cups and cups of coffee, and June, for the moment, was content. If she were back at Palm Beach now, the talk would have shifted to the inevitable polo.

"You lied to me last night, or rather early this morning," she said.

"I did?" He looked his surprise.

"You said that Indians lived on reservations. I looked it up. They don't. Indians live on corn meal."

"I guess I shouldn't have brought it

*(Continued on page 70)*

[redacted]

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHILE in possession of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar pay roll, George Carey becomes a victim of amnesia. Eight years later—eight years of which he can remember nothing—he recovers. He is on a New York-bound ship, returning from the Caribbean. With him is a fellow passenger, Jason Rountree, whose life (so Rountree informs him) he has just saved. His name, he presently learns, is no longer George Carey—it is "Larry Wilson." Letters in his stateroom make it obvious that he has a wife, "Kay," who is to meet him in New York; and that he is now living in the small Southern city of Habersham!

What should he do? Uncertain, he takes Rountree into his confidence. Rountree advises him to keep his secret until he knows more concerning his past.

A few days later, accompanied by his wife and Rountree (who stands by loyally and insists on seeing him through his amazing adventure), Larry returns to Habersham. The city is in an uproar over the murder of Ted Courtney, a member of the country-club crowd. The only suspect—Duncan Campbell, Jr. (son of the state's wealthiest man), with whose wife, Rita, Courtney had been having an affair—has stoutly asserted from the first that, at the time of the murder, he had been with his close friend, Larry Wilson. Now that Wilson has returned from the Caribbean, he can supply the much-needed alibi.

Needless to say, Larry can do nothing of the sort. Feigning illness, he avoids everyone, declines to discuss the matter; and, seemingly deserted by his best friend, Campbell is indicted and brought to trial. Before the trial opens, however, Larry finds the pay roll, intact! But, warned by Mickey Hogan, a detective whom Rountree employs, not to break his silence, he continues to play for time. Once a mysterious assailant shoots at him from ambush—and misses; he realizes that he is in a perilous position.

Completely mystified by his curious conduct, Kay wonders if Larry is in love with Rita Campbell. She questions him. Larry assures her that he has never given a thought to the woman. Whereupon, Rita, a witness during the trial, testifies that one other man, in addition to Courtney, has played a part in her love life: *Larry Wilson!*

Searching for evidence of value to Larry, Rountree calls on Warner Blane, business agent for the stables of Duncan Campbell, Sr. He arrives just as Blane shoots an injured filly. He introduces himself. Then, after a bit of preliminary talk: "I have come, Mr. Blane, to talk about—Larry Wilson."

**"And you still want me to be there when you take the witness stand?" Kay asked**

## IX

"WHAT about him?" Blane said.

Jason stared at him. "He's in a spot."

"So I imagine."

"You heard about what happened this morning, didn't you?"

"What about it?"

"What Mrs. Campbell said on the witness stand."

"I heard."

"Well, look . . ." Jason chose his words with scrupulous care. "There's something queer about that. So I came right over to talk to you."

"Why me?"

"Because I think you know a good deal."

"Just what are you driving at?"

"You're in charge of all the horses, aren't you? You know every time Mrs. Campbell has been riding and who with."

"Suppose I do? You don't think I'm going to discuss Mrs. Campbell with a stranger, do you?"

"Let's don't be that way, Mr. Blane. I'm just trying to help Larry. He saved my life not so long ago."

"So I've heard."

"Well—Larry used to go riding with Mrs. Campbell a good deal, didn't he?"

"What of it?"

"This: I've been figuring that what she testified couldn't happen in a town of this size without folks suspecting. Unless, of course, they were off alone together in a natural way. It struck me that the only chance they had was when they were riding together, and that would mean that they always started from here."

"So . . . ?"

"So I don't believe what she testified, that's all."

"You talk like an idiot."

"Thanks," said Jason imperturbably. "I most likely am one. But sometimes I'm sensible. So I'm asking you this: What do *you* think about the setup?"

"I don't see why I should answer that."

"You do what you like, Mr. Blane. I'm just asking, that's all."

"We-e-ell . . . I did suspect something."

"Did you tell Duncan?"

"No."

"Well—would you guess that Duncan knew about it?"

"He might. He knew that they were riding together a lot."

"She went riding with other men, too, didn't she?"

"Some."

Jason laughed. "You're saying lots of nothing, aren't you, Mr. Blane?"

"Why should I talk to you?"

"Because I'm trying to get the truth, and I should think you'd want the same thing."

"Maybe I do." Warner Blane studied Jason for a few seconds. Then he said, "You've been asking me a good many questions, Mr. Rountree—"

"Yes. But I haven't been getting many answers."

"Now I'd like to ask you a few."

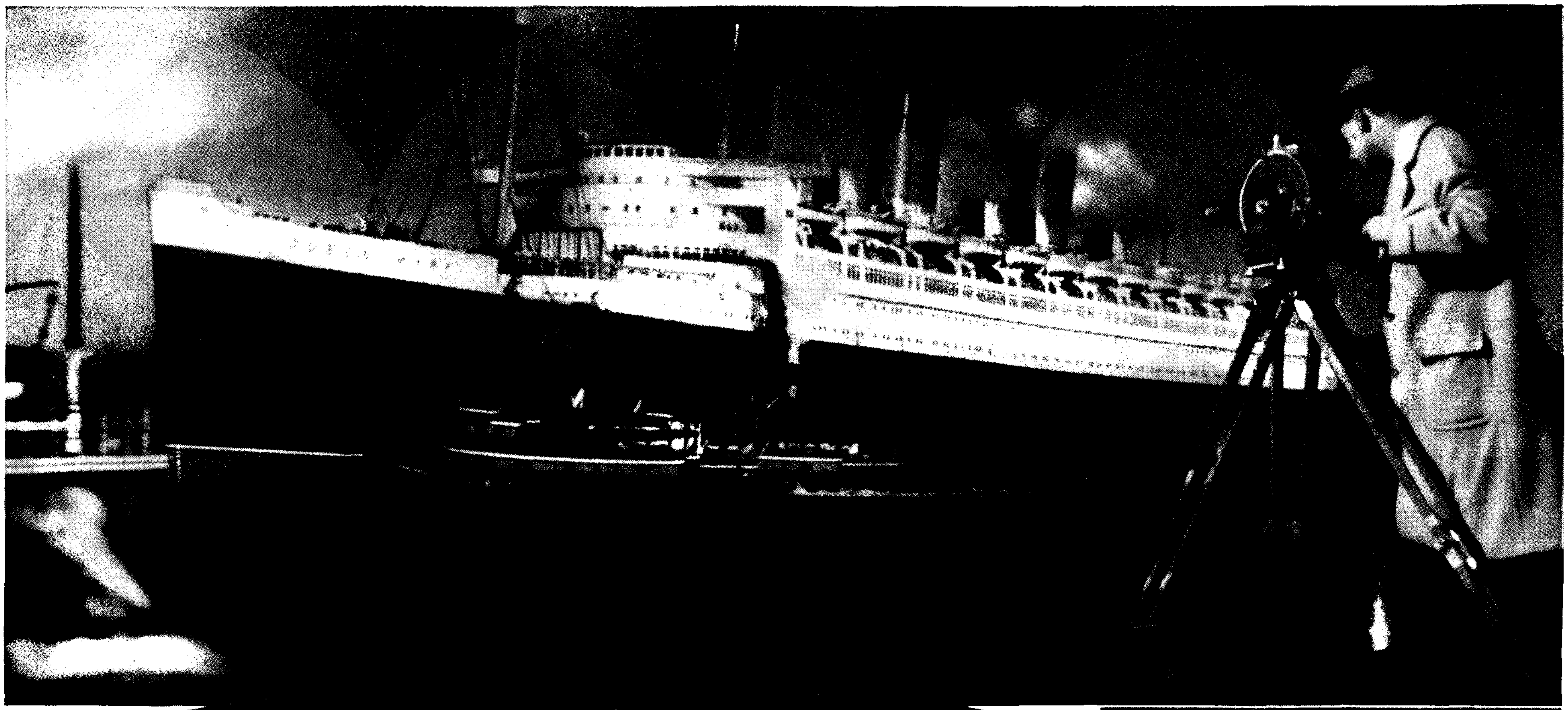
"That's fair enough."

"First: What does Larry Wilson say about this?"

"He hasn't told me a thing." Jason's soft voice carried conviction.

"Has he ever mentioned Mrs. Campbell to you?"

*(Continued on page 48)*



# NEWS BREAKS! HE FILMS IT...

HISTORY'S in the making. And the newsreel cameraman is on the job—heedless of danger and discomfort. Behind the camera is alert *Al Mingalone.* "I count on healthy nerves and good digestion to see me through," he says. "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves. And they give me a feeling of well-being at mealtimes." Yes, with mild, fine-tasting Camels, digestion gets off to a smooth start! Smoke Camels and the flow of digestive fluids speeds up—alkalinity increases. As steady smokers say: "Camels set you right!"

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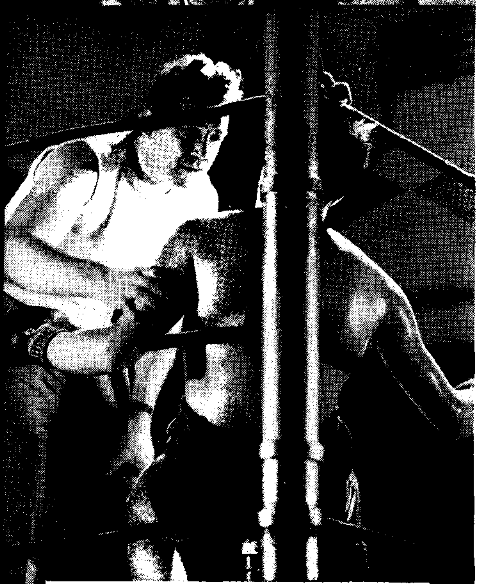

**PICKED** as America's No. 1 boxing coach, *Johnny Behr* gives the modern coach's attitude when he says: "I believe that smoking Camels is a good way to ease off tension. And besides, I put great emphasis on good digestion—another reason to choose Camels."

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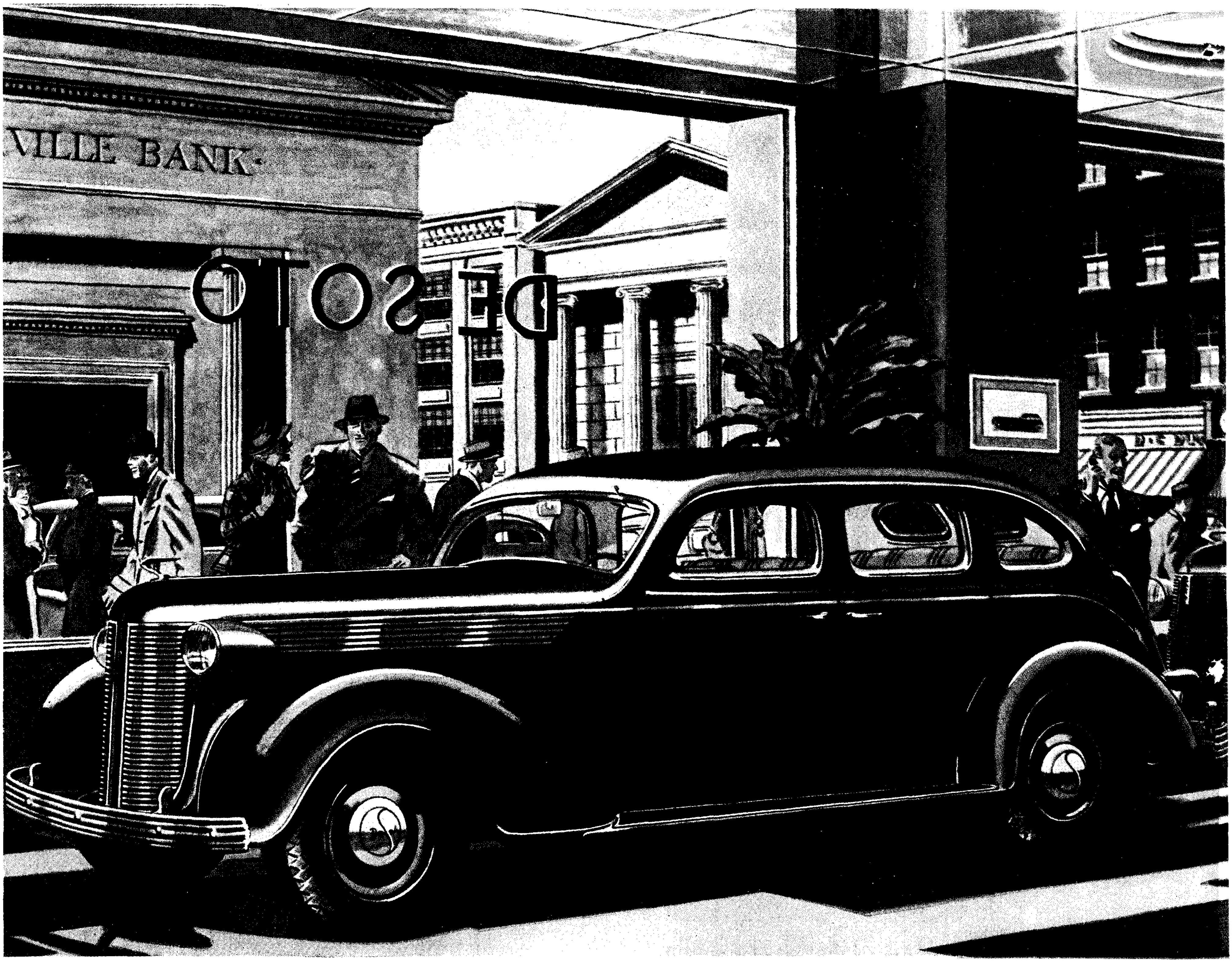

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**AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR**

# Alma Mater Song

Continued from page 13

and began packing my clothes. Muttering to myself just how fast I was going to leave Ozarkian and how far away I would go, my mind was busy with grandiose threats when Johnny Praskins burst in. He had been running.

"Molly and Sam Hendricks are a-talking mighty mean against Lisha!" he said.

"Against Lisha?"

"They claim she's put the conjur on Doc!"

"Where are they?"

"In front of the infirmary."

I HURRIED over there with Johnny. We found Sam and Molly shooting off their mouths to a small group of Milledgeville folks:

"She allus was a *wutch!*" Molly was saying, "an' this proves it!"

I shoved right in.

"Who you talking about?" I said.

Molly's arms were folded and her black eyes were snapping fire.

"Lisha Moseby, that's who! She wiggled arter Doc with her wutchy ways an' now Reverend Temson says he's got ter turn Doc off!"

"Who told you that?"

"Miss Joan said so with her own lips!" put in Sam, menacingly.

"Joan's a dirty liar," I yelled, "Doc resigned. He's never even *looked* at Lisha!"

Molly sniffed.

"Looked at her. H'mph. They was seen *kissin'* not ten minutes ago!"

Flabbergasted, I said: "Where? Who saw them?"

A Milledgeville youngster piped up: "*I* seen them pinely! They was a loving somethin' turrible—right down in Crooked Sticks!"

"Shut your dirty, lying little mouth—"

Sam pushed me back. His manner was funereal; he was deeply grieving.

"You shet up, sonny. 'Tain't fitten to be talkin' about whut Doc done with the conjur on him. Jesus save him."

"It's all a lie!" I said. "You're a couple of crazy morons and I'm glad Doc's running out on you!"

"Whup him, Sam!"

I would have thrown a fist at Sam, had there not been an interruption.

Uncle Bose Tapley appeared from nowhere, his beard trembling and his hand working up and down for attention.

"Missus Buck Hunkins jest died, folks! Whur's Doc? Maybe he could do somethin' even now!"

"I'll git him," Sam said.

Molly's clawlike hand pulled him back.

" 'Tain't no use to git Doc! He's lost his Power, Uncle Bose. Lisha Moseby has the conjur on him—"

Sam bowed his head, crushed.

"Looks like this settles it," he said.

Molly stifled an outcry of fear.

"Sam! Mary Belle—she ain't well yit! If Doc's lost the Power—"

"I knowed it was too good—"

"Sam!"

I saw Molly grab Sam by his galluses.

"You go git the boys!" she said. "We got ter make Lisha take the conjur off'n Doc!"

"Reckon thet's our only chance!"

Knowing what that meant, I followed them a few paces, cursing them, daring Sam to stop and fight.

"Reckon there'll be time to attend to you, sonny," Sam said, marching straight on down the road to Milledgeville.

"*Arter* we attend to Lisha!" Molly said.

I promptly lost my head. Instead of going to Prexy Temson and warning him what was afoot, or calling a mass meeting of the students, I thought of nothing but that I must warn Lisha. I went galloping off toward the Crooked Sticks, a patch of dead persimmon trees on the bank of the river and a full quarter-mile from the college.

It was already dusk. Mist had drifted down from the Ridge, carrying cold air into the small valley and making steam on the river's surface. The loneliness of uninhabited spaces, after I had left the campus, did give me pause. But I fully expected to meet Doc and Lisha on their way back from Crooked Sticks; and Doc's influence with Sam and Molly gave me confidence again.

LISHA was alone when I found her. She had thrown herself on a patch of grass by the riverbank and was sobbing.

"Lisha!" I said. "Where's Doc?"

Lisha sat up, not trying to hide her tears.

"He's going, Petey. I couldn't make him stay."

"We're going, too!" I said. "Sam and Molly have gone to Milledgeville to get a mob. They think you put the conjur on Doc!"

Lisha looked at me, snuffling.

"What made them think such a thing?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hunkins died of heart failure—a dozen goofy reasons. Come on—we'll get back to school. They won't try anything there!"

She shook her head.

"Let them whip me—or kill me. I don't care."

"They'll tar and feather you, that's what they'll do. Your dear Christian friends—*come on!*"

Lisha stared at the river.

"I've lost my Jesus."

I jerked her to her feet.

"We've got to hurry!"

"No. You go 'long, Petey."

"You're coming with me."

"I don't want you getting in trouble on my account. You go 'long. I'll come pretty soon."

I YANKED her by the arm, several steps. It was dark now, and I was scared. But Lisha braced her feet and with a maddening stubbornness refused to go.

"We've got to hurry," I half sobbed. "It's been an hour or more—they'll be coming—"

Lisha pulled her arm away.

"I'm not a-going to let *you* turn me against my folks, Petey!" she said. "I'm on their side. Somebody's got to help them stand up against the smartness of this world—"

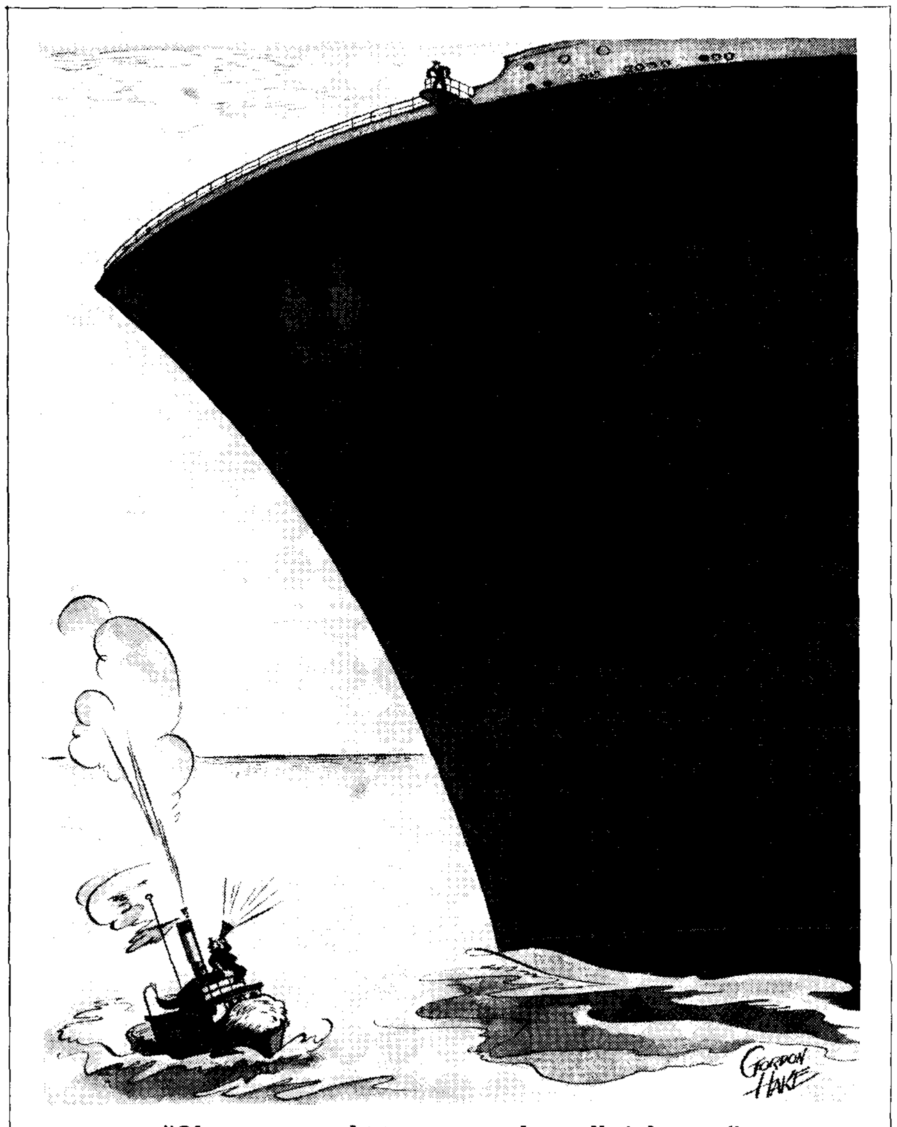
"They'll burn you with hot tar!"

"They love Doc and I love them for loving him! I'm not afeared of Sam and Molly or any of them. If that sounds stupid, then I'm stupid. I *want* to be stupid! There's a whisper in my heart right now that tells me Sam Hendricks is right and you and Doc are all wrong."

Incredible as it seems to me, now, I did not do the sensible, intelligent thing—pick Lisha up and run with her to the refuge of those lights on the hill. I tried to argue with her:

"Sam's an ignorant backwoods lout."

"He's a man. He stands in his own potato patch and looks for a sign from God. And when it comes he don't use his brain



"Okay; you ought to manage alone all right now" GORDON HAKE

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I'M SO GLAD, DEAR. YOU CERTAINLY MADE A WISE CHANGE
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to question—he *feels* it. He's not like you and Doc—all brain and no heart. Sam's plumb right! I'll tell him so—even while he's whipping me for what he thinks I did to Doc!"

"Fool. Silly little woolly-headed fool!"

"Go 'long, Petey."

"All right, I will!"

I didn't go; and taking that as an indication of softness, Lisha tried to argue with me:

"Oh, Petey, there's still time to save Doc—if you'll help me! Doc's running away from the best chance a man ever had to help folks keep their faith. And faith counts more than full stomachs or liberty or laboratories or anything in this world. It does, Petey, I *know* it does! Help me make one last plea to Doc."

It was too late by now, but at least I did find a way to start Lisha running toward the campus.

"They'll lynch Doc, too!"

"W-what?"

"They'll turn against him for trying to run out on them! Can't you see that? They'll hate him worse than they hate you."

"No. Quick. We'll tell him—"

SHE started off pell-mell along the riverbank and I after her. We had gone perhaps fifty yards, crashing through dead blackberry briars, when suddenly:

"Whur you goin' so fast?"

"Is it her?"

"Yep."

I ran into the arms of two men. They held me and in the murk I saw that they wore masks.

"Turn me loose!" I said, struggling.

"Who're you, sonny?"

A voice spoke close by. I recognized it as belonging to Sam Hendricks.

"Thet's Pete Garner from the college. We'll take him along, I reckon."

Lisha spoke, surrounded by at least twenty masked men up ahead.

"You don't want him, Mr. Hendricks—"

"Shet up!"

One of them cuffed Lisha. I broke loose and tried to get to her. Someone hit me a heavy blow that sent me sprawling. I was yanked to my feet.

"Tie him an' gag him," said Sam.

An oily rag was slapped against my mouth and tied so tight that I was obliged to open my teeth to ease the pressure. Strong, countryman hands tied my arms behind my back.

"Reckon this is fur enough?"

"It's deeper woods down yonder."

Lisha's voice, calm and matter-of-fact, came back to me.

"You all right, Pete?"

"Shet up. He's a dern' sight better off 'n you're a-going to be!"

"This is too close to the college, boys!"

Lisha spoke again:

"This is a plumb nice little clearing."

"Shet up!"

"Git along with it. We ain't got all night."

The men who were still holding me shoved me into a walk. We all moved deeper into the woods. Presently, we stopped.

"Heat up thet tar with the blow-torch. Got the feathers?"

"Jack was to bring 'em."

"You got 'em, Jack?"

"Nope, I clean forgot. Couldn't hev sneaked out a piller without the ol' woman gittin' onter it, noways."

"Leaves is jest as good as feathers."

"Better. They're cleaner," Lisha said.

"I told you we should gag her. Let's do it now."

"Blindfold her. She knows us all. She'll call our names to the law."

"Oh, no, she won't. When we get through with her she won't be able."

Sam's voice, laconic, cold, broke in.

"Shet up—all of you. I got a sick child mixed up in this. We brung Lisha out here fer jest one puppose. She's a-going to take the conjur off'n Doc Rand."

"Amen to thet!"

"I thank you kindly, Mr. Hendricks. You've at least got a good reason, according to your lights."

"Stop her mouth or I'm leavin'."

"Me too. She'll take a fit of yelling an' bring the law onter us."

"I'll fix her!"

I went berserk, butting and thrashing around. Hard fists pounded my head and shoulders.

"Tie him to a tree," Sam ordered.

They were tying me to a stout black oak when I heard footsteps. A huge, broad-shouldered figure without a mask came into the clearing.

"It's Buck Hunkins!"

"Hi, Buck. Yer a mite late."

"I ain't too late, I hope."

Lisha spoke.

"You should be home a-mourning your poor dead wife."

"You kilt her—jest the same as. Reckon I'll attend to you fust!"

"You don't believe that. The only thing you've got against me is that I wouldn't let you kiss me."

"Thet's a damn' lie!"

"Gag her!"

I saw Sam shove several of them away.

"Hold on a spell. We got to find out how she worked the conjur, fust."

"I didn't work any conjur."

"Reckon Tommy Deakin seed you a-huggin' one another."

"Yes, and Pete will tell you that when he got there Doc was gone and I was crying. What was I a-crying about?"

"Doc was too rough with yer," guffawed Buck Hunkins.

There was a general snicker, quieted by Sam's snort of disapproval.

"Doc wouldn't have anything to do with me. That's why I cried."

"Disappinted yer, hey?"

"Terribly. I tried to work the conjur but Doc was proof against it. He pushed me away and said: 'I'm a-going to meeting and ask forgiveness for looking at you, Lisha Moseby. I'm a-going to get my Power back and heal Mary Belle!' "

"He done thet? He said thet?"

"Of course he did. He's at the meeting right now! You don't have to take my word for it. Send a man to meeting. It's only over the hill."

"That's fair. I'll go!"

"Pete Sible wants out'n this!"

Lisha's voice rang clear.

"Mighty little gratitude in you, Mister Hendricks—a-doubting the man who brought your child back from the grave. Mighty blind of Christians like y'all, turning against the first messenger you've had in these hills!"

"I never doubted Doc. Don't you say I did, you dirty little wutch!"

HE CUFFED Lisha and she fell. I chewed at my gag like a madman.

"Did you tell Doc I got no faith?"

"I bet thet's jest whut she done, Sam! She lied agin all of us!"

"Answer me—tell the rest of it—ye lied to Doc agin us folks, didn't yer?"

"Yes, I did! I told him you folks doubted his Power. That's why he always denied having it—to test your faith."

"Jest like I might hev knowed!" cried Sam with great joy. "This little wutch's been in Doc's way from the very fust!"

"She oughter hev a good whupping!"

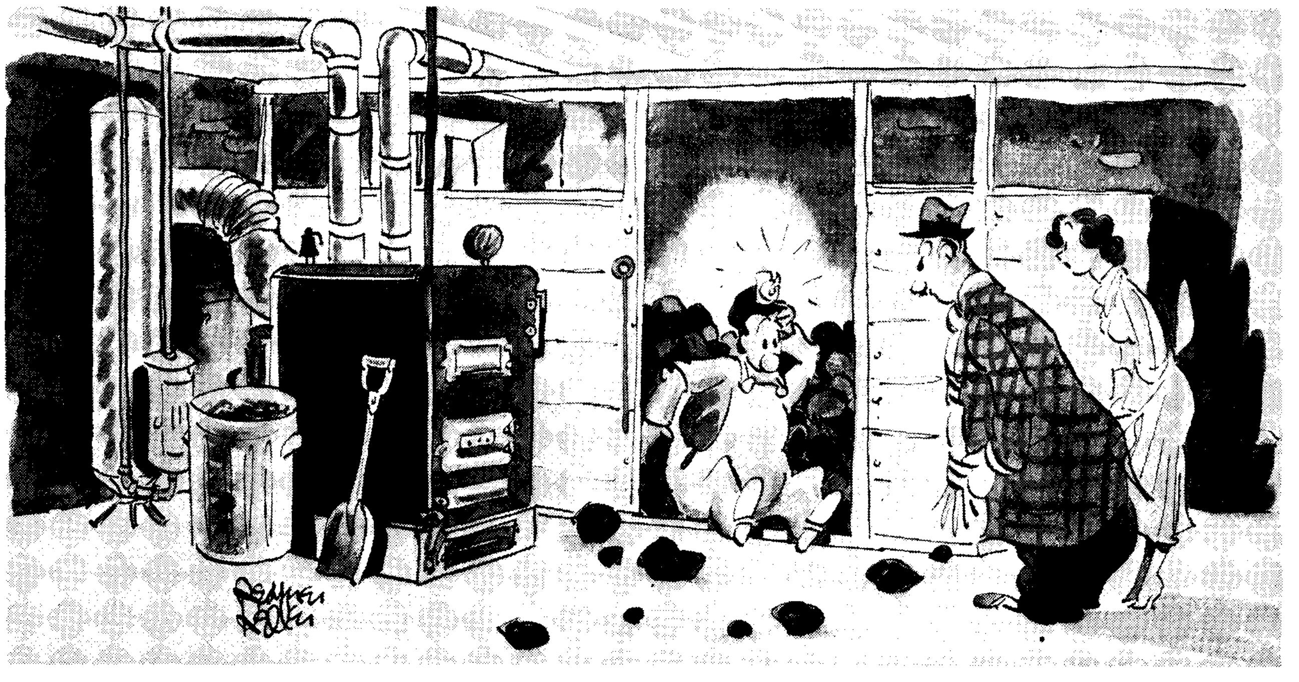
"Idee of her a-tryin' her wutchery ways agin Doc!"

There was a noisy chorus at this and Lisha shouted her question: "You love Doc and believe in him again?"

"Next to Jesus, praise God!"

"Amen!"

"Tell thet to Satan, Lisha Moseby!"



"I found him in with the coal they delivered today"

REAMER KELLER

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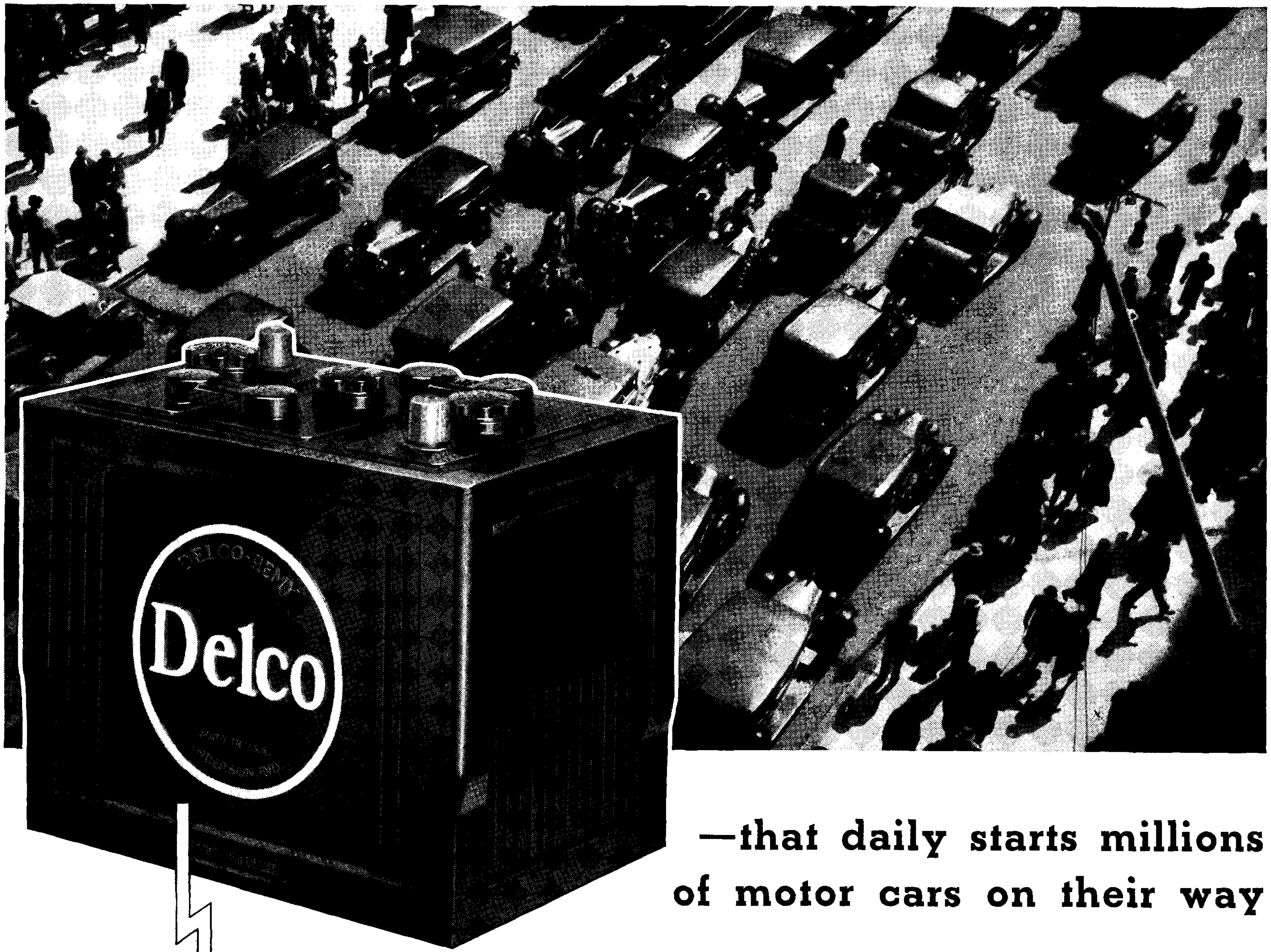
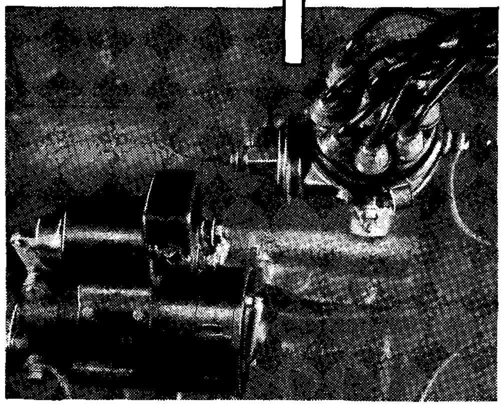


## —that daily starts millions of motor cars on their way



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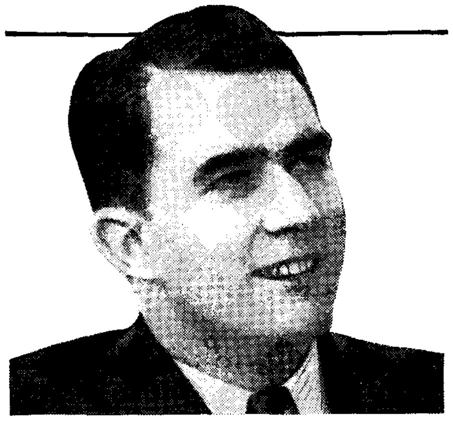

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Buck Hunkins rejoined the group.

"Tar's het, boys!"

"Bring her over to this tree."

They pushed Lisha toward the tree. I found my gag loosening. I cursed them in a frenzied dribble of sound. Sam must have heard me, for he turned his head, then spoke to Lisha for my benefit:

"We're a-doing this to discourage other heathen gals from a-trying to work agin Doc. And when we're through you're a-goin' to leave these hills an' keep yer mouth shet to the law whilst yer gittin'."

"Let's start the whupping," said Buck Hunkins.

"Now's the time to gag her."

"Why all the hurry to gag me? Think Doc might hear?"

"Hand me thet whup!"

"How can you love Doc and do this?"

"Don't speak his name no more!"

"Don't do this to me. Not on my account—but Doc's. When he hears about it, he'll hate you. It might turn him plumb against you once and for all—"

"Let me at thet gag!"

"Look who you've turned loose against me. This fat, mean old bull—who couldn't find love for his own mother or his poor wife!"

"I'll fix yer lyin' tongue!" Buck bellowed.

WITH a last gnawing, wrenching movement I freed my mouth from the gag. I called out: "I'll kill any man who lays a hand on her—if it takes me the rest of my life. Turn me loose and I'll fight you all, you dirty cowards!"

Buck Hunkins finished tying the gag on Lisha. He glanced in my direction.

"Shet his mouth fer him, someone."

One of the men close to Lisha stepped between her and Buck.

"I ain't in favor of whupping her," he said. "We've scairt her enough. She'll leave."

"Front her agin thet tree!"

"I ain't standin' *fer you to* whup her, Buck. You ain't fitten to whup a sheep-killin' cur."

Sam Hendricks reached for the bull-snake whip in Buck's hand.

"He's plumb right!" Sam said. "I'll whup her myself."

"Stand back, Hendricks. I got a complaint agin this gal and I'm a-going to git my satisfaction!"

"Put down thet pistol, Buck!"

"One step further an' I'll fill yer hide!"

"Give me a pistol an' I'll shoot it out with him—damn you, you yaller-bellied cowards, whupping a woman—"

Hunkins clouted him across the head and he went down.

"Anybody else aimin' to interfere? Now then—hold my whup whilst I strip her."

"No, by God, *I* don't stand fer thet!"

"I WHUP my women on their bare skin."

"'Tain't decent and I won't have it, Buck."

"I'm with yer, Sam!"

"Reckon I am, too. Let Buck try to shoot the three of us."

"Y'all boys er mighty chicken-hearted—"

"Hurry up afore she faints on us."

"I'll wake her up—" I heard the sound of the whip and cried out hoarsely. "Hev a feel of this'n!" I called Doc's name, trying to shriek the top off my skull. "Aw, thet don't hurt." Blubbering and shameless I prayed aloud for Doc, for anyone to come. . . .

"Thet's enough. Wanter kill her?"

"A gal kin stand a dozen lashes."

"Reckon she's passed out?"

"Playin' possum. Leggo my arm—"

"No. Thet's enough. Bring the tar."

"Lemme put the tar on—"

"Here—rub some pizen oak leaves on her."

"Give me thet tar—this'll learn ye . . . feel it? Burns, don't it? Yer damn' right it burns. But this ain't all ye're a-going to git—"

Sam spoke out, as I worked wordlessly at the ropes around my wrists:

"We've done enough. Turn her loose, Buck."

"Oh, no, we ain't."

I yanked my hands loose. I pitched forward on my face. My ankles were still bound to the tree. Yelling incoherent curses at them, I tugged at the ropes. I think I must have been near to fainting, because suddenly, after what seemed to be an eternity of horror, I looked up and there was Doc Rand striding toward the group around Lisha.

"You filthy swine!" he said.

He rushed to Lisha and fell on his knees beside her. "Lisha girl—what have they done?"

"Doc—"

"Doc, hold on—hold on, now," Sam said.

Doc leaped to his feet and threw a jaw-crushing blow at Buck Hunkins. I heard the sound of that delicious, heavy pop and saw Hunkins sag like a side of beef tossed on the ground. Sam and several others piled onto Doc and held him.

"Let go. I'll kill you. I'll kill every one of you!"

"Doc, listen, now. We done it fer you. Don't you understand thet? Fer you—"

"She's a wutch. She admitted it—"

"She worked agin yer Power, Doc!"

"Turn my arms loose. Let me fight you—if you're men, fight me. Give me a chance at your throats, you dirty backwoods scum!"

Sam's voice, in anguish, rose above the muttering of the mob:

"Why, Doc, we love yer next to Jesus—"

"Don't talk of Jesus, you stupid murdering snakes! Do something for her—let me go to her."

"*She ain't kilt. We had to punish her,* Doc. She'd've done something to Mary Belle!"

"Mary Belle? I hope she dies! You hear that? I hope she dies!"

"Doc, you don't mean that!"

Another voice spoke:

"Aw, get wise to him, Sam. He ain't no Jesus Christ. He's jest a smart-aleck college feller thet's been a-tyin' yer tail in knots."

"Turn me loose and let me beat your stupid hick face to a pulp—"

Sam said, aghast: "God didn't send you here? You been foolin' us all along?"

I saw Doc rush at him and butt him in the face with his head. Sam staggered back, bleeding from nose and mouth.

"He ain't no man of God, Sam!"

"If I were, I'd damn your soul to hell!"

Sam spat blood.

"Agh! You're jest a fake!"

THEY all turned on Doc, cursing, and beat him to the ground. Then they took alarm at the sound of a distant automobile and hurried off through the black oak trees.

I found that I was free. I started to hobble toward Doc and Lisha. But I saw that Doc had crawled to Lisha and was holding her in his arms:

"I'll kill them for this, Lisha. I'll hunt them down with a gun."

"No, Doc, no. You came back for me—and that's enough. Why did you come back?"

"To love you—in spite of everything."

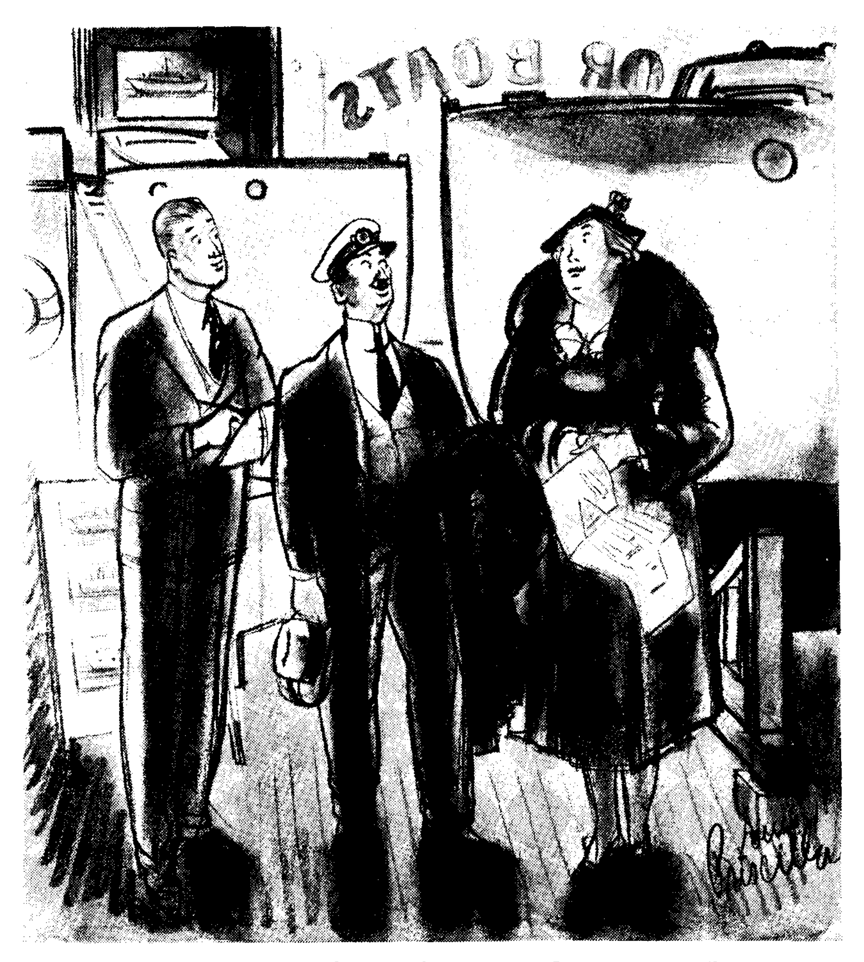
Lisha's happy cry I will remember until I am beyond memory.

"Oh, Doc, dear—they've beaten us down in the dead leaves and left us like scarecrows a-toppled over, but—but what we tried to do for them was worth it all!"

"I hope so, Lisha," Doc said humbly.

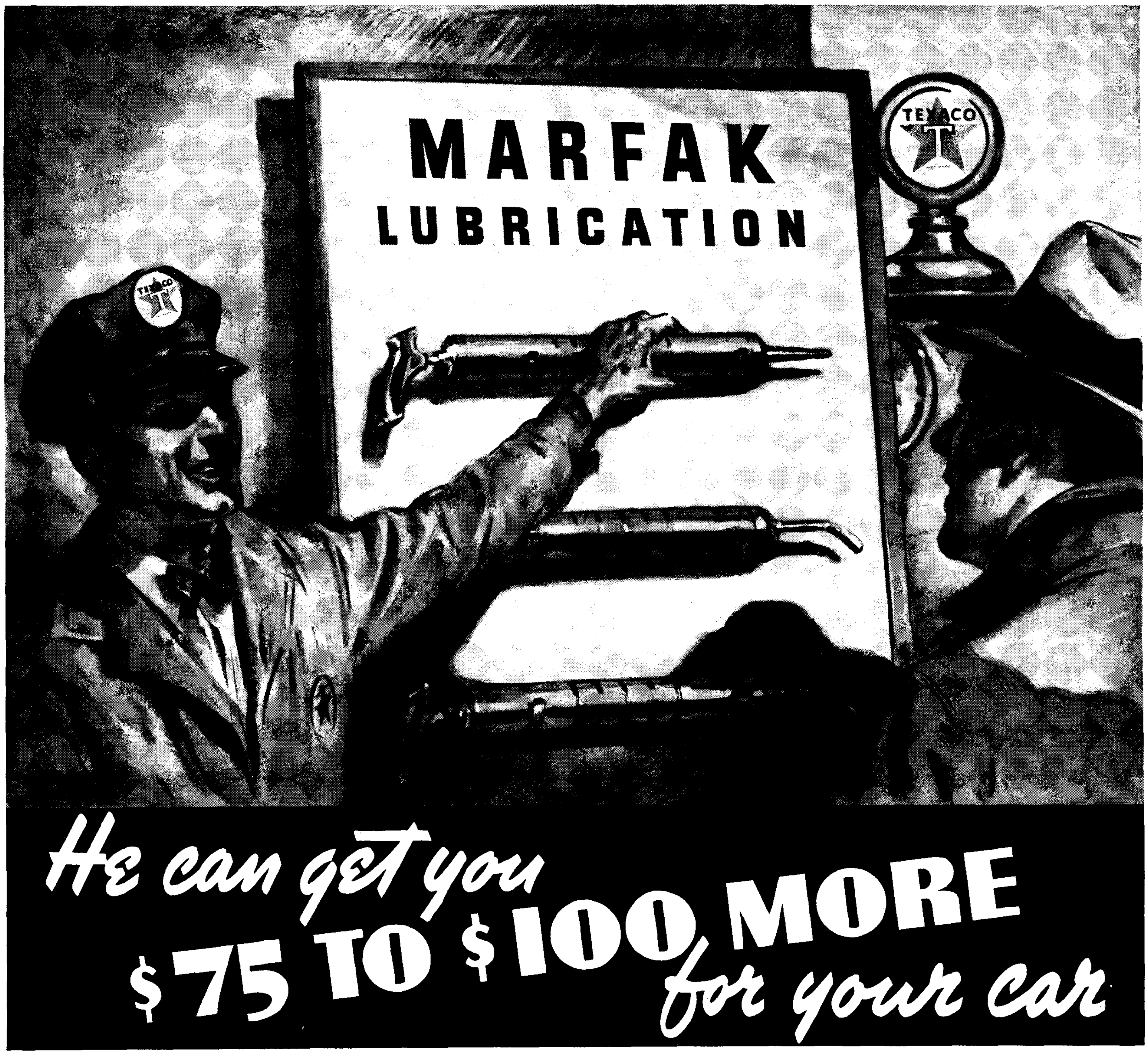
I didn't say anything to either of them. I went on back to the college and got my pistol. I laid for Buck Hunkins outside his house the rest of the night. But he didn't come out. He was sitting *up with his dead wife.*

The next morning, before sunup, I hit a truck driver for a ride to Memphis.



**"From now on, Mamma, it's Commodore Springer!"**

LOUIS PRISCILLA



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# The First Ten in Contract Bridge

### By Shepard Barclay

NEW YORK'S domination of championship contract bridge has been ended at last. Of the forty-five players who shared in the winning of the eighteen national title events on the schedule of the season just closed, only twenty claim the metropolis as their home. So the season of 1936-37 will go down in bridge history as the time when players in the rest of the land finally came into their own.

This stage in the development of the game has been seen approaching for the last several years. New Yorkers took a tremendous lead in contract's early days, as the present popular style of contest gained its first American foothold in and around their bailiwick. They had acquired a modicum of real skill in bidding hands to their justified level while players a distance away were still devoted chiefly to the older auction bridge. Knowledge of efficient methods devised by them gradually spread to other sections, however, and then came a time when players in those parts began to add to the store of discoveries. Contract is now approximating the ideal state, in which able performers from remote places may pair up without elaborate preliminary discussion and bid effectively. In brief, the methods of the majority of good players in any part of the country are almost identical with those in another.

New York still topped the rest of the country in one respect. Its entries participated in the winning of eleven out of the eighteen contests, while the rest of the land had players in only ten of the successful combinations. These figures seem to add up to twenty-one, making an apparent discrepancy, which is not one, though, as in three of the events New Yorkers had teammates from other cities. A large part of the big city's record this season was due to the splendid achievements of its two leading representatives — Oswald Jacoby with four victories and Waldemar von Zedtwitz with three. Drop the triumphs they earned, and New York would play an inconspicuous second fiddle.

Barbara Collyer

**Here are the ranking players of the bridge world, carefully selected, for the season of 1936-37:**

1. Oswald Jacoby*
2. Waldemar von Zedtwitz
3-4. (Tied) Louis J. Haddad, Chicago, and David Burnstine
5. Frederick D. Kaplan
6. B. Jay Becker, Philadelphia
7. Edward Hymes, Jr.
8 to 10. (Tied) Miss Allyne Paris, M. S. Reilly and Walter Jacobs, Chicago; Mrs. W. M. Anderson, Toronto; Mrs. J. A. Faulkner, Belleville, Ontario, Canada; Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia; Miss Barbara Collyer, Mrs. R. B. Fuller, Irving Epstein, Samuel Fry, Jr. and Howard Schenken.

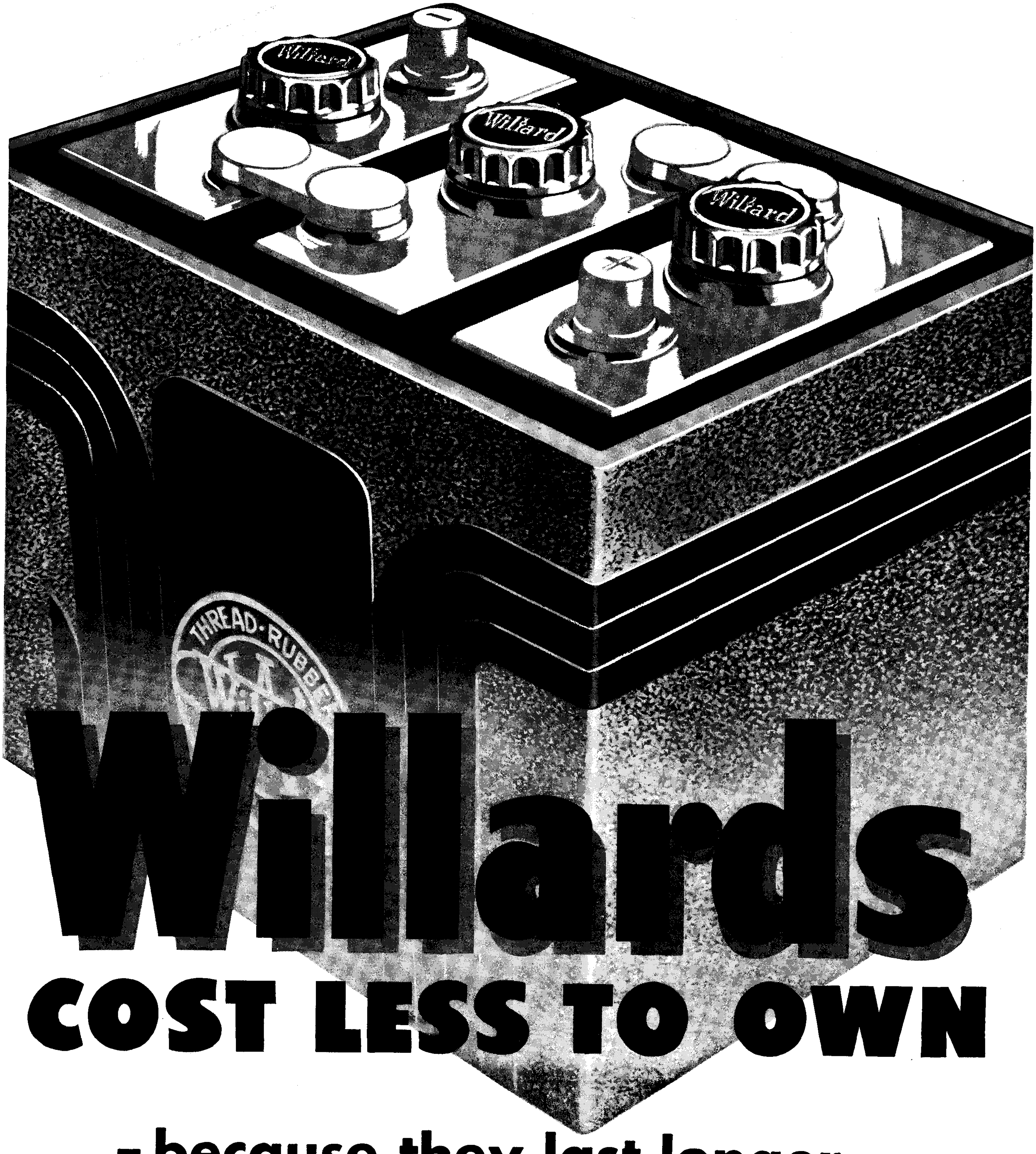
*New Yorkers, if residence not named.

Most striking has been the rise of the West. Led by Louis J. Haddad, one of the greatest players in the world, a delegation of eleven Chicagoans put their names on the list of those who have won national events. Mr. Haddad himself attained third place in the national ranking the first time anyone west of the Alleghenies has made the top five. Besides being an inspiration to fellow Westerners, he has been a tireless worker in the development of the game and in bringing about conditions whereby the great central part of the United States is not at the unfair disadvantage which faced it for years. During his presidency of the American Bridge League two years ago, and thereafter, he made a record number of trips back and forth to help perfect organization, making many of the contests more truly representative.

During the 1936-37 season, two big tournaments were held in Chicago—one under the auspices of the oldest of the bridge organizations, the American Whist League, and the other conducted by the A. B. L. All the rest of the major competitions were in and around New York still, however, so that the West made its fine record in spite of the difficulties entailed by smaller entries due to the travel problem. If a compilation were based on number of victories in proportion to the total number of entries from a section, the West would come out better still.

All of this has caused a rise in respect for the ability of the great masses of Western players. A movement is afoot right at this time to bring about a real test on a quantity basis, with some fifty or a hundred players from the Atlantic seaboard facing an equal number from the West. It was launched during a recent luncheon to the writer in Cleveland, with the proposal that the Westerners should charter a number of busses and beard the Eastern lion in his den. Mayor Burton of Cleveland then arose and insisted that his city should be the logical host to such a match, as many of the

*(Continued on page 32)*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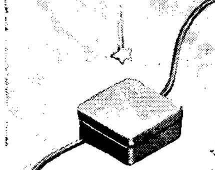

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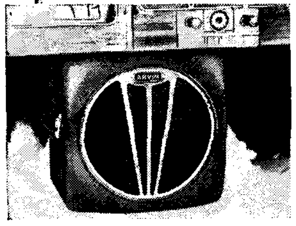

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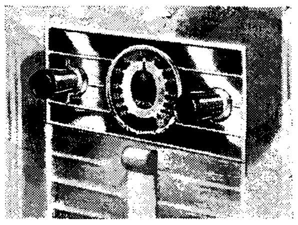

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Western stars would have some fair-sized traveling anyway, from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis and other points, whereas the Easterners could get together more easily for a journey. He extended the city's official invitation to come there, and efforts are now under way to work out the details.

Interest in duplicate contract tournaments has been growing tremendously during the last year, with more and more competitions in all sections of the map. Reflecting this is the fact that the membership of the American Bridge League has approximately trebled during that time, and is pronouncedly on the increase now under the presidency of Gordon M. Gibbs of New Jersey. Another great forward step is forecast by the friendly agreement of the elder American Whist League with the youngest of contract organizations, the United States Bridge Association, whereby they will co-operate in holding various tournaments jointly, beginning with one next September which will be called the All-America event.

With more and sterner competition to face, Oswald Jacoby of New York again proved his sterling caliber under championship fire by finishing on top for the third consecutive season. No other player has ever repeated at the top of the title list, yet he has repeated and then repeated again. With victories in four of the eighteen events counted this season, he had a definite edge over anybody else. Now only thirty-four years of age, he is about to "do a Gene Tunney" by retiring from any serious effort to remain the Number One player of the game. He has moved from New York to Dallas, Texas, where the influence of his presence may be expected to cause the Lone Star State to begin to cut a figure in national circles.

Gaining second place this season is a magnificent all-round player who was the top ranking man in the first season that contract stars could be rated by performance, 1930-31. He is Waldemar von Zedtwitz, holder of the world's hard-luck record, who gained eight second places in the season of 1933-34 without a single win, something which is certain never to occur again. This time Mr. von Zedtwitz, born an Austrian baron but of an American mother and always an American at heart, who renounced the title several years ago to become an American citizen, claims among his victories the chief plum of them all, the Masters' Individual Championship. Winning two other national events brought his total to three, and he also had two second places, giving him a clean-cut hold on the niche next to the top.

### Enter the Ladies

For third place the record shows a tie between Mr. Haddad of Chicago and David Burnstine of New York, Mr. Jacoby's favorite partner, with three victories apiece. It was while playing with Mr. Burnstine that Mr. Jacoby got three of his four victories, and Mr. Jacoby's other win was with Mr. Haddad opposite him in a team-of-four contest.

Fifth place goes unreservedly to Frederick D. Kaplan of New York, a newcomer to the list, with two victories. B. Jay Becker of Philadelphia, who was second last year, lands sixth place by virtue of one win, two seconds and third place in the individual masters. Edward Hymes, Jr., of New York, third last year, finishes seventh with one victory and two seconds.

Following those first seven come eleven players who are tied for the next three places, each with one victory and one second place. The "seven come eleven" has a somewhat "natural" sound to devotees of another game, who might well maintain that, instead of the players being lined up as the first ten, they could be treated in football style with a "varsity" of the top seven and then the next eleven. Tradition dictated the preserving of the parallel with previous years, for comparative purposes.

In the tied eleven players there are six women, including the first Canadians ever to get into our national ranking. They are Mrs. W. M. Anderson, of Toronto, and Mrs. J. A. Faulkner, of Belleville, Ontario, who paired with Messrs D. G. Farquharson and P. E. Sheardown of Toronto to win the National Open match point team championship of the American Bridge League contested at Chicago. That was the first victory in an American national championship by any team from beyond the borders of the U. S. A. The two daughters of the Dominion then went on to gain their second place in the women's team of four contest.

Two other women proved the equals of their male rivals in open events. One of these was a newcomer to title roles, Miss Allyne Paris of Chicago, who with Robert F. Rubel won the American Whist League open pairs. The other was the world's best-known woman player, Mrs. Ely Culbertson, who played with Mr. von Zedtwitz, Samuel Fry, Jr., and A. Mitchell Barnes on the team which won the United States Bridge Association's "Grand National" team event. No more popular victory was ever scored. At its conclusion she was congratulated by her opponents as the outstanding player of the match.

### New Blood to the Fore

New blood predominated this season, not only in the full list of winners, of whom 25 of the 45 gained their first victories, but in the select list of those getting at least one top and one second place. Ten of those eighteen made the roll for the first time, a majority.

One factor which contributed to making the situation more wide open than heretofore was the cessation of the great string of victories gained by the famous "Four Aces." One pair of the old team, Messrs Jacoby and Burnstine, remained as formidable as ever in winning two pair championships, but the rearranged team of four triumphed only once in its series of starts. On one occasion, it was knocked out in the very first round, and on another it took defeat at the hands of two different teams, the conditions of that contest requiring two defeats to bring about elimination. Howard Schenken remained on the team throughout the year, but after Michael T. Gottlieb's departure from it he had a series of new partners—first, B. Jay Becker of Philadelphia, who played when the one triumph was gained, and thereafter Sherman Stearns and Merwin D. Maier, now on the team. Mr. Jacoby's landing the top post is an even more striking achievement when it is taken into account that he did not have a protracted series of wins by his old team to help him.

As with a well-rounded drama, a complete bridge season might be said to require a hero, a villain and a martyr. The heroes are there, the villain is hard to find, but a martyr has come onto the scene. He is Charles H. Goren, of Philadelphia, whose magnificent bidding and play have caused other stars to rate him as one of the most brilliant performers in the game. Yet something always seems to keep him just shy of winning, as he piles up second places for himself. Bobby Jones was that way in golf for years before he finally crashed through to his unbeatable string. Mr. Goren's stretch of runner-up honors is different from that old record of Mr. von Zedtwitz chiefly in that it is strung over several seasons instead of being crowded into one.

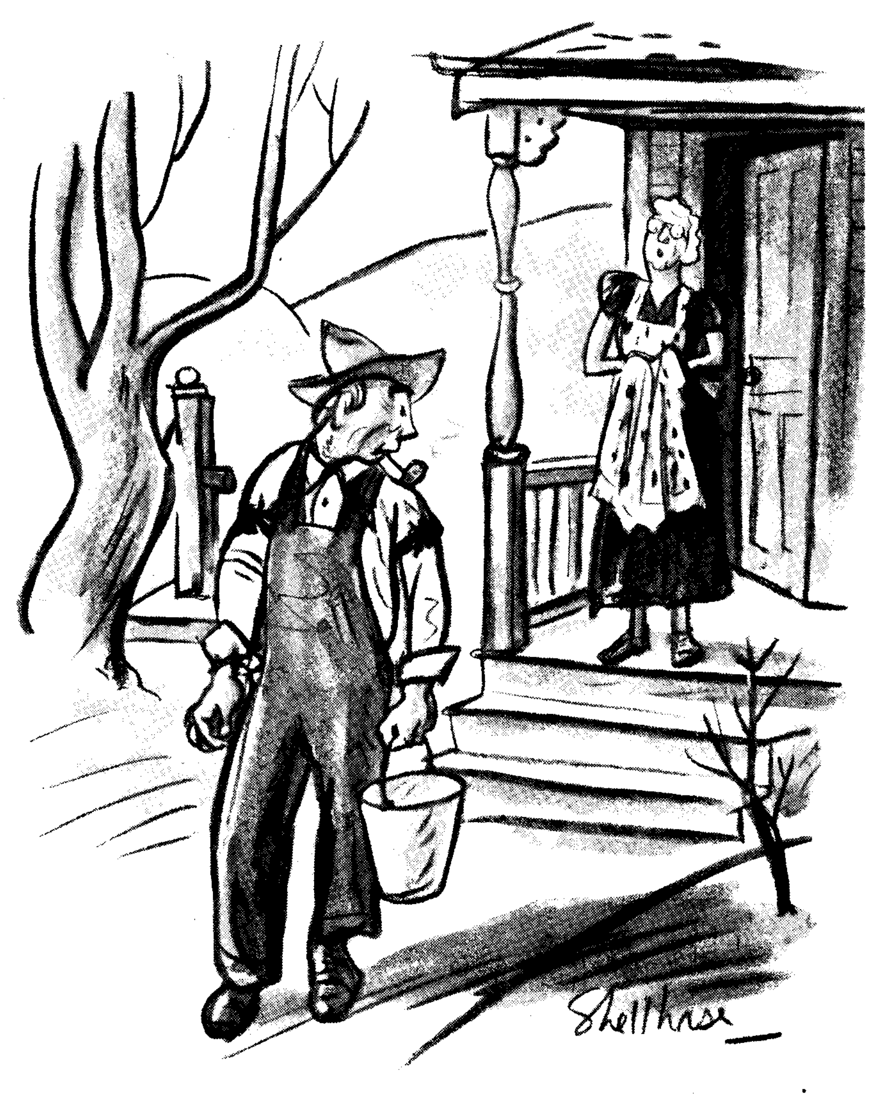
The closest contest of the entire bridge year was one in which Mr. Goren and Mrs. Ralph C. Young, also of Philadelphia, finished just one and four-tenths match points out of first place. Although they were so right on top of Messrs Burnstine and Jacoby in the windup of the U. S. B. A. open pairs, they were not even second. Between them and the top, in second place, were Sherman Stearns and Merwin D. Maier of New York, who were only eight tenths of a point from the top. These odd fractions are due to the percentage "carry-over" of points from earlier sessions into the final. Suffice it to say, however, that a change in the play of a single card at any one of a dozen places could have reversed the order of the three leading pairs.

### True Sportsmanship

Each year brings its neat examples of sportsmanship and square dealing to lift others to the highest standards. This time the palm must go to Mr. Becker, who proved himself a fitting son of the City of Brotherly Love by what he did in the mixed pair contest of the U. S. B. A. When the scores were brought forth by the statisticians, they showed Mr. Becker and Mrs. Ralph C. Young as the winners. Mr. Becker, however, had allowed Philip Abramsohn to substitute for him in one session. When he learned that there was a rule forbidding a substitute to play more than one third of the total number of deals involved, Mr. Becker went straight to Lieutenant Alfred M. Gruenther, the tournament director, reported his own violation of the rule and insisted upon his own disqualification. The request had to be granted.

Beyond question the freakiest occurrence of the season was the winning of four prizes by a player for participating in only one deal. He was Harold C. Richard of The Whist Club in New York, whose team gained finalist honors in the Vanderbilt Cup contest. The other members were Walter Beinecke, John Mattheys, Charles H. Goren and Lee Langdon, who defeated the "Four Aces" in their progress to the last round. Since a prize would go to each playing member of a team for every round in which the team won, all that Mr. Richard had to do was to be an active contestant at all. Even one hand would do the work. So in he went for one deal, which he handled capably, and so collected his tokens. Incidentally, that team seemed to have the famous cup "sewed up" in the early play against Frederick D. Kaplan, Philip Abramsohn, Irving Epstein and Harry Fishbein, but the latter made a brilliant finish to win.

Players who think they may need inspiration may obtain some from the rise during the last year of a blind chap in Miami, Florida, named J. P. Dunne, who is becoming famous as "Pat" Dunne. In several of the leading sectional competitions, he has scored splendidly, using Braille-marked cards invented by himself. When the dummy goes down, its cards are called out to him only once and he remembers them. When someone else plays a card, it is called out to him. He never forgets a card, and his bidding and play now place him among the very best. Having had the pleasure of winning tops with him in several social tournaments as well as in one New Jersey Coast championship, we recommended him as highly as any partner we have yet encountered. He has proved his ability with plenty of topnotchers. In one of the Miami Biltmore tournaments conducted by Mrs. Mildred Archer, he and Waldemar von



**"Somebody on the phone named Roosevelt. He wants to know how things are going"** GEORGE SHELLHASE

# Get close shaves without scraping your skin

NO BRUSH NEEDED
NOT GREASY
WON'T CLOG RAZOR

**New-type shave cream forms a thin film that keeps razor blade from *scraping your skin*—yet allows you to shave closer**

THE SURFACE OF YOUR SKIN is really rough, scaly—like the skin of a fish.

Every time you shave, your razor may rip and tear these tiny scales—just as a cleaning knife scrapes the scales from a fish. Naturally, this often causes sore spots, irritations, also ingrown hairs.

A new-type shave cream has now been developed called Glider. You spread it on with the fingers—never a brush! It forms a film of protection between your razor and your face. Over this film your blade glides — swiftly, smoothly — never scrapes or irritates.

Glider softens the "scaly" outer skin—allows blade to cut whiskers off at the base—*without scraping your skin*.

Try Glider. Its soothing action leaves your face smooth and clean —not greasy or sticky. It won't clog your razor. On sale at toilet-goods counters everywhere.

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AQUA VELVA
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BRUSHLESS SHAVE

**Williams famous after-shaving preparation—closes skin pores—fights off pimples, sore spots—gives your face that clean, cool, "air-conditioned" feeling.**

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*Good only in U.S.A.*

**Generous introductory tube of Glider**

**The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. Please send me a free tube of Glider —Williams new "No-Brush" Shave Cream.**

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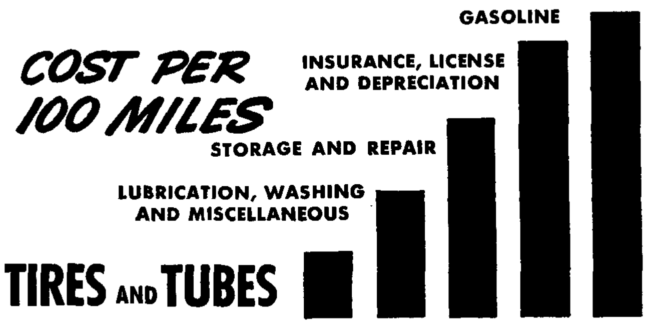
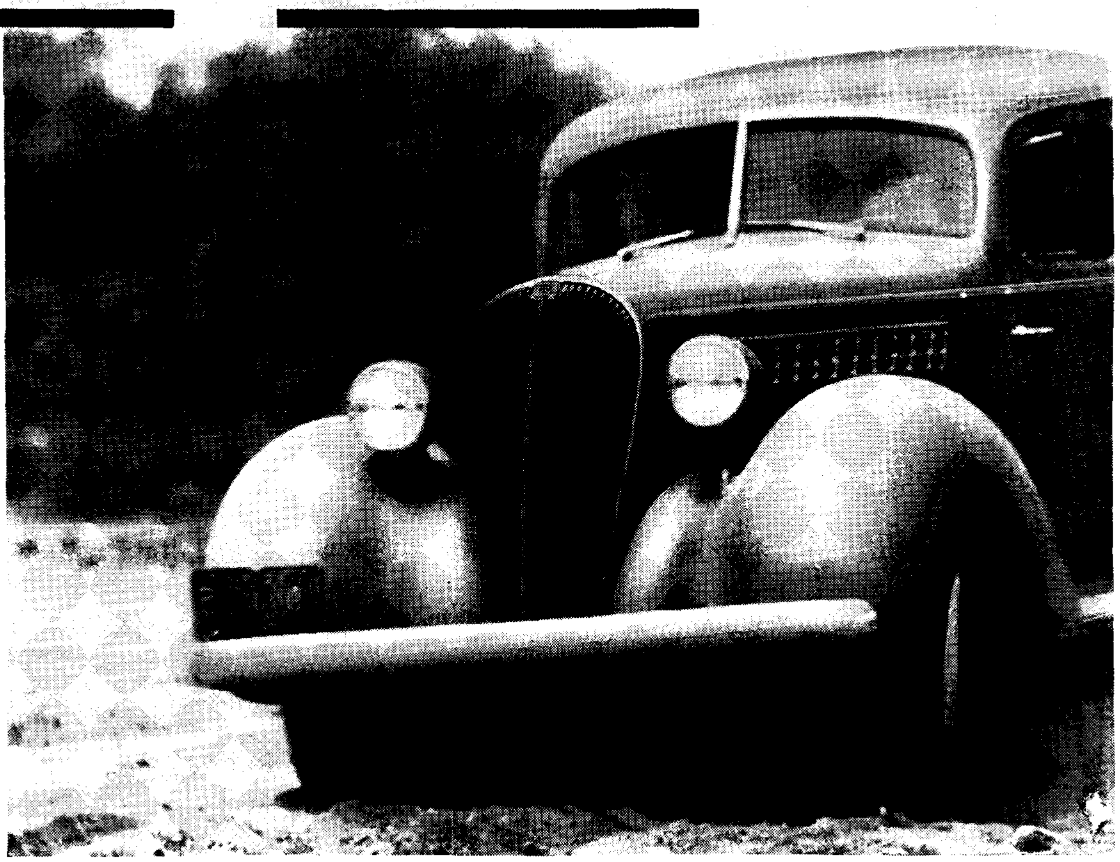
# THE CHEAPEST THING IS THE BEST TIRES YOU

## FIGURE IT OUT ON YOUR OWN CAR

Charted here are *average* maintenance costs obtained from fleet owners operating hundreds of cars on Goodyear Tires. Note that a full set of Goodyears costs only about one-fifth as much as gas—from one-quarter to one-half as much as other routine expenses. Ratios may vary somewhat in your case depending upon roads, climate and how fast you drive, but these nation-wide records prove Goodyears cost *least* under any conditions.





*Speed... heat... hard-going... every tire torture is met and mastered in Goodyear's ceaseless testing of its product.*

HERE is eye-opening news for all who think they must put up with "second-choice" tires because they can't afford better.

The plain truth is that today the *very least* of routine expenses involved in running a car is the cost of the best tires you can buy—and that means Goodyear Tires, the world's first-choice tire for 21 years!

◆ ◆ ◆

Proof of that comes from the accurate expense records kept by great national fleet owners operating cars in all parts of the country.

These fleet cars are driven hard and constantly. You'd expect their tire costs to be higher than your own.

Yet again and again these records show that good tires — Goodyear Tires—cost less than *any other item of car operation.*

During the life of a full set of Goodyear "G-3" All-Weathers, other running expenses average—

*—five times as much for gasoline as for "G-3's"!*

*—four times as much for insurance, licenses and depreciation!*

*—three times as much for garage rent and repairs!*

*—twice as much for washing, lubrication and miscellaneous expenses!*

Ratios vary somewhat in different areas—these are averages for all sections. *But tire cost always remains by far the lowest of all expenses!*

**THE GREATEST NAME**

**GOODY**

# ON YOUR CAR CAN BUY !

**WHAT IS "THE BEST TIRE"?**

There is no test like experience — and out of the experience of more than 21 years, car owners operating under all driving conditions have found there is no tire like a Goodyear Tire. Best proof of that is the plain fact that more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind — and have for 21 years!

nd mind you, these comparisons are against the cost of a ull set of "G-3's" complete with tubes, not just a single tire!

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ven more important than Goodyear economy is Goodyear ecurity, the knowledge *that your car will stop when your rakes say halt* — the real protection against skids and lowouts that stout new Goodyears give you at such mall investment.

For in Goodyears you get the road-holding grip, the quick-stopping "brake" of Goodyear Center Traction. You get the blowout protection of Goodyear's patented Supertwist Cord in every ply. And you get the long, slow, even wear of Goodyear's tough rubber stocks.

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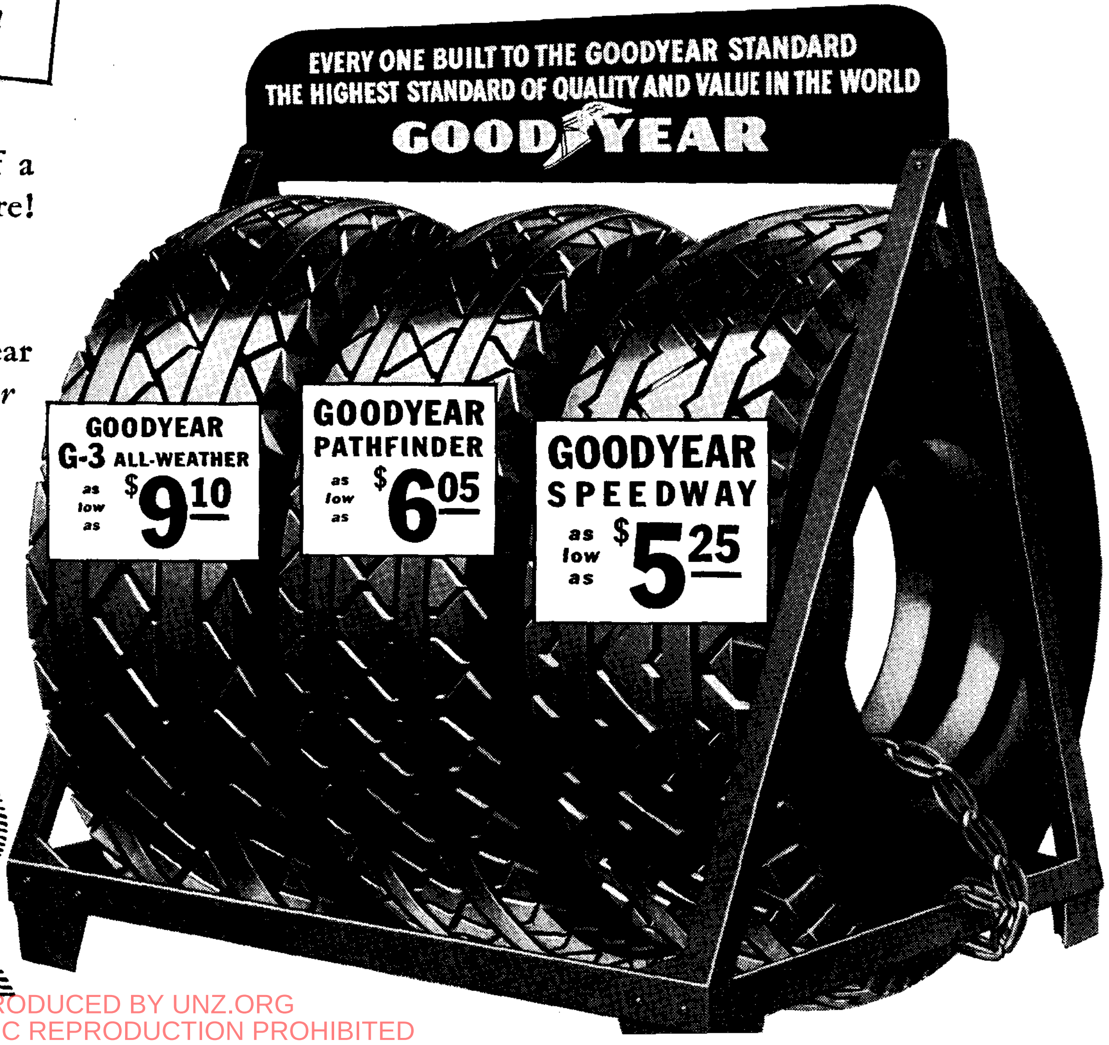
You can buy Goodyears in several price classes. The difference in price in the same size is simply a question of whether you want the very bottom first-cost for a good tire, or the biggest mileage money can buy.

*Any* Goodyear you buy is the *top quality tire at its price* — every one is built to protect our good name!

Certainly these facts expose the false economy of worrying along on slippery "bald-headed" tires — on cut or bruised tires that may blow out any minute. Since good tires are the smallest expense in running a car — why not put on safe new Goodyears today?

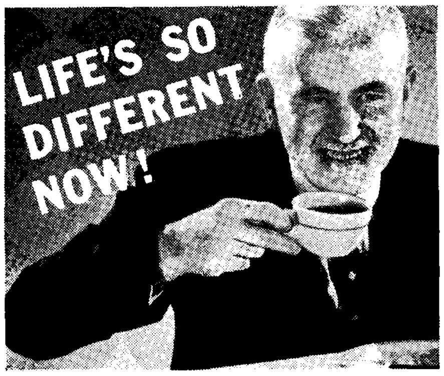

EVERY ONE BUILT TO THE GOODYEAR STANDARD
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY AND VALUE IN THE WORLD
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR G-3 ALL-WEATHER as low as $9.10
GOODYEAR PATHFINDER as low as $6.05
GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY as low as $5.25

N RUBBER

EAR

SOUR STOMACH... COULDN'T EAT!

● No doubt about it—constipation made life look blue. Went to bed weary, woke up tired. Stomach so upset food lost its appeal! Every night, pills—pills. Finally, my wife protested, "Why waste time on those out-of-date cathartics? *Please* try FEEN-A-MINT. It's *different!*" So I said, "All right," and got FEEN-A-MINT. Surprise No. 1 was its fine taste, and—


LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT NOW!

—frankly, I found FEEN-A-MINT the grandest, most satisfying laxative I'd ever taken. And no discomfort. Away went those old pests—dullness, loginess, fatigue. Back came the old appetite. I shouted downstairs, "Mary, you win a new dress. But first I'll have a big breakfast." Then I ate so much that I came near missing my train!

THIS IS THE SECRET!

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● A big *difference* in delicious FEEN-A-MINT is the chewing. This helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping or nausea. No disturbance of sleep. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, reliable. Economical, too. Fine for young and old, as 16 million users agree. Write for free sample to Dept. L-8 FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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Zedtwitz made a 64 per cent top score. In the coming season he is expected to make his debut in national competition, in which his record cannot fail to be creditable.

Various championship events which do not count in this ranking each year are nevertheless of splendid standing in their respective ways. One of these is the great Eastern Championship tournament, in which Stearns Cunningham and Jules Wetzlar won the famous Julian Goldman pair event for 1936-37 season and the Curt H. Reisinger team contest went to Frederick D. Kaplan, Charles C. Vogelhofer, Morrie Elis and Irving Epstein. Another is the new so-called national amateur event of the A. B. L., for which the word "amateur" is used more in its novice sense than as a contrast with the word "professional," as there are no professional players of bridge since there are no gate receipts. This was won, in its first holding, by Dr. J. C. McClelland of Akron, Ohio, and Max Naiman, of Los Angeles.

No season ever gave greater proof of its advancement toward the standardization of natural bidding tactics. There were three outstanding instances of new partners hitching up with mutually good results. Most interesting is that of the four who won the women's championship a year before—Mrs. Robert B. Fuller of New York, Miss Helen White of Los Angeles, Mrs. L. G. Quigley of Chicago and Miss Florence J. Stratford of Cleveland. They not only won the first time they ever played as teammates, but repeated after not having even seen one another for twelve months.

### Question Box of 1937

Another interesting case was that in which Mr. Haddad brought with him from Chicago to Asbury Park, for the A. B. L. tournament there, Mrs. Eliot Evans and Miss Elizabeth Whitney, who is just past high-school age. For a fourth player, they got twenty-year-old Robert McPherran of Philadelphia to pair with Miss Whitney and win the Shepard Barclay Trophy for national mixed teams of four, edging out the powerful foursome of Howard Schenken, Helen Bonwit, B. Jay Becker and Mrs. Ralph C. Young.

In that same tournament was another case of quick pairing-up. Lewis Bernard and Philip Steiner of Cincinnati, together with Mr. Haddad and M. S. Reilly of Chicago, were going great guns in the team of four, when Mr. Bernard was called home in a hurry. Alvin Landy of Cleveland, who had never played a hand with any of the others, was rushed into the breach and carried through to victory.

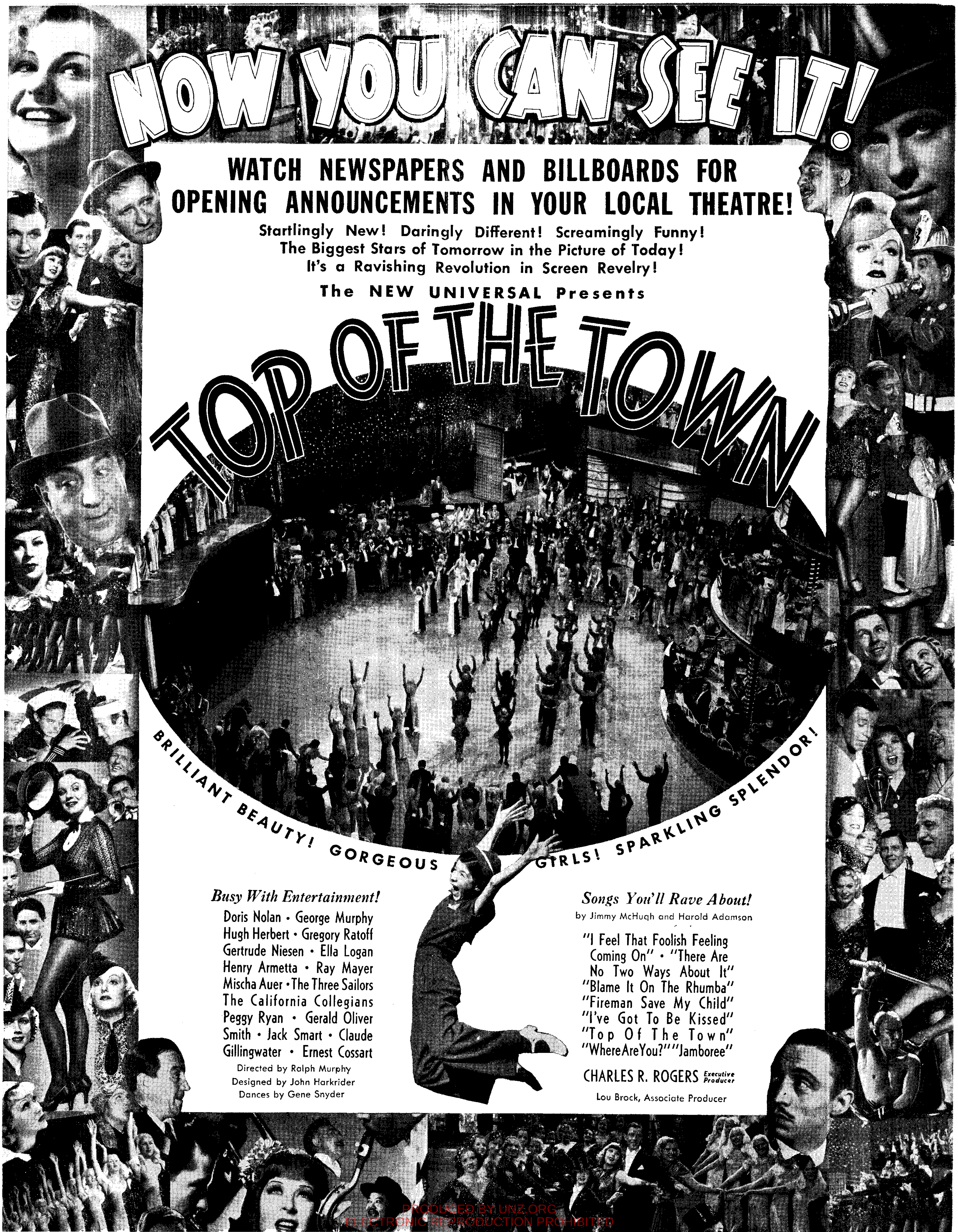
Many players made splendid records in events other than the national championships, which are the only ones counted in this ranking. The American Bridge League has a way of allotting credits called "master points" for a large number of territorial championships, the number depending upon the size and importance of the competition. Naturally a successful performer can greatly enhance his total in these by playing in a large number of them and thereby can earn high honors even though unable to compete often or win in national events. It is interesting, however, to note that the foremost 1936 recipients of "master points" closely parallel the leaders in the national championship list, with only a few exceptions. Here are the leading A. B. L. "master point" scorers for 1936: Oswald Jacoby 167, David Burnstine 157, B. Jay Becker 116, Waldemar von Zedtwitz 107, Frederick D. Kaplan 85, Howard Schenken 80, Merwin D. Maier 79, Irving Epstein 79, Walter Jacobs 77, and L. J. Haddad 74.

And now comes the big question about what lies ahead. Will the great Jacoby change his mind and journey from his new Texas home often enough to make a real bid for his fourth straight top? If so, can he carry on as successfully against the stronger resistance that will confront him? If he goes through with his plan to retire from the scene of his glories, who will take over the mantle descending from him? Will it be the veteran of this year's top ten, von Zedtwitz, who though a veteran is hardly pushing forty? Will it be some older player, such as the amazing Sidney Lenz, who decides to become active in an extended number of events? Will it be one of the younger players on the present list? Will it perhaps be a woman who will lead the parade for the first time? Will it be some young player from the West whose name has not even been mentioned in connection with bridge championships?

These questions remain for the next twelve months to decide, beginning with the 1937 masters' individual and team championships in April. More than mere familiarity with the last year's performances is necessary to justify hazarding a guess. Anyone who could come even fairly close to forecasting the names making up the next First Ten, let alone the order of them, could earn himself considerable reputation for clairvoyance.

## WINNERS OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1936-37 SEASON

| | |
|---|---|
| **AMERICAN WHIST LEAGUE EVENTS** | **Pairs**—Miss Allyne Paris and Robert F. Rubel, Chicago.<br>**Fours**—Oswald Jacoby, Edward Hymes, Jr., Merwin D. Maier, New York, and Louis J. Haddad, Chicago. |
| **AMERICAN BRIDGE LEAGUE EVENTS** | **Masters' Individual**—Waldemar V. von Zedtwitz, New York.<br>**Masters' Pairs**—David Burnstine and Oswald Jacoby, New York.<br>**Masters' Fours**—B. Jay Becker, Philadelphia; David Burnstine, Oswald Jacoby and Howard Schenken, New York.<br>**Open Pairs**—Walter Jacobs and Ralph Kempner, Chicago.<br>**Open Match Point Fours**—Mrs. W. M. Anderson, Toronto; Mrs. J. A. Faulkner, Belleville, Ontario; D. G. Farquharson, Toronto, and P. E. Sheardown, Toronto, Canada.<br>**Open Cumulative Fours**—Lewis A. Bernard and Philip Steiner, Cincinnati; Louis J. Haddad and M. S. Reilly, Chicago, and Alvin Landy, Cleveland.<br>**Women's Pairs**—Mrs. J. S. Jones and Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia.<br>**Women's Fours**—Mrs. Robert B. Fuller, New York; Miss Florence J. Stratford, Cleveland; Mrs. L. G. Quigley, Chicago, and Miss Helen White, Los Angeles.<br>**Mixed Pairs**—Mrs. Dorothy M. Healy and Wingate Bixby, Chicago.<br>**Mixed Fours**—Mrs. Eliot Evans, Miss Elizabeth Whitney and Louis J. Haddad, Chicago, and Robert McPherran, Philadelphia.<br>**Men's Pairs**—Dr. R. H. Ecker and Frederick D. Kaplan, New York. |
| **U. S. BRIDGE ASSOCIATION EVENTS** | **Open Pairs**—David Burnstine and Oswald Jacoby, New York.<br>**Open Fours**—Mrs. Ely Culbertson, A. Mitchell Barnes, Samuel Fry, Jr., and Waldemar V. von Zedtwitz, New York.<br>**Mixed Pairs**—Miss Barbara Collyer and Waldemar V. von Zedtwitz, New York.<br>**Mixed Fours**—Mrs. George U. Harris, Mrs. Josiah C. Thaw, Raymond J. Balfe and John Mattheys, New York. |
| **THE HAROLD S. VANDERBILT CUP** | Philip Abramsohn, Irving Epstein, Harry Fishbein and Frederick D. Kaplan, New York. |
| **NON-WINNERS WHO EARNED SECOND PLACES** | Max Becker, Arthur Brown, Owen Gilman, Arthur Glatt, Mrs. Laura Heiner, John R. Smith and Albert Weiss, Chicago; S. Garton Churchill and Charles C. Vogelhofer, Brooklyn; E. Melvin Goddard, Asbury Park, New Jersey; Samuel Katz and Sidney Silidor, Newark, New Jersey; Sir Derrick J. Wernher, Allenhurst, New Jersey; Bertram Lebhar, Jersey City, New Jersey; Charles H. Goren, Philadelphia; Mrs. Genevieve Keedick, Toledo, Iowa; Mrs. Harry Haldeman, Des Moines, Iowa; Walter Beinecke, Miss Helen Bonwit, Mrs. Mabel Ervin, Lee Langdon, Com. Winfield Liggett, Jr., Charles Lochridge, Miss Mildred Lovejoy, Harold C. Richard and Dr. H. J. Vogel, New York. |



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It's a Ravishing Revolution in Screen Revelry!

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Directed by Ralph Murphy
Designed by John Harkrider
Dances by Gene Snyder

*Songs You'll Rave About!*

by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On" • "There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

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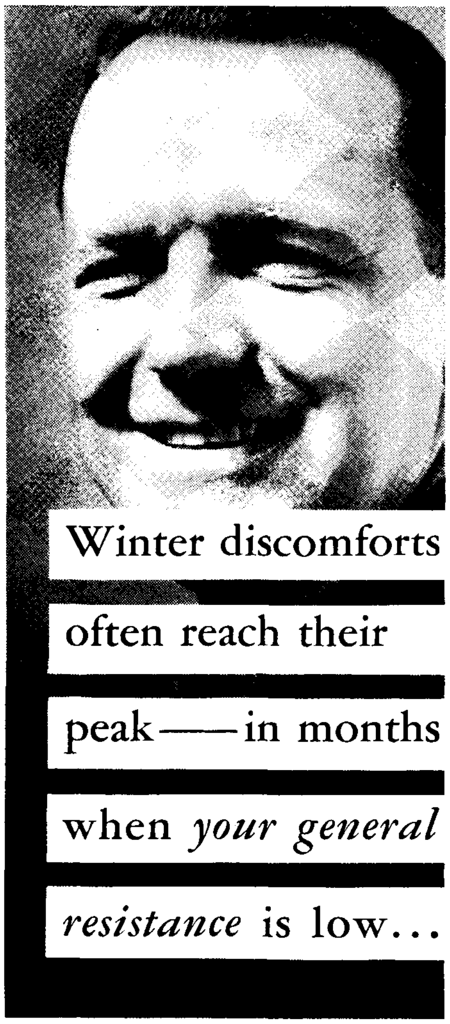


Winter discomforts often reach their peak—in months when *your general resistance* is low...

You may think they should be over by now—those common, winter conditions—but unfortunately this "in-between" season is often the time of greatest risk for them.

One explanation is that you start the season with a good physical reserve, but little by little you use it up, as the winter becomes more severe. By March your *general resistance* is low. You have difficulty withstanding winter hazards.

Forewarned, however, you can make an effort to protect yourself. You can begin building up your general *resistance* at once, before they cost you time and comfort. This very day, start with *Adex!*

From Adex you will get plenty of Vitamin A, which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance. You will also obtain extra Vitamin D to help make up for lack of sunshine now.

To put all this vitamin richness into a single tablet or capsule, only *natural* sources are drawn upon, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

Taken *every day*, Adex will help you go through the rest of the winter in comfort. But take it *regularly*. Have a package on the breakfast table every morning.

Now at any good drug store in tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

● = 🥄

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

# The New Oregon Trail

Continued from page 15

capital for their information, thousands of draught refugees have gone west to see for themselves. Everywhere along the road they stop to ask questions, particularly about the water. "Is there plenty of rain?" they ask anxiously. People along the main highways hear that question from sunrise to sundown. A grocer in a little Idaho hamlet finally hung a sign in his store:

NOT ENOUGH RAIN HERE. IRRIGATION O. K. THOUGH!

Placards in wayside emporiums announce, "We cater to drought refugees." One druggist in a Washington town had a neatly lettered sign tacked to his wall beside a picture of the President:

SURE YOU'RE WELCOME!
F. D. R. SAYS SO HIMSELF.

Beneath this was a newspaper clipping of Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the near-by site of the great Grand Coulee Dam in the summer of 1934. Listen to a few statements from that address—statements which indicate that the President thinks the victims of the drought will discover sanctuary in the hills and valleys of the Pacific Northwest:

"A great many years ago, seventy-five or eighty, an editor in New York said, 'Go west, young man, go west!' Horace Greeley is supposed to be out of date today, but there is a great opportunity . . . for some people from submarginal lands, who have proved conclusively that it is a mighty difficult thing to earn an adequate living on those lands. . . . And I know that this country, which is looking pretty bare today, is going to be filled with the homes not only of a great many people from this state, but a great many families from other states of the Union; men, women and childen who will be making an honest livelihood and doing their best exclusively to live up to the American standard of living and the American standard of citizenship."

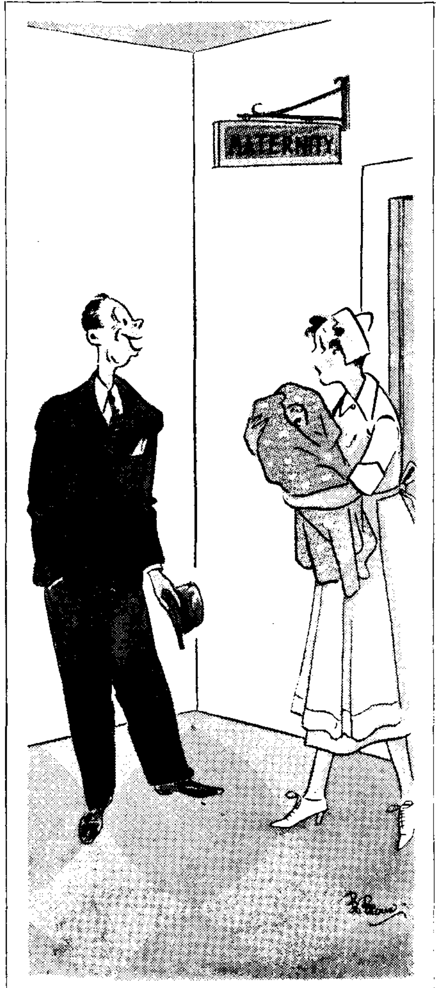
### Immediate Relief Necessary

Many of the families from the drought area are destitute. They need immediate assistance. At the same time the government has attempted to cut down the relief rolls. Thus the Coast states have been caught in the nutcracker of a great increase in worthy cases and a sharp reduction in relief funds. Senator Homer Bone of Washington and Senator James P. Pope of Idaho declare that the relief of the wandering drought victims should take precedence over economy. But Governor Charles H. Martin of Oregon, who belongs to the Democratic party along with the above gentlemen, says the drought refugees are "alien paupers" and wants them sent back home. "We did not invite these people to Oregon and we certainly did not insure them a living. Let them sell their cars," is Mr. Martin's solution of the problem.

In his recent budget message President Roosevelt again took notice of the difficulties faced by the indigent drought refugees. He told Congress that a quarter of a million of these families would be transferred from work projects to the Resettlement Administration for the purpose of getting them started on an independent farming basis by the next planting season.

Shortly after this announcement from the White House, Senator Pope called a meeting of the congressmen from the Pacific area to discuss the emergencies created by the westward migration of the Dust Bowl refugees. Senator Lewis Schwellenbach of Washington said a movement would be launched to relax WPA rules so that the wandering drought victims could be cared for at once. Those at Senator Pope's meeting agreed that thousands of homeless families were in need of immediate relief and that all red tape should be reduced to a minimum.

And while the various and sundry statesmen lay down heavy verbal bombardments, the nomadic farmers from the Middle West muddle through. In all sorts of improvised shelters they bivouac throughout the Pacific Coast area. Their tents and shacks are familiar sights along every highway between Puget Sound and the Sierras. Some of the drought refugees are virtually penniless, but they manage to struggle along. Others have brought wallets filled with bonus and crop-reduction checks, the latter saved from the days of the defunct AAA. To this group of migrants unscrupulous land sharpers are as dangerous a menace as were hostile Indians to the wanderers of the previous century.



"Well, what will it be? Vassar or Yale?"

BO BROWN

Over the roads they come—the nomads from the Central States whose farms either were blown away by the wind or broiled by the heat. In recent years they have helped to add more than 25,000 new farms to the total number in the Pacific Northwest.

Let's have one more visit with a few of these modern wayfarers. We drive into the little town of Hillsboro, Oregon, and get off at the Grange hall. The community has just held a canning festival for the benefit of the drought families camped near the edge of the village. We see jars of peaches, pears, tomatoes, plums, strawberries, pickles, and preserves stacked halfway to the ceiling: proof that the hospitality and brotherhood of the old pioneers still survives to welcome these new ones.

We turn the prow of our coupé toward the distant mountains, and presently pull up—to the relief of our snorting engine—at a tourist camp beside a little mountain creek. In the background the glacier-flanked pinnacle of Mount Hood towers like a vast white pyramid. Ten or twelve of the cars in the tourist camp have licenses from states located in the Dust Bowl. Dusk is beginning to blanket the hills, and at two or three rusty stoves dinner is in preparation. We walk about among these people who have come west to find new homes.

Here's Bill Longmire and his pretty blond wife, Jane. They got married when they were at agricultural college in Iowa. They put their savings into a little farm that the drought fried to a crisp. Their parents have loaned them some money and Bill and Jane have come to Oregon to find a farm on which to start over again. They like farming; they want to bring up their children on a farm. "And we're going to pay back that money, too," declares Bill emphatically.

### A New Start in a New Land

The Longmires, who are the youngest couple in the camp, have struck up an acquaintance with Grandma and Grandpa Larkin, from North Dakota. Grandpa is a lively old prairie philosopher. He tells us that their farm was blown away almost overnight. "I'll betcha that wind's got our farm almost to London by now," says Grandpa in his thick beard. Grandma Larkin is a bustling little creature, just full of plans for the chicken farm they're going to have in the Oregon hills. She won't hear of us not staying for dinner, and she piles our plate with a mound of potato salad as big as an artichoke—to say nothing of the trout Grandpa has pulled out of the bubbling mountain creek.

All around us in the tourist camp nestled beneath the tall Oregon firs are families with a great adventure before them—the adventure of a new start in a new land. Some of them have flat purses; others have only a thin roll of bills between them and WPA relief. But they all are hopeful and they have in them what Senator Borah has described as "fine American courage." The worst series of droughts in the history of the United States has not been able to kill their spirit.

Near the edge of the camp are Jim and Martha Emmett and their four children. Their old touring car looks ramshackle and rickety after the long trek from South Dakota. The money from the sale of Jim's livestock has almost given out, and the family is tired and exhausted. But they feel that somewhere in the uplands and valleys which roll away to the horizon is a farm on which the Emmett family will get a new and better start in life. "Just look at that creek," says Jim. "They say it never dries up. This country is full of hundreds of creeks like it. We'll have water anyhow."

The farmer from the Dust Bowl looks off toward the crags and snowfields of the western mountains. "We'll get along. I know things are going to be all right now. We'll find a farm and we'll work hard and we'll pay for it," and he smiles bravely.

Somehow we know that Grandfather Emmett smiled like that when he put his long rifle on his shoulder and turned his back on the frontier in '49.

# More new car buyers *Change-Over* to Generals than to any other make

General dealers do a big change-over business—replacing the standard tires that come on new cars with Generals. After allowance is made for the standard tires taken off, the additional cost of having your car delivered on Generals is slight. This wise transaction in the interest of your safety is easily handled by your General Tire dealer or your car dealer. The benefits are two-fold—the care-free mileage of General's Top Quality plus a tire that is engineered for the exacting demands of today's cars. The added smartness that Generals give to your car is a plus value beyond their greater safety and their longer, lower cost mileage. Your new car deserves Generals. Your safety demands them.

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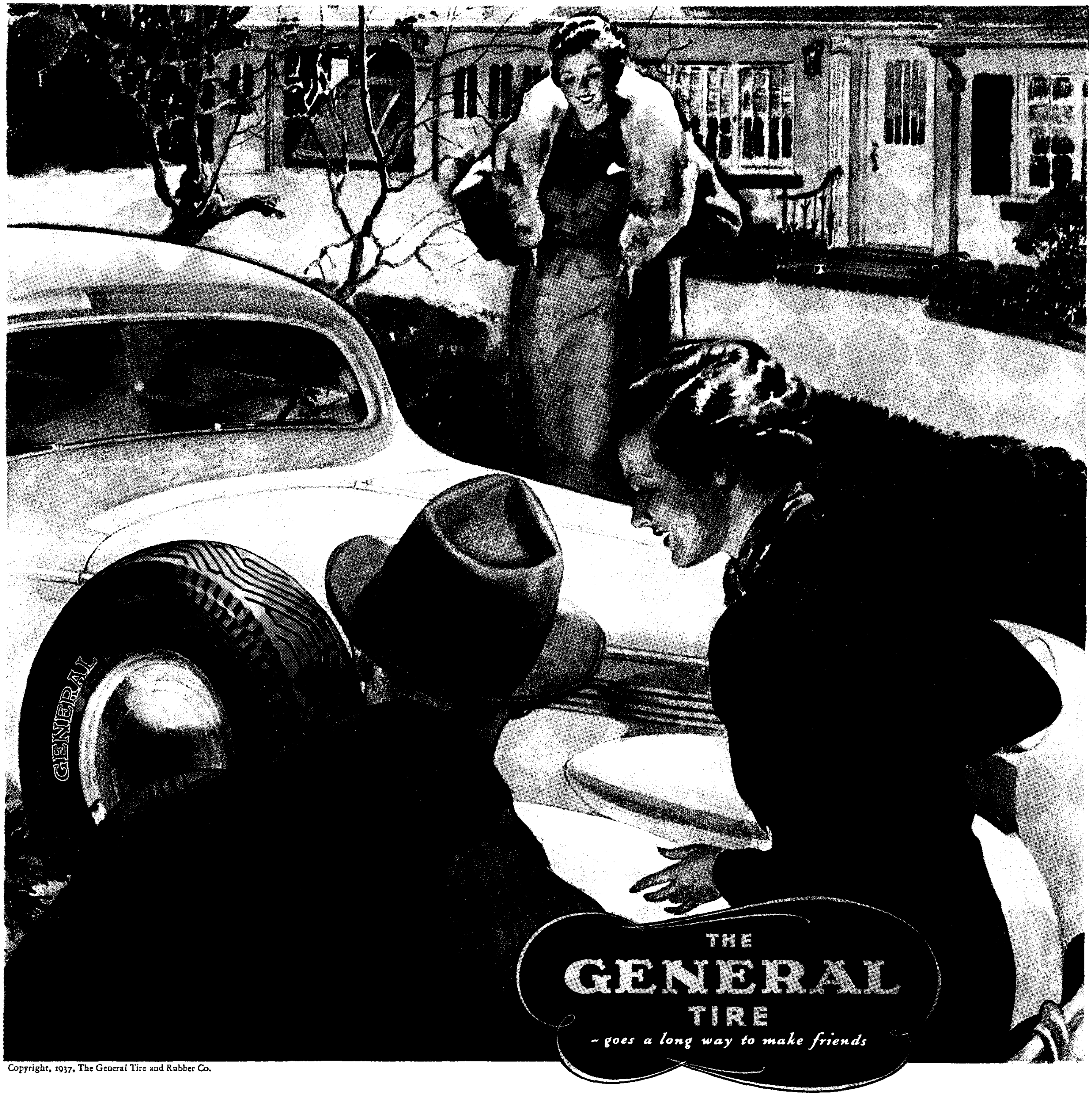

**THE GENERAL TIRE**
*– goes a long way to make friends*

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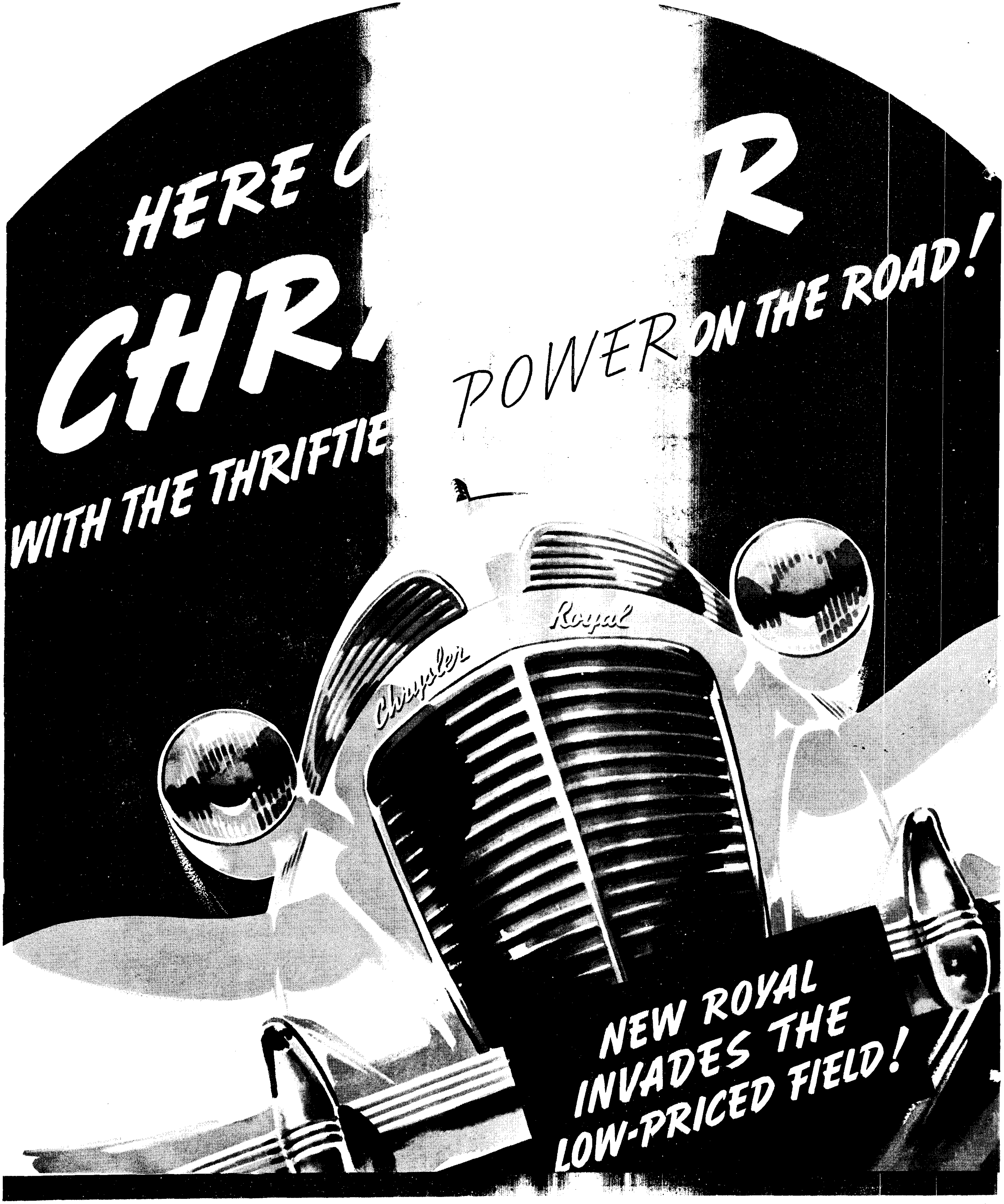
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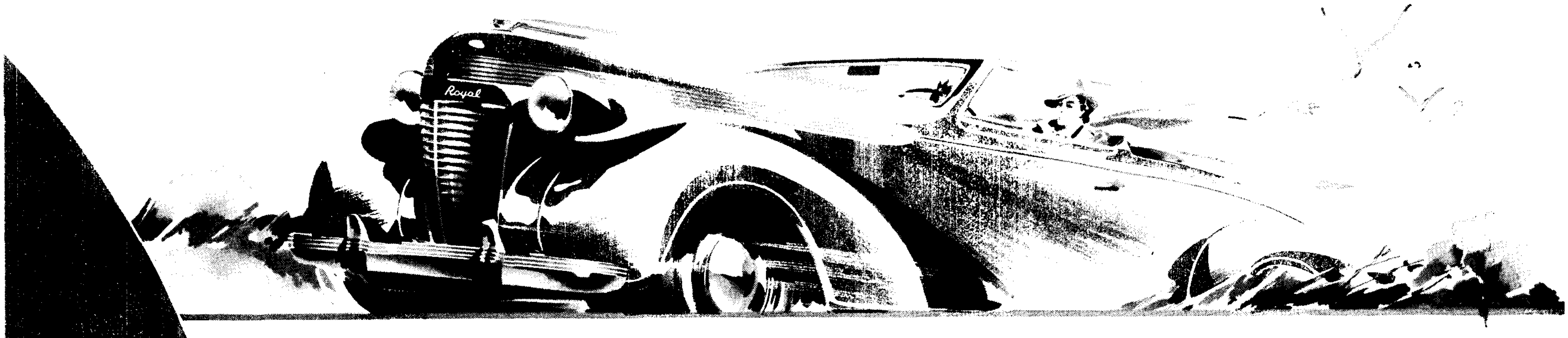


# Read what owners say about the amazing new Chrysler Royal!

### THEY TALK ABOUT ITS ECONOMY!

"CHRYSLER'S Gold Seal engine is a great achievement. Our Royal gives up to 21 miles per gallon, yet it is a big, roomy car with remarkable riding qualities. We own two Chryslers now and expect to buy another."

**C. T. REVERE, Westfield, N. J.**

"MY BUSINESS takes me over the entire state of Montana and part of Wyoming. In two months, my new Royal has traveled 11,000 miles. I change oil every 2,000 miles without the loss of an ounce between changes. I find that the car is very economical on gas. At ordinary touring speeds it will give 18 to 20 miles per gallon . . . under favorable conditions as high as 24!"

**WILLIAM MAGELSSEN**
**Big Timber, Montana**

### THEY TALK ABOUT ITS LOW UPKEEP!

"I BOUGHT my new Royal because I know Chrysler reliability from eleven years of experience. I drove my last Chrysler 48,000 miles at a repair cost of only $5.00. I use my car in business and my new Royal travels 2,000 miles every eight days. In spite of its size and power, I get an average of about 19 miles per gallon over all kinds of roads."

**M. D. NEWMAN**
**Los Angeles, Calif.**

"MY CHRYSLER Royal has given me more pleasure than any other car. I was first attracted by its lines and its appointments. Then, when I drove it, these features really became secondary. I liked the way it handled, I liked the way it rode, I liked the way it stopped. Above all, I liked the fact that it gave us all of these qualities at a lower cost than any other car we ever owned."

**MRS. HARRY S. BARFIELD**
**Toledo, Ohio**

### THEY TALK ABOUT ITS GREAT ROOM!

"IT IS SURPRISING the way Chrysler designers have managed to get so much room in a car that looks so dashing and sleek. I think it is by all odds the smartest looking car on the market today. Yet with all its room and sparkling performance, my new Royal easily delivers 20 miles to the gallon. It rides beautifully too . . . just the kind of ride you'd expect from a fine car."

**MISS ELSIE G. TOUSSAINT**
**New York, N. Y.**

"DRIVING IS a pleasure in my new Chrysler Royal. The seats are deep and spacious, there is plenty of room for real relaxation. The riding qualities are remarkable. In addition to that, the solid All-Steel body construction gives a satisfying feeling of security. The excellent Gold Seal engine runs smoothly and dependably. This is my third and my best Chrysler."

**PERRY D. CALDWELL**
**Cleveland Heights, Ohio**

### THEY TALK ABOUT ITS SMOOTH & SILENT RIDE!

"THIS ROYAL is our tenth Chrysler . . . and what a beauty! It handles beautifully and rides like a dream. It doesn't seem to transmit road noises as so many cars do. I understand that Lady Mendl was Chrysler's style counsel this year. The association was certainly a happy one, for the new Royal is both distinctive in design and in flawless good taste."

**MRS. ISABEL L. KAEHLER**
**Chicago, Illinois**

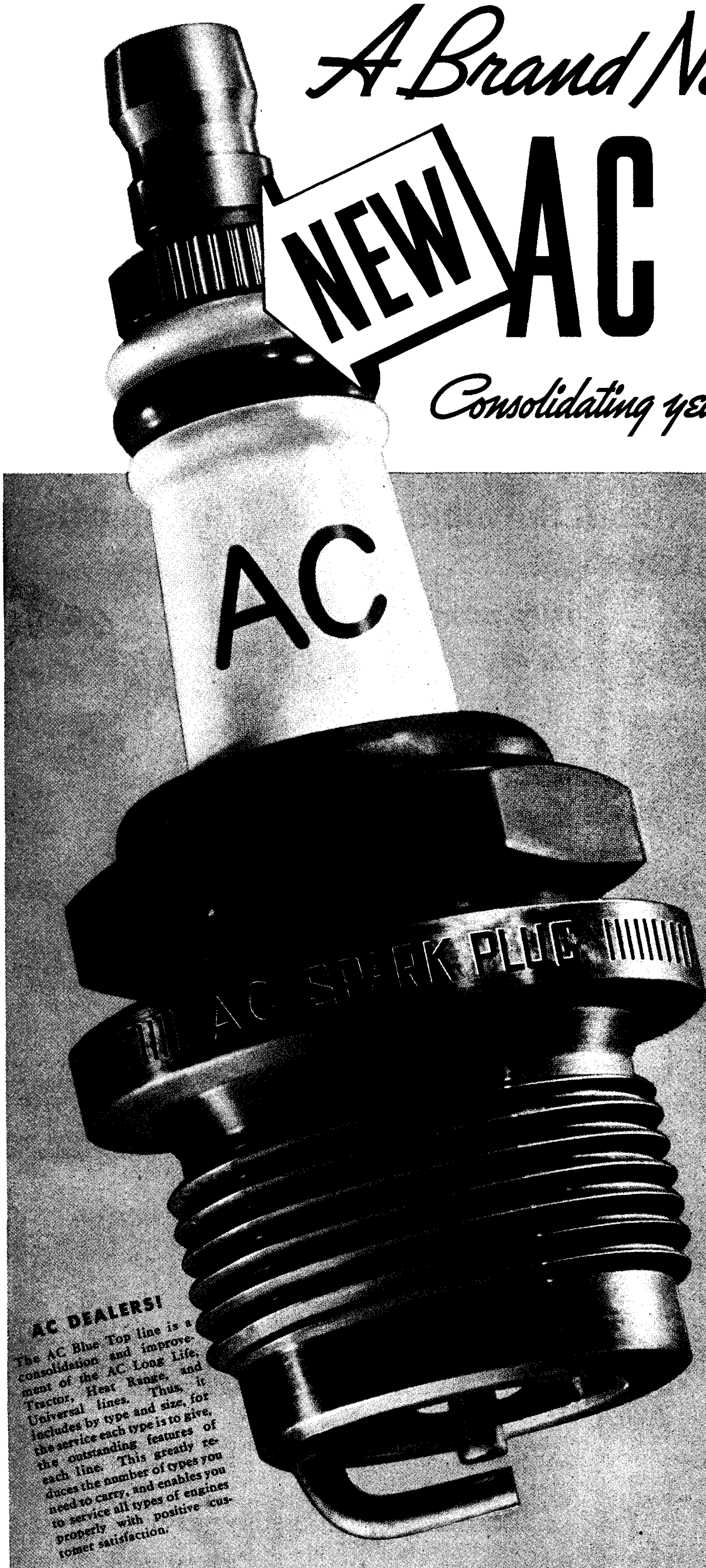
"I CAN'T see how Chrysler can sell such a wonderful car at so low a price. My new Royal rides like a $3,000 car. It glides along so silently and takes any road so effortlessly that it is a constant pleasure to drive it. Although I am delighted with its smart good looks, I am even more pleased that it is so completely reliable . . . always ready to go . . seldom needing attention."

**MISS WILLA MAUE**
**Buffalo, N. Y.**

# *A Brand New SPARK PLUG*

# NEW AC BLUE TOP

## *Consolidating years of Spark Plug Development*



Here's important news for users of motor cars, buses, tractors, and trucks! A completely new, more durable, more efficient, higher quality line of spark plugs is now available. It's the new AC Blue Top line—the crowning achievement of AC's twenty-eight years of consistent leadership.

If you want spark plugs that will give greater fuel economy—longer life—wider heat range—and maximum dependability—the new AC Blue Top is the plug to buy. AC has taken every one of its basic spark plug improvements; added a whole new list of design and construction advancements—even the newest of which has been tested for more than two years; and combined them all in this sensational line of completely new spark plugs.

Never before has an AC spark plug represented such outstanding value. So, of course, it costs more. *But it's worth more*—as a trial will quickly prove!

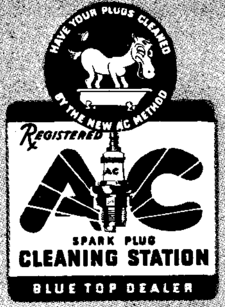
Look for the new spark plug *with the Blue Top insulator* and the *new Blue Top* package. They're your protection! Get a set of AC Blue Top Spark Plugs . . . and begin to enjoy real peak performance and economy, today!

## PEAK PERFORMANCE FEATURES

*Much Wider Heat Range,* minimizing both pre-ignition and fouling . . . *Improved, Exclusive One-Piece Heat Sealing and Center Electrode Construction* assure complete compression tightness both at the shell and through the bore . . . *Heat-Balanced, Unglazed Insulator Tip* prevents encrustation and increases starting ease . . . *New Isovolt Electrodes* assure longer life and far greater efficiency . . . *Two-Step Insulators; Welded Side Electrodes; Two-Step, Special Alloy Copper Gaskets,* and many other features, also contribute in important ways to the all-round superiority of these new AC Blue Top Spark Plugs. More than 160 patents protect AC quality.

## *Look for this Sign*

This is the official Registered AC Cleaning Station sign. It identifies a reliable service expert who owns and operates an AC Cleaning Machine, and knows how to clean and adjust spark plugs properly. You will find an AC Cleaning Station in your neighborhood.



**AC DEALERS!**

The AC Blue Top line is a consolidation and improvement of the AC Long Life, Tractor, Heat Range, and Universal lines. Thus, it includes by type and size, for the service each type is to give, the outstanding features of each line. This greatly reduces the number of types you need to carry, and enables you to service all types of engines properly with positive customer satisfaction.

**AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION** · *General Motors Corporation* · **FLINT, Michigan**

# Leg Work

Continued from page 11

palms of your hands against the over-ambitious muscles and rotate them. And after you've kneaded and rolled for about ten minutes, try massage.

Leg massage starts at the ankle, from which point you sweep the palm of your hand up your leg to the knee with long, firm strokes. The upward motion empties superficial blood vessels into the heart, toning up the circulation and nerves of your legs. Five minutes of fortifying daily massage should make your legs light as a gazelle's and give them such pep that they'll triumphantly carry you through your working and pleasure-seeking hours.

Perhaps you're not sure whether your legs are over- or under-developed. In that case, whether you are a house-to-house canvasser or customers' man, saleslady or show owner, career woman or housewife, office worker or executive, Mr. L. N. Southmayd, head of Cycle Trades and vice-president of the League of American Wheelmen, has some pertinent advice. For here again, unless you are under doctor's orders not to exercise, bicycling will help to reduce and correct your legs without straining vital organs.

Flabby or bulging legs will become sore, at first, and fit legs be kept fit if you bicycle, says Mr. Southmayd. But if you do not own a bike, and wouldn't know what to do with one if you did, then he suggests that you follow this exercise. Lie flat on the floor, arms outstretched. Pulling your knees up toward your chin, straighten your legs out in the air at about a sixty-seven-degree angle with your body. Then alternately flex one leg and straighten the other, rotating them forward as if you were cycling, and pedal your ankles. Be sure to keep your thighs and legs so close together that they almost—but not quite—touch.

### Do It with a Will

Now this is very important; or you'll lose the benefits of the exercise: As you straighten one leg, point its *toes hard* toward the ceiling. This will stretch your shinbone muscles. As you flex the other leg, point its *toes hard* toward your knee. This will stretch your calf muscles. Both movements will give you long, flexible muscles, instead of hard, knotty ones. You'll feel the pull of the muscles as you stretch them. Follow this exercise, which is also good for slim thighs and flat stomachs, and perhaps when you wake one morning even your own legs won't know you.

But you need more than kneading, massage and bicycle exercises if you seek or wish to preserve useful and ornamental legs. If your diet is bad, your legs are certain to show the ill effects. For years we have been absorbing information about the right foods for good teeth, fine skins, slim waistlines. We know that strenuous dieting will make us nervous and overeating will make us drowsy.

But when selecting our meals we seldom realize that our hard-working legs need special nourishment to prevent their becoming so nervous and weak that we have to carry our legs, rather than let our legs carry us. Yet there are foods which although good for your entire body are of specific value to your legs. And these are, reports the medical profession, green and yellow vegetables, citrus fruits, meat, fat fish or cod-liver or haliver oil, eggs, milk and milk foods such as cheese and butter.

Now, on the shape and fitness of a pair of legs hinges more than whether Miss Jane Public will make the traffic officer at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue forget his woes and think his lot a happy one. They also determine the success of many professional careers.

So in pursuit of what reformers would dotingly call "a lesson for all of us" we dropped in at Stillman's gymnasium and talked to Whitey Bimstein, prize-fighter trainer, whom Jim Braddock likes to have in his corner acting as second.

Circling counterclockwise on legs like springs, a fighter was limbering up before the eagle-eyed Whitey, who roared, "You were dancin' last night; don't deny it. I can tell it by your legs."

Whitey then explained that a fighter must not fall in love, drink, smoke, eat candy or pie à la mode, play basketball or use a rowing machine. And that ballroom dancing, while fine for anyone else, will stiffen his leg muscles.

"A fighter should have straight, slim legs and thighs," said Whitey. "Soft and silky, with plenty of room for the muscles to move. And so should everyone else. Don't fool yourself. Bulgin' biceps and calves are only good for weight lifters. And who wants to be a weight lifter?

"Steadiness—that's very important, for sure, quick footwork. A steady stance gives power to his punch. Constant, hammerin' blows to a fighter's jaw will injure his leg nerves. So he's got to be able to keep away from them no matter how much punishment he can take.

"I watched that historic Chicago fight when Dempsey laid Tunney low for a count of fourteen or fifteen. What happened to Dempsey, later? His legs gave out. Their muscles and nerves were tired—gettin' old. Maybe he was worried. Worry will injure leg muscles. If you're nervous your legs won't co-ordinate and the messages your brain sends to them become kind of jumbled and contradictory. Dempsey still had his punch. But he'd lost the speedy footwork that might have let him use it again. And Tunney wasn't goin' to stand like a frozen target and wait for Dempsey's wallop!"

### You Begin with Your Shoes

And now, what about dancers? Well, George Hale, dance director of the musical comedy Red, Hot and Blue, says that he has looked at millions of women's legs and still loves them, because after all he is a man.

"Just by looking at some starry-eyed blonde's legs, I can tell if she's gained one pound," said Hale. "And if she's had one drink within twenty-four hours, why, no matter how spryly she goes through a fast tap routine I know all about it by a slight tenseness or unsteadiness of her legs. Besides, drinking adds weight to the legs as well as to the rest of the body. And a dancer should have slim ankles. Like this . . ."

"No muscles—you're not a weight lifter," we ventured.

"But exactly," said Hale, waving his arms. "Toe dancers and acrobats have large muscles, but their legs are ugly and they're always getting muscle-bound. Floria Vestoff, who dances at the Paradise, has just about the most beautiful legs in show business."

Now although our legs officially end with our ankle bones, their beauty and efficiency is also affected by what we wear on our feet.

Horse and man, the two hardest-working animals, are shod. This shows how important correct footgear is. And it's the heels of your shoes, particularly, that injure your legs. Women's legs specifically, because men always wear low heels. The Foot Clinics of New York hold out for an inch-and-a-quarter heel for women. No higher. That's for health. Because the higher the heel, the tighter the tuck nature has to take in your calf muscles and the more likely you are to become muscle-bound.

But women will be women, so vanity must be considered, too. If you must wear a high heel, select a two-and-a-quarter-inch continental one and be sure it has a wide base so that you walk steadily and gracefully.

Try to stand at least ten minutes out of every hour if your occupation is sedentary. Take tips from the prescribed routines for dancers and athletes whose livelihoods depend on the perfection of their legs. Skip, tap, trot, bicycle, knead, massage, shoe and feed your legs so that they are both useful and graceful. Keep an eye on your legs.

FOR SALE
HENRY BOLTINOFF

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The Berg "Roamer"—Ready to go where you go. Crushable, comfortable—it has style stamina.

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# Wedding Present

## By Mary C. Mc Call, Jr.

AT MIDNIGHT, business was good, but when Carol went on for the last time, at two, the Prism Room was jammed.

Tommy Sand, the master of ceremonies, didn't have to ask a hand for her. As she waited at the piano, the applause was just a roar of sound. They all knew it was her last appearance. They were saying goodby to her—roaring goodby.

Years ago, in a show, there had been a song that began:

*"Goodby, pals, it's a pleasure*
*To say goodby to you—"*

More than twenty years ago! If anyone had mentioned the song to her, she would have said, "That was before my time." Well, it wasn't before her time. She remembered the show and remembered the song. Now, tonight, in the Prism Room, it echoed in her mind so she was singing her own number with only part of her attention.

After tonight, she could afford to remember twenty years back.

Mrs. Delano Winthrop, Jr., of Morristown, New Jersey. A big, old, ugly, solid house with a long gravel drive. Lawns around it, and a bed of cannas near the porte-cochere. No more night clubs. No more masters of ceremony. No more shows with tryout weeks in Asbury Park. No more white rugs and black floors and modern drawings of Siamese cats. Why, she needn't ever pluck her eyebrows again! She gave the customers something extra with her voice, thinking of never feeling the tweezers again, nipping at her brows.

Her song was over. She didn't remember singing it. Her fingers and vocal cords and eyes and mouth were so used to selling numbers like that that they could almost go it alone these days with no command from her brain.

Someone at a ringside table called for "Are These Your Etchings, Mr. Brown?" and Carol obliged. She felt very obliging tonight because never again so long as she lived would she have to entertain the public with a smutty song. A good cynical number for her finale: "I'll Love You Almost Always."

WELL, all right, maybe this feeling she had for Del wasn't the kind of love people wrote stories about. Maybe it was placid. Maybe his money had something to do with it. Okay! So what? So she was a big girl now. Not the goofy kid who used to see rockets shooting up and exploding into white hot stars when Nick walked into the room. Nick had made her see fireworks, and Nick had borrowed her money, and once, during their last fight, Nick had blacked her eye. An Italian adagio dancer, and layoffs and battles and fireworks and pawnshops, or Del, young and polite and kind, with a house in Morristown and the income from four million dollars. Summing them up like that made her laugh. Anyway, she'd put Nick out of her heart and her life even before she met Del.

There, that was the last. She got up and stood smiling and bowing, the waves of applause engulfing her.

"Thank you, dears," she said. "I'll remember you and miss you. I know you'll remember me, and miss me, too, forever and forever, until 'way on into next week."

She wanted to get off on that, but Tommy Sand caught her hand and held her there by the piano. Now what, for heaven's sake?

*"It's a pleasure to say goodby!"*

For two cents she'd sing that to them. What did she care now?

"I think we rate a look at the heavy in the piece," Tommy was saying. "Del Winthrop is taking our Carol away from us. I think it's only fair that he give us a gander at him. He's a great guy, and a lucky guy, ladies and gentlemen, and I hope he chokes. Come on, Del."

Carol wanted to kill Tommy. What a thing to do to Del! Nick would have loved this. Nicky loved the spotlight. But Del! He was beside her now, big and solid and embarrassed.

"Sorry, darling!" she whispered.

He looked down at her, grinning. Suddenly he bent and kissed her. The crowd loved that. The applause came back from the high ceiling and reverberated in the bass drum.

"Sweet, I'm sorry about that," she said again in the dressing room. "That Tommy Sand!"

"Oh, that was all right," Del said.

She sat down at the dressing table. Off came her false lashes, for the last time. She was so absorbed in the thrill of that, she could hardly listen to Del. He always said about the same thing, anyway.

"It tickled them all right when I kissed you," he said.

"Yes," she said mechanically.

"You know what I was thinking, sweetheart?"

"No," she said. "What, darling?" ("Goodby, pals, it's a pleasure!")

"I was thinking when a person has been in show business the way you have, why, she could never be happy away from it."

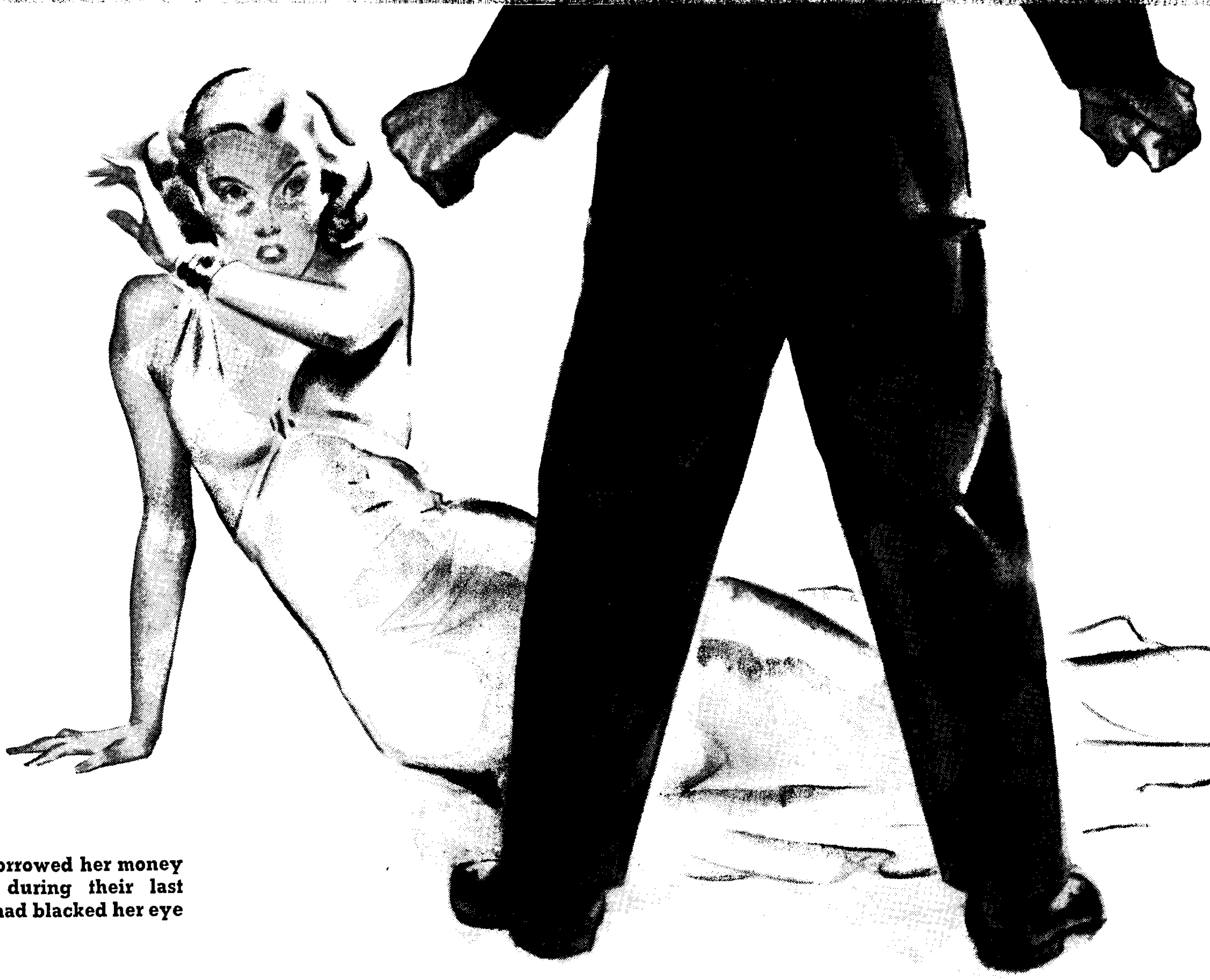
"Oh, Del!" she said. "You adorable, silly sweetheart! All I want is just to be your wife."

"Oh, sure, I know," he said. "But I was thinking—why should you give this up?"

HER make-up wasn't off yet, but she could see herself paling under the rouge as his deep voice rumbled on:

"I couldn't coop up a girl like you in that big, old house in the country. That wouldn't be fair. I never liked the darn' place, anyway. There was a fellow in the office today who's written a show. We got to talking, and I got to thinking about you and all and how it's really not fair to ask you to give it all up, and there's a grand spot for you to sing some cute songs, just like here, only in this show. So, to make a long story short, why, I'm—he called it, 'buying a piece of the show.' He wants me to be there for all the rehearsals. He sort of, you know, wants my advice on things. So we'll come into town and take an apartment. I got one all picked out. I can just see you in it. It's all white, rugs and all. How's that for a wedding present, sweetheart?"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY DON SENDAR



**Nick had borrowed her money and once, during their last fight, Nick had blacked her eye**

TIME TO RE-TIRE
"GET A FISK"

# 41 STORIES IN THE AIR... *Yet Safe!*

ONE careless step, and in a split-second this man would have plunged to destruction . . . but for the protective laws which require safety belts.

Motorists driving at 60—*or even 50*—miles per hour are in far greater danger than a window washer with his safety belt . . . when they drive on undependable tires.

Fisk Tires give you PLUS-Protection. The new Fisk patented manufacturing processes reduce the blow-out hazard by giving you extra protection where you need it most . . . *in the Blow-Out Zone*. Not only do Fisk Tires contain more cord fabric than other tires, but it is a special Anti-Friction Cord fabric, without cross-threads to chafe and set up internal heat.

This special fabric, plus the Fisk method of construction, makes possible a more flexible tire. Heat generated by the usual "hinging" action in tire sidewalls is minimized. Tests prove Fisk Tires are *15% cooler* at 40 miles per hour.

When it's Time to Re-Tire, protect yourself by demanding PLUS-Protection in the Blow-Out Zone—Get a FISK.

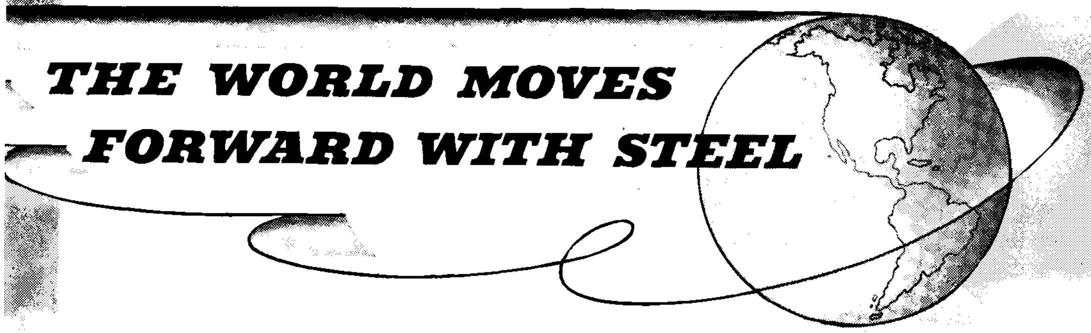
THE FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC., CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

# FISK

**PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE**

# Safer . .

# cheaper . . . three times as fast

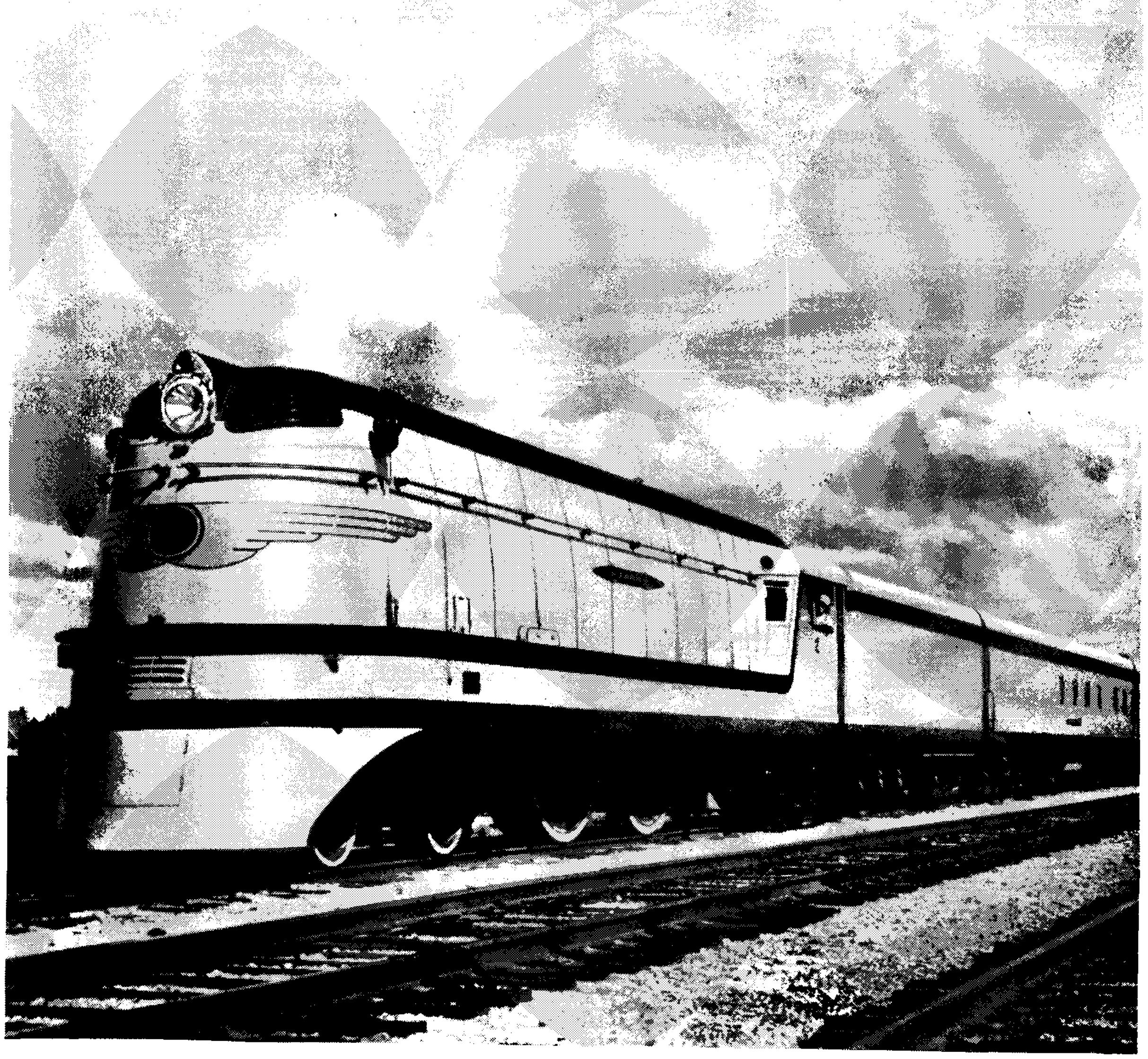


IT TOOK the Forty-niners six months to reach California in covered wagons. America was a trackless wilderness. Lacking modern rapid transportation, it never could have become and remained a *United* States.

What conquered the wilderness, opened the West, and bound the states together was the railroad. In 1869 the first transcontinental line was completed.

Between that 7½-day train of 1869 and the 2½-day streamlined flash of beauty of today there are vast differences in engineering knowledge and development. But perhaps most important are the changes that have taken place in steel. Not just one kind of steel is sufficient for the needs of a modern railroad; not ten kinds, nor fifty. There are actually hundreds of separate steel specifications—hardness where hardness is needed, strength where strength must count, lightness in some parts, beauty in others, more carrying power with less weight, greater resistance to corrosion and rust.

United States Steel contributed substantially to the building of the early railroads. Its laboratories helped to develop, and its workers produced, the better, stronger steels that make the streamlined trains possible. In these laboratories is conducted the most comprehensive research program in steel that is carried on anywhere in the world. This research is a part of America's insurance for the future.



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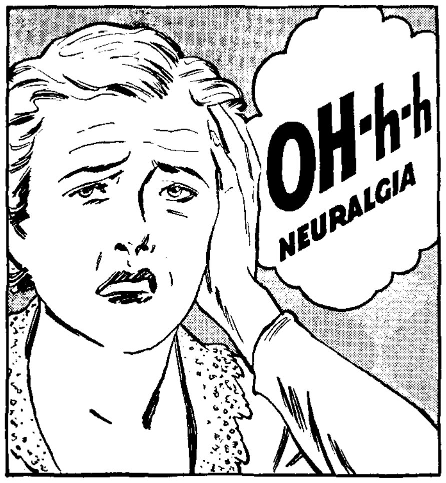
# UNITED STATES STEEL



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HEADACHE
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# I Love You Again

Continued from page 22

"Oh, sure. But not in that connection."

"Why don't you believe there was anything between them?"

"Hunch—that's all. And you know what hunches are to a man who follows the races."

"What has he said about Duncan Campbell?"

"Same thing he's said about Mrs. Campbell. Nothing."

"And you just came over here because you were curious?"

"That's not stating it just right, Mr. Blane. What I'm looking for is some information that might help Larry. I don't understand any more than you do."

"Is he worried?"

"Wouldn't you be—in his shoes?"

"I'm asking you."

"I think he is. And if I was guessing—which I am—I'd say he was more worried about Mrs. Campbell's testimony this morning than anything else."

"He didn't expect it, eh?"

"I don't believe so."

"Has he denied it?"

"I TELL you he hasn't talked to me. And I'm trying to find out why. You can tell me—or anyway, you can guess—whether her testimony was on the level, or whether she had something else in mind."

"What, for instance?"

"I don't know—and that's the honest truth."

"Perhaps it is. Now let me tell you something, Mr. Rountree. I not only don't understand Larry Wilson's game—but neither does anybody else. He's way off the course, and I don't like it."

"I'm not crazy about it myself. Now if you'd tell me . . ."

"I can't tell you anything. As to arguing whether Mrs. Campbell told the truth—I don't see what reason you have to think anything else."

"Maybe it's because I want to," Jason remarked.

"We'll let it go at that, then." Warner Blane rose. "I'm busy, Mr. Rountree. You'll excuse me?"

Jason nodded. "I'll go. And thanks."

From the road he looked back and saw Warner Blane standing on the veranda of the cottage. He shook his head as he wedged himself under the wheel.

"Queer lad," he said to himself. "I can't figure him at all."

Three times Kay walked to the door of the living room and glanced onto the veranda. Larry was sitting alone, feet propped on the stone railing of the porch. Three times Kay felt the impulse to join him. Three times she turned away from the door—leaving him alone.

She was worried: worried about things which she knew and things which she did not know. She was worried about herself, and, to a greater degree, about Larry.

There was something in the situation which eluded her. She glanced at him through the window; leaning back in his chair, broad shoulders motionless, features immobile. She permitted her thoughts to play truant: she remembered him as he had been during the days of their courtship and through the early months of their marriage. That wasn't the Larry of today. He had been gay then, and carefree and lighthearted. He had bubbled over with irrepressible good humor.

Rita's testimony had shocked her. The hurt had been deep. And yet she had known that there must be some explanation of Larry's aloofness, some reason for his steadfast avoidance of any personal contact since his return from the cruise.

Glancing surreptitiously at him, she felt a great wave of pity. He was troubled. And tomorrow morning he was facing an ordeal. The defense was going to put him on the stand. Graham Vale was a competent lawyer. He would probe, and probe deeply. Kay shook her head. She said to herself, "I've stuck with him so far, I'll carry through—at least until the trial is over."

Sunday morning. Neighborhood children scrubbed and polished. High-school youngsters strolling along sidewalks which were shielded from the afternoon sun by venerable trees. The purring of automobiles headed into the cool valley beyond the mountains, or roaring downhill at too great speed. Servants off for the afternoon. Sunday supper to be prepared. A boy and a girl in white flannels and carrying tennis rackets. And in this house of stone and tapestry brick there was the silence of doubt and of misunderstanding.

Jason had gone out for the afternoon—with Ella Morrison. Kay had inquired at midday dinner whether Larry would care to go driving. Mr. Campbell, Sr., had telephoned, but Larry begged to be excused. Graham Vale had offered to come over to discuss the case. Jason had gone downtown and telephoned from a coin booth to Mickey Hogan in Warwick: "You've got to get action, Mickey. Hell's going to break loose tomorrow sure."

To Kay, there was additional strain in the silence which obtained in the house. It was more depressing than her own hurt. Impulsively, she walked out on the veranda and seated herself beside her husband. He looked at her, without smiling, and then looked away again. She said, "Don't worry: I'm not going to ask questions."

"Thanks."

There was a brief silence. She said, "I suppose this will sound peculiar, Larry—but I'm sorry you're worried."

"Thanks again."

"I'd help, if I could."

THE faintest ghost of a smile showed on his lips. He said:

"I believe you would."

"You should know it."

"There's one thing you can do."

"What?"

"You can go to court with me tomorrow."

"I will, if you insist. But it's asking a lot."

"I realize that. It seems as though I've asked a lot from you right from the beginning. I've asked you to believe in me—I've asked you to be patient—and apparently I've lied to you."

"'Apparently'?"

"Skip it. We'll say that I *have* lied. But I'd like you there tomorrow morning."

"You understand that it will be embarrassing for me?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you insist?"

"I'm not insisting. I'm asking."

She said, quickly: "I'll go."

"I believe," he said slowly, "that by this time tomorrow you'll know a lot of things which puzzle you now."

"But if you know what's going to happen when you get on the stand—"

"I don't. That's the trouble." He faced her. "We've been pretty happy, haven't we, Kay?"

"I thought so."

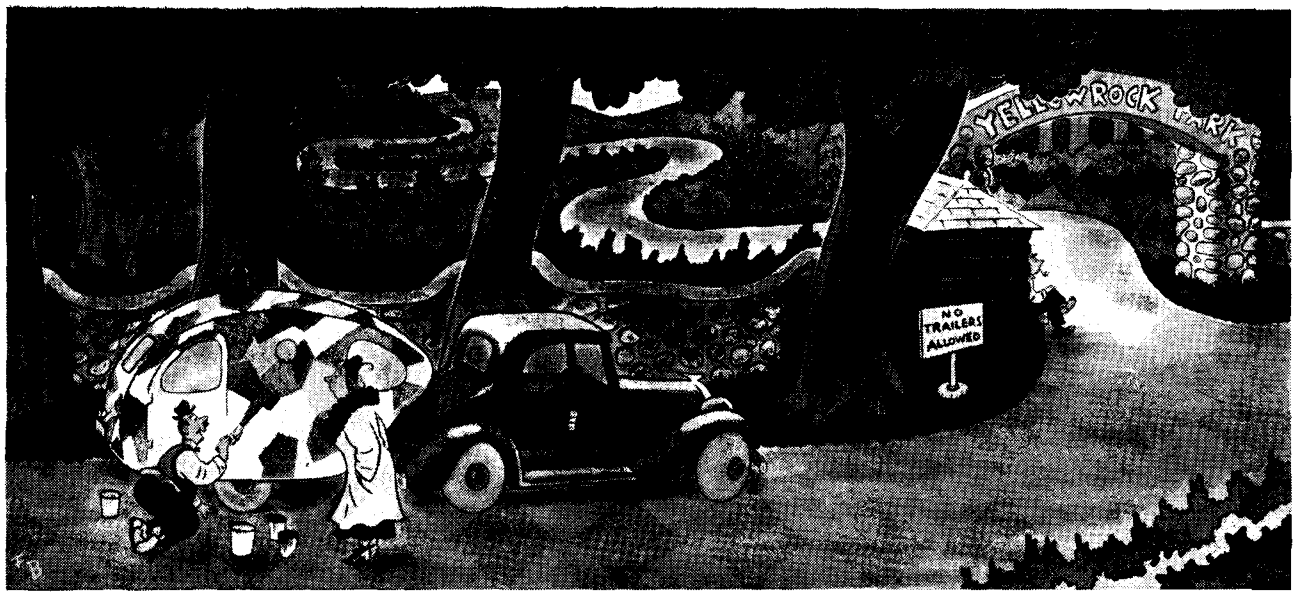
"Could we be ourselves—just for this evening? Could we possibly forget yesterday and tomorrow?"

"I'm willing to try."

"It might be fun."

"You'll have to start it . . ."

Larry thought for a long time, and



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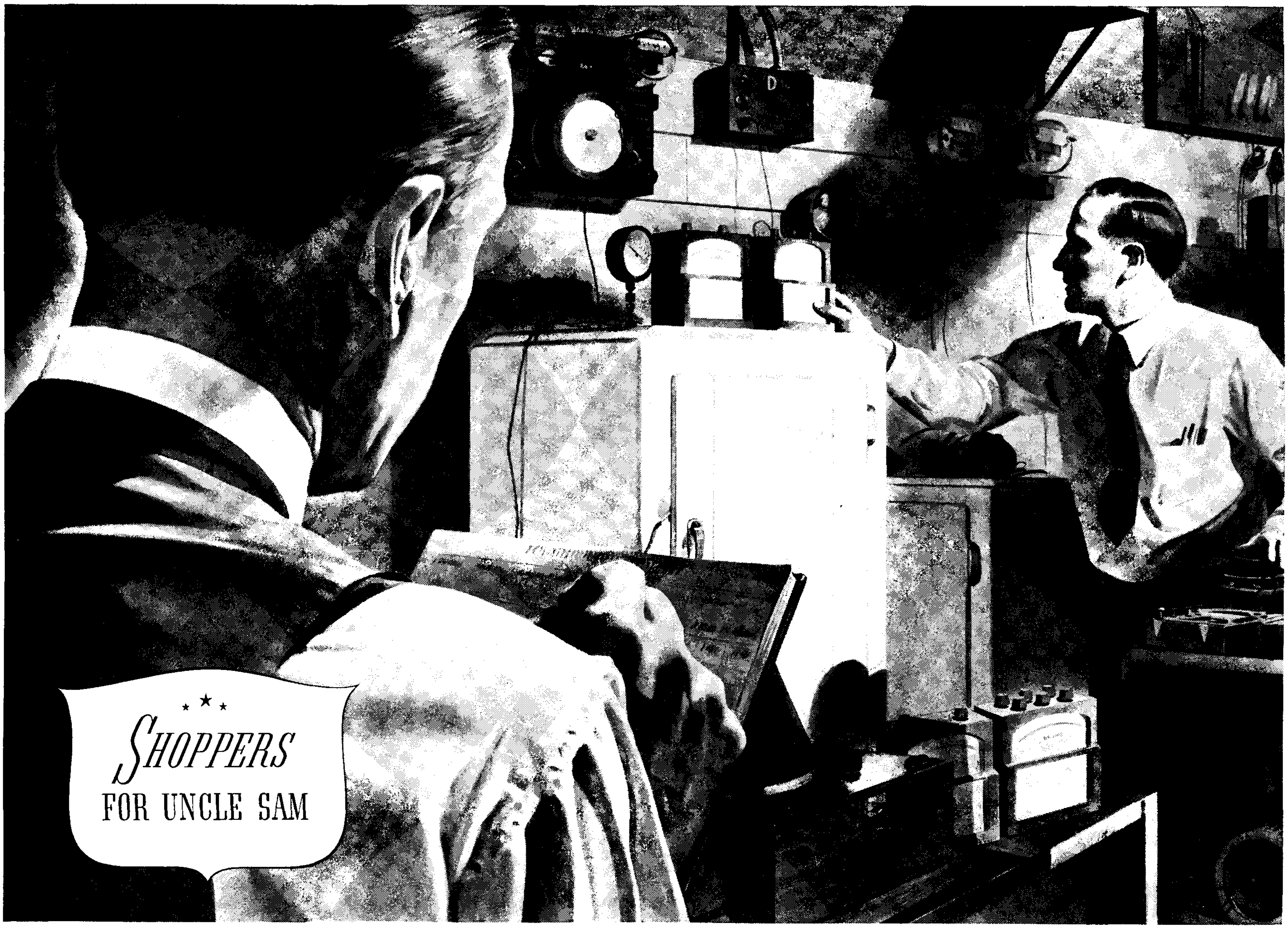

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then said, "I'm sorry, Kay, I can't."

"Neither can I, Larry. It would be like telling jokes at a funeral."

"That bad?"

"Isn't it?"

"I suppose so. I'll be serious then."

"Must you?"

"Yes. Listen . . . I'm taking the stand in the morning. So tonight I want to ask you something."

"Here I am."

"No matter what happens tomorrow, will you try to remember that I have done what I thought was best, and that I've tried to shield you?"

"That's pretty hard to believe, Larry."

"Rita, you mean?"

"Yes."

"That's just one of the things which puzzle me. But what I'm asking you is something different. I'm asking you to believe that I tried—"

"But the flesh was weak. That's pretty old stuff, dear."

They were silent for a long time. His reserve puzzled her. It was a barrier which she could not break through. He said so much and so little. She made a gallant effort. She asked, "Want to help me fix supper?"

He rose eagerly. "And how!" He followed her through the living room, through the hallway and back to the spacious spotless kitchen.

"We baked a ham today," she said. "We'll have that, cold, and I'll make toast, and we'll top it off with a few little things from the icebox. And iced tea and wafers. Set the table, Larry."

He walked into the blue-and-white breakfast room. From outside came the carefree laughter of young folks. He called in to his wife:

"Where do you keep the tablecloths?"

She came to the door. "Your memory is pretty bad these days, Larry."

He was startled. He said, "A man isn't supposed to remember those things."

"In a drawer," she said. "The drawer next to the silver."

The cabinet was built into the wall. She stood in the doorway and watched him, her eyes questioning. He opened one drawer and found it filled with duplicate bridge boards, playing cards, chessmen, ping-pong rackets and golf balls. He closed it hastily—afraid of her inquiring eyes—and opened the second. Silver. The middle drawer was filled with luncheon sets, and he grabbed for one hastily. He avoided her eyes and busied himself with his task. He knew that she turned and walked back into the kitchen—and knew that she was puzzled.

CASHUS entered with Larry's breakfast tray. He blinked and said, "Golla, Mistuh Wilson—you sho' is up early."

Larry turned from the window and tried to smile.

"Didn't sleep very well, Cashus."

"Feelin' peaky, suh?"

"A little."

"That suttinly is too bad." Cashus placed the tray on a chair. "This heah trial has got ev'ybody kind of nervous, ain't it, Mistuh Wilson?"

"A little."

The gangling butler oozed out of the door. Larry picked up his breakfast tray, balanced it on his left hand and tapped at Kay's door with the knuckles of the other. He fancied he detected a note of surprise as she called, "Come in."

He opened the door and inserted the breakfast tray. "May I?" he asked.

"Surely."

He entered the room, put his tray on the cedar chest, pulled up a chair, seated himself, and dropped a single lump of sugar into his coffee. He said, with attempted lightness, "Morpheus wasn't very kind to me last night."

"Nor to me. I've been awake since five o'clock."

He looked straight at her. She wore a gay silken bed jacket which was pulled tight about her. Her eyes, which met his over the breakfast tray, looked wide and tired.

He said, "I suppose this seems queer."

"Why should it?"

"It shouldn't. But I'm sure it does."

She watched him while he sipped his coffee and toyed with a biscuit. She said, "I heard you take your shower, and then dress. I wanted to come in and say good morning."

"Why didn't you?"

"I wonder . . ."

She nibbled at a piece of toast.

"Any special costume you'd like me to wear, Larry?"

"Anything but black."

She asked gravely, "Will it be very bad?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And you still want me there when you take the witness stand?"

"If you will. I need a little moral support."

"I'll do my best. And now . . . you'd better run along. I'll be dressed in a jiffy."

HE WALKED downstairs, and seated himself on the veranda with the morning paper. There was an eight-column streamer:

LARRY WILSON TAKES STAND TODAY

He stared at the huge, black letters. He didn't hear the front door open. He heard nothing until Jason Rountree's voice sounded over his shoulder. "Good morning, Larry."

"Oh . . . 'Morning, Jason."

Mr. Rountree dropped into a chair and patted a very elaborate necktie. "How do you figure things this morning, Larry?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

"I get headaches guessing." Jason inspected the toe of a very tan shoe. "Is Mrs. Wilson coming along?"

"Yes."

"She's liable to get a shock."

"Question is: How will she take it?"

"Don't you worry about her. She's one-hundred-per-cent right."

Kay came downstairs. Through the screen door they could hear her talking with the cook and the maid: the efficient housewife, giving directions for the day's marketing. She came to the front door, and asked casually, "How would you like okra soup for lunch, Larry?"

"Fine."

"And you, Jason?"

"I always enjoy what I eat here, Mrs. Wilson."

"So it's okra soup." She went on with further directions for luncheon. Then Cashus appeared outside at the wheel of the sedan. It gleamed in the sunshine, and Jason commented grimly: "Cashus did a grand job. He's got the thing looking like a hearse."

There were policemen in front of the courthouse to clear a lane for them. They were whisked upstairs in a special elevator. In the courtroom, neither Duncan Campbell, Jr., nor Graham Vale looked at them.

There was a cry of "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" and Judge Frederick Macon Hawley took his seat. Jurymen filed in—puffed with their own importance. Reporters shuffled copy paper and whittled at soft-lead pencils. District Attorney Morley Anderson smiled at Defense Counsel Graham Vale, and Vale stood.

"Larry Wilson," he called.

Larry rose. And as he did so, he felt warm, strong fingers close around his. He looked down at his wife. She was smiling gallantly.

"Good luck, dear."

The distance between his chair and the witness stand seemed interminable. Like the walk from the death cell to the lethal chamber. Larry was conscious of the buzz of conjecture; of the boring of hundreds of eyes. He stood in the witness box and held a Bible in his right hand. He swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He seated himself and looked for Kay. She was still smiling—straight at him. It was as though she were trying to flash a belated message . . . "Whatever is is, Larry—I'm with you."

Larry snapped himself back to the task in hand. He was determined to answer slowly and carefully. He had given himself the ultimate moment of grace, and now the crisis was at hand. They thought he was a witness. Well, he was—so far as the trial of Duncan Campbell, Jr., was concerned. But he knew that actually he was taking the stand as defendant in an embezzlement trial. It was a man named George Carey whom they had on the stand now: not Larry Wilson. He found a grim, sardonic satisfaction in looking down at the reporters. He wanted to tell them to be ready, because the story they were about to hear would be interesting. Then came Graham Vale's perfectly modulated voice:

"What is your name?"

Larry knew that Vale was uncertain: That he would feel his way through the preliminaries with meticulous care; that these first few minutes would be—to Vale—in the nature of a reconnaissance by stealth. He heard himself answering:

"Larry Wilson."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"You are a resident of Habersham?"

"Yes."

"Single or married?"

"Married."

THERE was a stir in the back of the room. There was a whispered discussion between the sergeant at arms and someone outside the door. Then Larry saw the door open. Two men entered.

One was short and stocky and square-shouldered. It was Mickey Hogan, miraculously arrived from Warwick. But Mickey was not alone. Beside him was a tall, slim man; preternaturally grave. They found seats, and turned their eyes on Larry. There was a nervous bustle in the courtroom and Judge Hawley rapped sharply.

Larry tried to direct Jason Rountree's attention to the newcomers, but met with no success. Jason misinterpreted the eager glance Larry bestowed on him, and merely returned a reassuring smile. Larry was disturbed. Mickey Hogan. Here and unannounced. With a stranger. He wondered whether Mr. Hogan was as trustworthy and discreet as Jason had claimed.

GRAHAM VALE waited until the courtroom was quiet again. Then he resumed his questioning, in the same conversational tone he had used before.

"How long have you been married, Mr. Wilson?"

"Slightly less than two years."

"You are in business in Habersham?"

"Yes."

"What sort of business?"

"Real estate and insurance."

"Are you in business alone?"

"No. I have a partner."

"Who is your partner, Mr. Wilson?"

"Mr. Duncan Campbell."

"Junior or senior?"

"Senior."

"The father of the defendant?"

"Yes."

Graham Vale turned away and glanced at some penciled notes. Larry caught a brief glimpse of Kay's face. A tiny vertical line had appeared on her forehead. He braced himself for the next question.

"Mr. Wilson, do you know the defendant in this case: Mr. Duncan Campbell, Jr.?"

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Yes."

"Just what has been your relationship to him during the past several years?"

"We have been very close friends."

"You have visited at his home frequently?"

"Yes."

"And he at yours?"

"Yes."

"How often, Mr. Wilson, have you seen the defendant since you returned to Habersham from your cruise?"

"Not at all."

"Not once?"

"No."

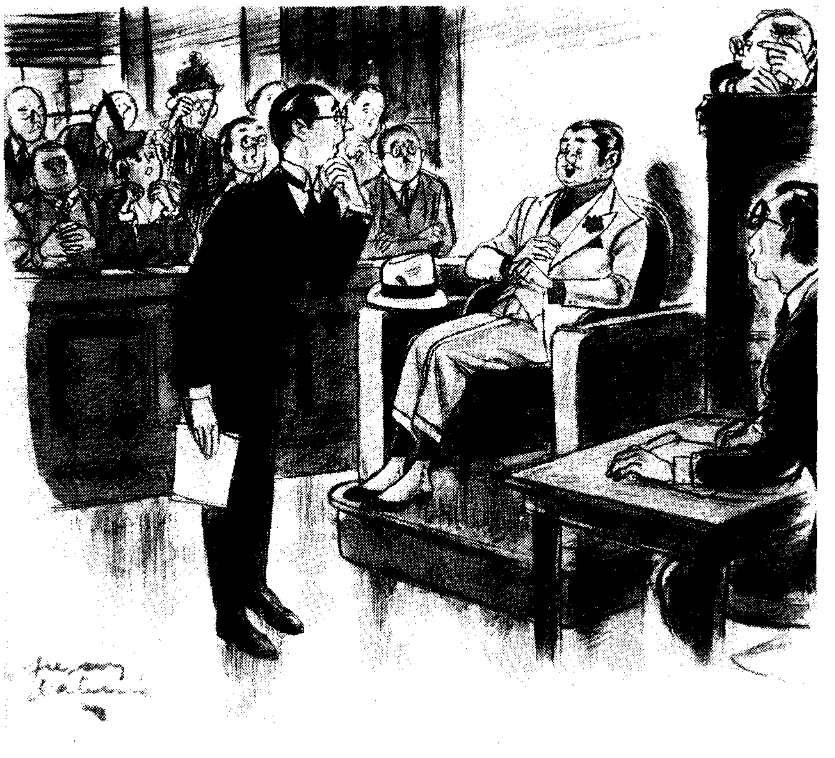
"Has Duncan Campbell, Jr., tried to see you personally—or tried to talk to you on the telephone?"

"Yes."

"How often?"

"Quite frequently."

"And you refused to see or speak to him?"



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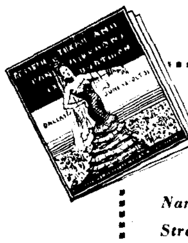

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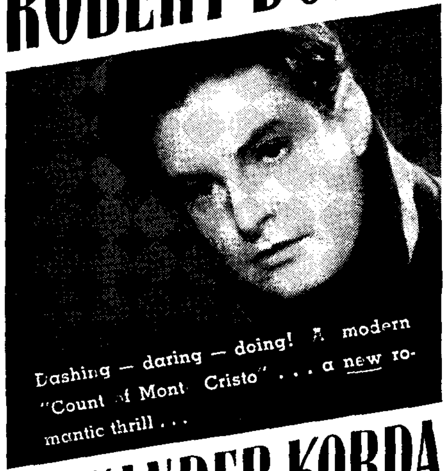

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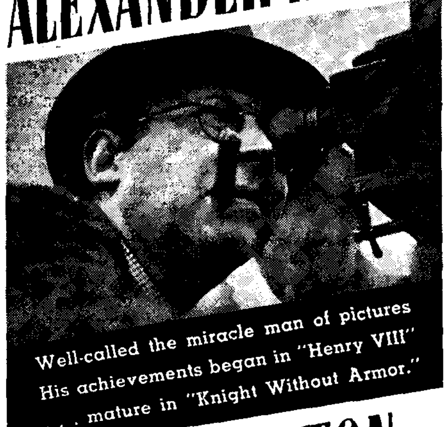

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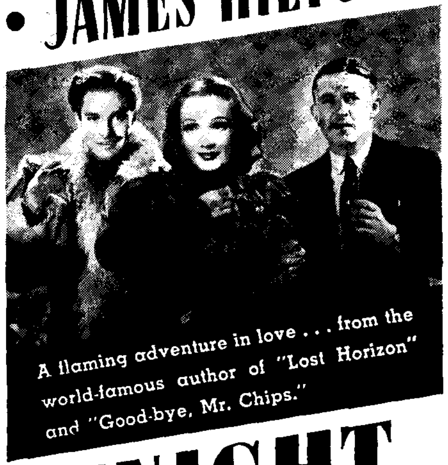

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"Yes."

"Will you be so kind as to tell the jury why you refused to speak to a man who has been one of your most intimate friends?"

"I was not well. I had been injured."

"How are you feeling now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Better."

"You are able to think and converse clearly?"

"I believe so."

"Aren't you sure?"

"Yes—I'm sure."

"And when did this recovery take place? Last night?"

"I don't know. But I feel all right this morning."

"You have attended every session of the trial, have you not?"

"Yes."

"You understand that the defendant is charged with the murder of Ted Courtney?"

"I do."

"Did you know Mr. Courtney?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Rather well."

"You knew most of Mr. Campbell's friends, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Mrs. Duncan Campbell, Jr.?"

The room was hushed.

Larry said, quietly: "Yes."

"You and she were very friendly?"

"Yes."

"I see . . ." Once again Vale paused in his examination. It was apparent that he was fearful of progressing too fast. He was probing for the motives behind Larry's actions. He did not yet know whether Larry was friendly or hostile. He was sparring . . . and Morley Anderson, district attorney, knew it. Mr. Anderson leaned back in his chair and smiled expansively. Let Graham Vale suffer. Let him do the experimental work. Anderson was giving him free rein. He hadn't voiced an objection, even to questions which might be construed as leading. He knew that Graham Vale would back away now—that the astute young defense counsel would approach his investigation from another angle.

Larry knew that, too. He was grateful for the brief respite. Once more he looked at Kay, and was grateful for the brave little smile she gave him. Then he heard from the lips of Graham Vale the question he had been dreading:

"You say you have been living in Habersham about eight years, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes."

"Where did you live before coming here?"

"Warwick, Ohio."

VALE seemed surprised. He spoke quickly to Duncan Campbell, Jr., and then to someone who was sitting behind him. Larry looked at Kay. She was leaning forward, and the expression on her face was one of bewilderment. Vale seemed uncertain.

"Did I understand you to say that you lived in Warwick before moving to Habersham?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"All my life."

"You didn't live in New York?"

"No."

"But, Mr. Wilson—why, then, did you tell everybody here that you had been born and raised in New York?"

"I don't know. But I do know that I was born and raised in Warwick."

Vale was amazed. And cautious. Visiting reporters quizzed local reporters, and Larry heard somebody say, "Yes—he always said he was from New York."

Vale asked the court for permission to consult with his client. They talked earnestly. Vale's finely chiseled face showed concern; Duncan Campbell seemed bewildered. He continually nodded and made gestures of affirmation.

Kay was staring at her husband. She saw that his face was white and drawn, that his eyes were tired. He was not looking at her, nor at anyone. Jason touched Kay's elbow. He said, "Relax, Mrs. Wilson—please."

She whispered, "What does it mean?"

"You'll find out."

"You knew?"

"Yes . . . But, Mrs. Wilson—smile, if you can. Larry needs it."

It required superhuman effort, but she did it. And Larry caught her eye then, and saw the smile, and was grateful. Jason whispered, "Larry's terribly in love with you."

Graham Vale rose and approached the witness stand. A tense silence fell over the courtroom. Reporters' pencils hovered over copy paper. Journalistic instincts sensed a sensational story . . .

Vale exploded a direct question:

"Mr. Wilson," he asked sharply, "where were you at twenty minutes after six o'clock on the afternoon of last February 18th?"

LARRY'S voice was low, but it was clear. His answer carried to the farthest corner of the crowded room. He said:

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you know that it was then that Ted Courtney was shot?"

"I know only what I have heard."

"Were you with Duncan Campbell, Jr., at that hour on that afternoon?"

"I don't know."

"Mr. Wilson—you're avoiding my questions. Let me ask you this, then: Were you with Duncan Campbell, Jr., at all that day?"

"I don't know."

"But you must know. A man can't forget such an important thing."

"I have forgotten."

"That's impossible."

"No, Mr. Vale . . ." Larry's voice was quiet and impressive. "It isn't impossible. You see, my memory is blank as to the last eight years—ever since I came to Habersham."

"But—but really . . ."

"The answer is quite simple," said Larry. "For eight years I have been a victim of amnesia."

The presiding judge neglected to rap for order. The bailiff stood with his jaw drooping. Somebody in the audience asked audibly, "What's amnesia?" Reporters surged through the gate, through the crowd, through the door—seeking telephones. Proceedings were suspended automatically. There was a hum of comment and question, which grew louder and louder. Spectators fidgeted. Feet shuffled on the floor. Judge Frederick Macon Hawley poured a glass of water with a hand not quite steady. District Attorney Morley Anderson made a remark to his assistant which was pertinent and keen. He said, "There goes Vale's case."

LARRY sat stiffly in his chair on the witness stand. He felt better than he had since that dramatic morning on the Atlantis. Come what might, the truth was out; the Rubicon had been crossed; bridges had been burned; a definite course had been charted. Whatever the immediate future might hold for him, it would not be finctured with deception and evasion.

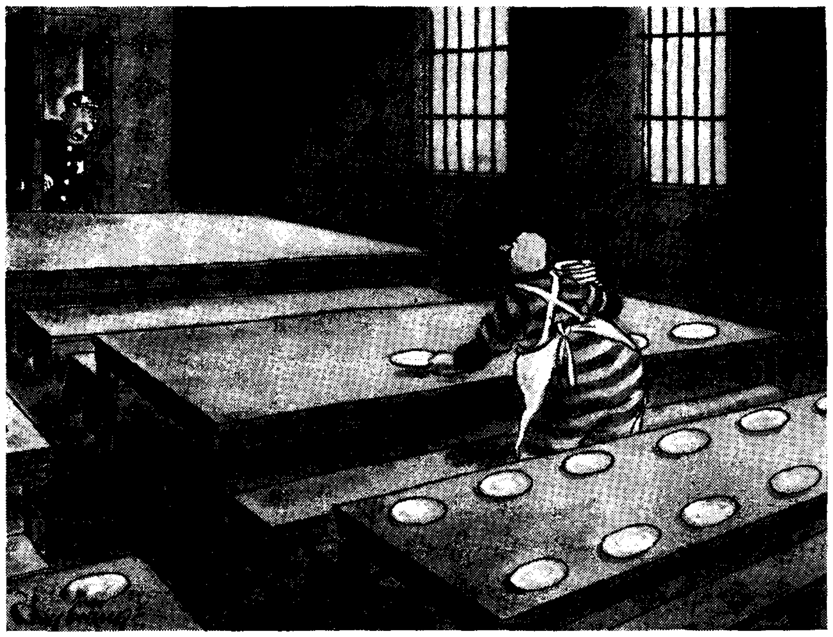
He saw Jason Rountree mopping his bald head with a purple-bordered handkerchief. He glimpsed Mickey Hogan and the stranger in earnest conversation. He saw Hogan gesticulating and shoving a stubby forefinger into the midriff of his companion. He saw that tall, grave stranger nodding. He saw Kay.

Kay's face was white. Her eyes were screened by long lashes. Her fingers fumbled with a tiny lace handkerchief. Her incredibly small feet were squarely on the floor. He was sorry for her and glad for her. At least she understood now. Or did she? He found himself waiting tensely for the moment when her eyes would meet his, when he would find in them whatever message she wished to send.

And then she looked up. Her eyes were startled—uncertain. They seemed to query, rather than to answer. She shook her head, ever so slightly, as though to say, "What does it mean? I don't understand." The little smile she gave him was tremulous. He knew that she was thinking back over the past few weeks; thinking desperately, struggling to piece together—in a few vivid moments—all the things which had worried her for so long. Then she looked at him again and the smile which she gave him this time was less uncertain.

Reporters drifted back into the room. They pleaded futilely with Judge Hawley for permission to photograph the scene. He invited—rather than ordered—them back to the journalistic table. He commanded order in court. He signaled to Graham Vale to proceed.

Vale had been talking earnestly with



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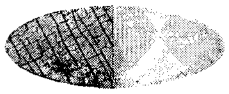
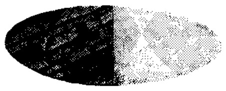
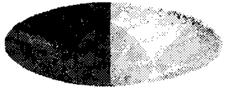


**CHECKING:** Oil-thirsty pores rob conventional paint of its life. Devoe oils stay in paint.



**CRACKING:** Oil gone, elasticity ends, cracks form. Devoe film retains resiliency.



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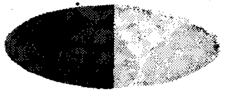

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his client and with Duncan Campbell, Sr. They had been nodding emphatic agreement to whatever he was suggesting. When he rose and again approached Larry, it was apparent that he, too, was feeling the strain: that in probing for an answer to questions that hitherto had not been answered he had uncovered something which threatened to shatter his case.

He was groping now: groping desperately, as a shrewd trial lawyer should, for any shred of evidence with which an impartial jury might justify a verdict of acquittal.

"May I ask, Mr. Wilson—what you mean by amnesia?"

"I'm not a doctor . . . I only know what I've read since discovering my condition."

Vale said, "May I ask the district attorney's permission to have Mr. Wilson give the jury his own explanation in his own way?"

Anderson waved a generous hand. "Certainly," he said.

"I have suffered a complete loss of memory which has lasted approximately eight years."

"What caused it?"

"I don't know."

"Your real name is—?"

"George Carey."

"How did you happen to call yourself Larry Wilson?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean to say that you remember nothing of your life in Habersham for the past eight years?"

"I remember nothing."

"When did you come out of this amnesia condition?"

"On the cruise from which I just returned. I was hit on the head. When I waked the next morning, I wondered where I was and how I had gotten there. So far as I knew, I was George Carey and the year was 1928."

"But for the past two or three weeks you have known that you were not Larry Wilson?"

"Yes."

"Did your wife know the truth?"

"No. I told her nothing."

"You have been masquerading all this time?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"My reasons were personal. They date back to 1928, and have nothing to do with this case."

"I see . . ." Vale hesitated. Then: "During the past eight years, Mr. Wilson, you have made many friends in Habersham. You have told them of your boyhood. How do you account for that?"

"I don't know what I've said. But I suppose that I invented a past life so as not to be called upon for details which I couldn't furnish."

"You made it all up, eh?" The attorney's voice was sharp.

"I presume so. And if you'll permit me . . . I understand from reading I've done recently that each time a victim of complete amnesia repeats things which he himself has invented about his past—those things become more real. In other words, it is possible that recently I scarcely knew what was real and what was imaginary."

"But it was pure invention?"

"It must have been."

"You realize that you are testifying under oath?"

"Yes."

"That is all. Your witness, Mr. Anderson."

MORLEY ANDERSON rose, big and broad and impressive. He was smiling triumphantly. This was gorgeous grist to the political mill. He miraculously found himself one of the central figures in a situation which had assumed national importance, and he was of no mind to lose any benefit which might possibly accrue therefrom.

"I shall continue to address you as Mr. Wilson," he started unctuously, "since that is the name by which you are known in Habersham."

Larry nodded, but said nothing.

"Now, Mr. Wilson—I understand that amnesia is nothing more nor less than a complete loss of memory. Is that right?"

"That is the way I was affected."

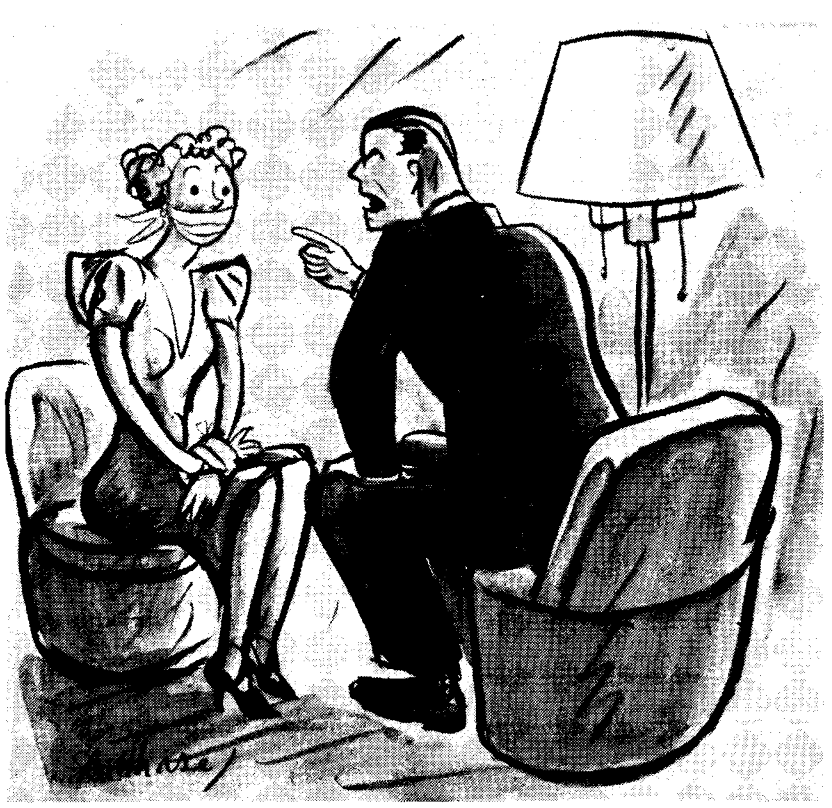
"You said a moment ago that when you recovered, you were—so far as you knew—still George Carey and the year was 1928."

"Yes."

"You do not remember coming to Habersham?"

"No."

"And you remember nothing of your



"Now, let's you and I have a nice long talk!" GEORGE SHELLHASE life here during the past eight years?"

"Nothing."

"You are presuming—and I beg of the court the same latitude that my esteemed opponent demanded—that you invented a boyhood?"

"I presume so."

"And that while you were living here you remembered nothing of your real life or your true identity?"

"I don't know what I remembered as Larry Wilson."

"The past eight years are a blank?"

"Yes."

"Hmmmm! That is exceedingly interesting. Exceedingly."

Larry waited. Kay's eyes were on him. She smiled encouragement. It was as though she were saying: "Now I understand many things. Now I know why you wanted me here in court this morning."

ANDERSON'S next question came abruptly.

"How did you happen to meet Duncan Campbell, Jr.?"

"I don't remember."

"You remember nobody in this city?"

"No."

"Since you returned home, Mr. Wilson, you have refused to see your friends. You have avoided discussing this case with anybody. Am I correct in presuming that it was because you could remember nothing?"

"That's right."

"But, Mr. Wilson . . . do you mean to tell this court that when you walked down the gangplank of that cruise steamer you did not even recognize your own wife?"

Larry felt himself grow hot. He knew that everyone was staring at Kay.

"I recognized her."

"But you just said—"

"There was a picture of her on the dresser in my cabin. She had sent me a wireless saying that she would be at the pier. So when I saw someone who looked like that picture—"

"I see: I do indeed. Your wife was a stranger to you?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Duncan Campbell, Sr., was a stranger to you?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Duncan Campbell, Jr.?"

"Yes."

"Mmm! Can you remember the afternoon of February 18th?"

"No."

"Were you with the defendant at all on that afternoon?"

"I do not remember."

"Since returning to what we shall call normalcy—you haven't even had a flash of recollection of your life in this city?"

"No."

"Then you cannot state positively whether you were with the defendant on the afternoon that Ted Courtney was killed?"

"I cannot."

"And you cannot state positively that you were not at Mr. Courtney's house at that very minute, can you?"

"No."

"For all you remember, you yourself could have been there?"

"Yes."

"I see. . . . One more thing, Mr. Wilson. You have been present throughout this trial. You have heard all of the testimony."

"Yes."

"You heard the testimony of Mrs. Duncan Campbell, Jr., the wife of the defendant?"

"Yes."

"Do you affirm or deny what she said?"

"Neither." Larry's fingers held tightly to the arms of the chair. "I simply do not remember."

"Not even that?"

"Not even that."

"You realize that this is a highly unusual situation?"

"I do."

"And you do not wish to alter or amend your sworn testimony in any particular?"

"I do not."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilson." Morley Anderson moved grandiosely toward his table. "That will be all."

(*To be concluded next week*)

## Life Crazy

**Continued from page 10**

so different from what I had expected. I never have a moment of my own." . . .

She *had* to make good. But also she had to eat. And buy shoes. And pay rent. Spring came, and summer. She assaulted the burlesque field. Anything to get a start. Anything. She danced for ten days in the third row, left. The Merry Maidens. Tapped until she ached. Tried, with high hope and flaming ambition, to impress her image upon the shifting sands. And was out. She never knew why.

Try the taxi dance halls. . . .

TEX wrote, in August, that he had a new car. He was as brown as an Indian from swimming in the Pacific off Malibu and playing handball in the warm sands with girls like Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy. Regular guys, both of them. . . . "Only four months to go, darling; then—"

She wrote that she was rehearsing a play to be produced by Gilbert Miller in the fall and went out and got a job—

She danced fifty miles a day for sixty-five days. It may have been a hundred miles a day. She was a good taxi dancer. Perhaps because she was earnest. She danced as if she meant it.

Filipinos. Italians. Chinese. Germans. Swedes. South Americans. Mexicans. Men. All day. All night. Ten cents a dance. . . .

January. She had saved four dollars. She'd need at least a hundred to buy the kind of clothes Tex would expect a rising young star to wear—and to pay for a ticket back to Rockymount.

She'd tell him—what?

At first, she'd lie. Say she'd decided to give up her career. For love. Marriage. Him—big-gesture stuff. Then later, in Hollywood, she'd speak the truth—and make it sound funny, if she could.

He'd forgive her. Tex *would.*

Two weeks. Four dollars. So what?

The man wasn't like the others. He was, to begin with, an American. Said he came from Ohio. Had a factory out there. He was in New York on business. Lonely. He liked to dance. And a fellow couldn't pick up girls in the respectable, uptown places. If he did, it cost a fortune. Those high-toned gold diggers expected champagne and taxis and flowers.

"Now a little girl like you has sense. You make a fellow feel at home."

He wasn't bad-looking. A little fat and short-winded. But hearty.

She let him take her home. He left her at the stoop, and lifted his hat and was very polite.

He came the next night and the next. He danced until the place closed. Then he took Opal to a restaurant and ordered minute steaks, French frieds and coffee.

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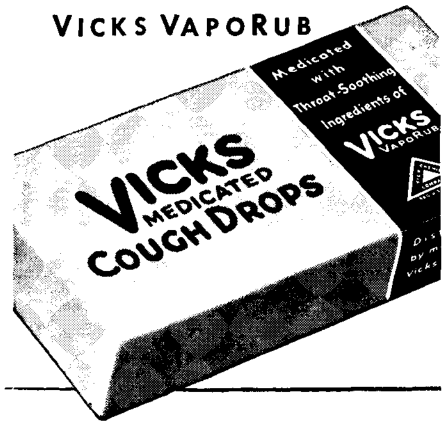
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He told her all about himself, and Opal kicked off her slippers under the table and cooled the burning soles of her feet on the linoleum.

She pretended to listen.

But her mind was busy with suppositions. Suppose she could work on this man's sympathies? Suppose she could get him to lend her a hundred dollars? Or suppose—

"You must have been an awfully pretty kid," he said suddenly.

Opal came out of it and smiled. Her painted-on smile. The only smile she had left.

"It must be a hell of a life," he said. "Taxi dancing."

"Yes," she said. "It is."

Then she asked him.

"A hundred dollars? What for?"

FOR a breathless space she thought of telling him the whole story; about herself and Tex—and why she must get to Rockymount on the fifteenth.

She couldn't.

She said she wanted some pretty clothes and a permanent and a manicure and a facial and a couple of days' rest in a decent bed.

"Why, you poor kid."

The man bit his fingernails and stared at her. She knew exactly what he was thinking.

She was right.

"If I give you the money, you'll come to my room at the hotel?"

"Yes. I'll come."

"You promise?"

"I promise."

He let go of her hands and felt in his breast pocket for his wallet.

"Where's your purse?"

She gave him her cheap, glittering, soiled evening bag. He counted out ten ten-dollar bills and stuffed them in with her lipstick and compact and comb.

"I'll expect you tomorrow night—about eight o'clock."

"No," Opal said. "Not tomorrow."

"Why not?"

"I'm so tired—I'll come Friday."

Suddenly she put her head down on her arms.

"I *promise*."

"Well, don't cry. It's nothing to *cry* about!"

He ran his fingers through her hair.

"Friday—let's see: that's the fifteenth, isn't it? Don't worry, baby. I'll be nice."

THE next day, she had a hair-do. A real one. The chipped, brittle, scarlet polish off her nails. A facial—to iron out the taxi-dance look.

Then she shopped. Carefully. Gray tweed. Felt hat. Good shoes. Suède gloves. Hemstitched underthings. Purse—and a ticket to Rockymount.

That night she moved to a hotel. They gave her a room on the eighteenth floor, and she stood for a long time at the window, looking out at the lights of the city. It was beginning to snow.

Somewhere down in that milling, roaring, featureless chaos, a fat, wheezing man from Ohio was telling his cronies about his conquest: "Friday. Not a bad looker, either, for a taxi dancer. Young. Likes me a lot, too. Yes, sir. Friday. . . ."

Only she wouldn't be there. She'd be so far away, even if he set the police on her — the bloodhounds — they'd never catch her. Never.

Her train left at seven-forty-five in the morning. . . .

Main Street. Warm, bright, sunny January morning. Friday, the fifteenth.

She went straight to Uhlmann's drugstore. She hardly dared open the door. Her heart was beating so. Her knees were so queer and weak—

"*Tex!*"

She leaped into his arms, pressing her face against his shoulder, hiding the new shadows and hollows, for fear he'd guess.

"I knew you'd come."

"I knew *you* would."

Then he held her off, at arms' length, and she saw. . . .

A haggard, blue-chinned, furtive, pallid fellow in dirty corduroys and a frayed brown sweater.

"Yeah," he said. "Take a good look. It's me."

Mr. Uhlmann was standing there, his eyes bright and pitying behind his spectacles.

"You'd better come into the back room—where it's quiet and you can talk."

Tex sat at the table, his head in his arms. He'd lied. From the start. Because, every day, he thought he'd get a break. Nobody'd give him a break. He couldn't get past the studio gates. He was one of thousands—outside. The place was lousy with ambitious, famished, hopeless fools.

"Like me," Tex said.

He lifted his head and grinned. It wasn't the old grin. It was a twisted, tortured imitation.

He tried everything, he said. Mooched. Hiked up the coast, begging for work. Froze in a damned desert full of palms. Slept in the cold sand—went hungry. . . .

Opal watched him, her hands clasped, tight, her eyes dry and hot.

Mr. Uhlmann watched, and listened, his eyes closed, his mouth and chin quivering.

"*Then,*" Tex said, "I *had* to get back. Because I'd promised. I thought of it day and night. I started to walk. Bummed my way — I didn't have a dime. And yesterday—"

"What happened yesterday?" Mr. Uhlmann said.

"I was five hundred miles from here. No shoes. Hungry. Sick at my stomach most of the time—I *had* to get here. I *had* to do what I did."

"What did you do, Tex?"

Tex shivered and swallowed. A queer, haunted, terrible look leaped into his eyes. He licked his lips.

"I held up some people and took their money and their car. I cracked the man pretty hard. But I didn't kill him. It was a lonely place back in some hills. I left them. And beat it. Now you know. I'm a thief."

"*So am I!*"

Opal began to cry.

"Listen, Tex. Listen, Mr. Uhlmann—"

Then she told them her story.

When she'd finished, Mr. Uhlmann put his dry old hand on her shoulder.

"Too bad. These things are always too bad. But it's not too late. You can have your jobs. Little by little, you can pay your debts."

He gripped Opal's shoulder, hard.

"You and Tex talk a while. I'm going into the store. I'll be back. . . ."

After a while, they looked at each other, shyly, furtively, with shame.

"Everything's different," Tex said.

"You do love me, don't you?" Opal said.

"Yes, I do."

"More?"

"Different."

He put out his hand. "Deeper. I pity you. I pity us both."

Opal put her cheek down on his hand. "If we'd never gone away—"

"Yeah." He groaned a little. "Success story. All the way to the top in one jump. Swell idea. Only it won't work."

"We *had* success."

"Yeah. Right here. We had everything."

"Tex."

Opal lifted her head.

"Do you think we can wash ourselves clean? The way we were?"

MR. UHLMANN opened the door. He apologized. He knew they had much to say to each other. But there were some people, outside, who wanted to speak to them.

"Police!"

No. Not the police. A man and a woman. They came in a big car—a magnificent car—and left the chauffeur in the rumble with a couple of dogs.

"They asked about you and Opal," Mr. Uhlmann said. "It's very strange. They want to look at you."

"Look! At us?"

"Yah. They were here a year ago, they said. They've never forgotten. They are here because they want—reassurance. They want to see a boy and a girl who are fresh and clean and—fine. They need, they said, to hope again."

"But us," Opal cried. "Now!"

Mr. Uhlmann said: "Come. You can let them see you. As you are."

"No," Opal said. "No! We can't—"

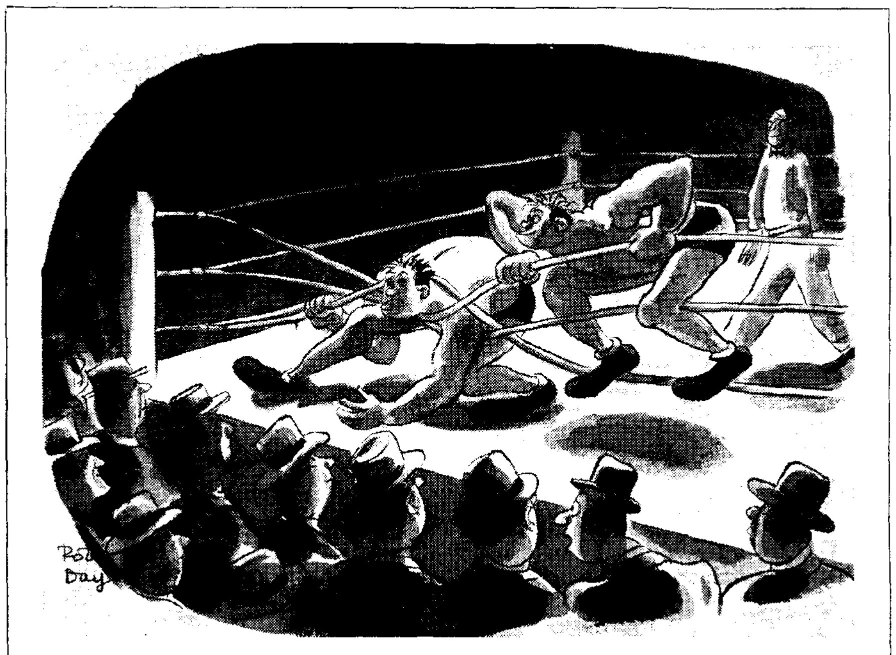
"You would be doing a brave thing," Mr. Uhlmann said. "These people have lived—too much—and not enough. You can help them. Come."

Tex met Opal's eyes. He drew himself up. His old smile flashed out at her. White and brilliant.

"Let's go, kid."

She took his hand. Braced herself. Summoned, passionately, the self she had lost. Standing there, shoulder to shoulder, they reclothed themselves, from head to foot, in beauty.

Then they went in.



"Now do you see why they call him the spider?" ROBT. DAY

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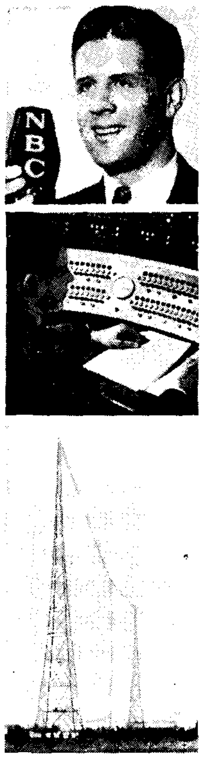

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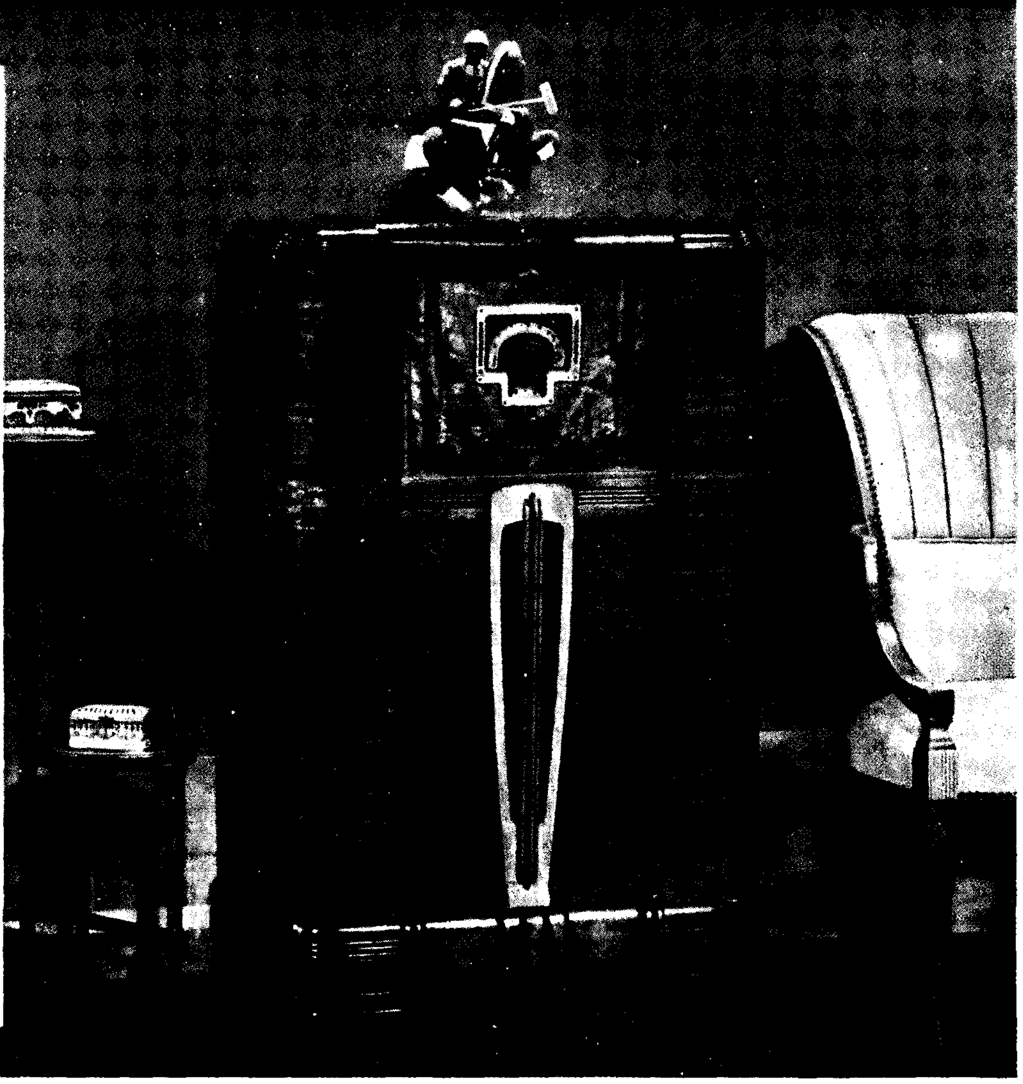
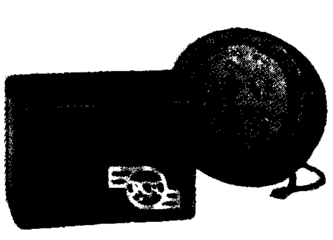
*(Illustrated at right)* Model 9K-3—Superb leader of RCA Victor's Magic Voice Radios. Magic Brain, Magic Eye, Metal Tubes. $129.95*



# Only RCA Victor gives you the benefit of *Magic Voice*—created by the men who build Broadcast Stations

Have the music you want when you want it, with an RCA Victor Record Player. Converts your AC radio into a phonograph. Walnut, white, red or black finish. Shown above, $18.50*



Enjoy this new RCA Victor Magic Voice Radio in your car. This automobile model 67M-2 has an 8-inch speaker. Volume equals that of many 10-tube home radios. $61.95*

The one way to enjoy the benefit of the world's greatest radio experience is to choose an RCA Victor. In each RCA Victor model the skill of the men who build broadcast stations, and make everything in radio, is back of every feature. (See panel above for proof.)

RCA experience creates features offered only by RCA Victor. The Magic Voice—foremost achievement in tone-*fullness*—grew out of 37 years devoted to every kind of sound reproduction. Thorough knowledge of the complicated problems of radio reception gives the Magic Brain perception that rivals the human mind. These are but two of a wealth of RCA features designed to provide radio that matches the fidelity of modern broadcasting.

In all radio you see the value of RCA ALL THE WAY. Short wave, for example, is often thought of as rather new. Not at RCA. Into RCA Victor instruments goes 20 years of short wave experience.

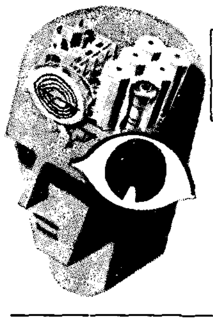
Hear these new sets at your RCA Victor dealer's. Note how completely their lovely cabinets match their modern qualities. Ask your dealer to prove in detail that RCA ALL THE WAY means more for your money.

*RCA presents the Metropolitan Opera each Saturday afternoon, and "Magic Key of RCA" Sunday 2 to 3 P. M., E.S.T. Both over NBC Blue Network.*

## ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST THE MAGIC VOICE

Sealed into the unique tone chamber of every RCA Victor Magic Voice Radio are five Tone Control pipes. Their special size and arrangement creates the Magic Voice. Unseen, trouble-free, scientific, the Magic Voice ends boom and false noises. It gives radio new *beauty*—new *truth*.

You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C.I.T. Easy Payment Plan! Any radio is better with an RCA Antenna System. *All prices f.o.b. Camden, N.J., subject to change without notice.



RCA METAL TUBES Sign of a Modern Radio

**Put new life into your present radio—use famous RCA Radio Tubes!**

RCA Victor

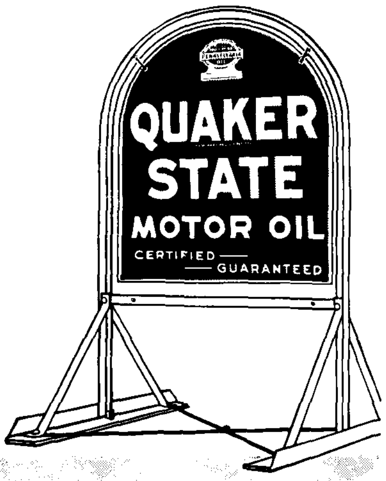
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

# SPRING
## IS ON THE WAY!

Topcoat one day . . . shirt-sleeves the next. That's March. You never know whether it's Summer or Winter. Makes a pretty problem in automobile lubrication, too. To change . . . or not to change? But whether you change now or later, *if* you have Quaker State in your crankcase there is no need for worry. Quaker State's special refining process gives you a wide margin of safety . . . an oil which flows freely when it's cool . . . stands up when it's hot . . . provides *"an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon."* That's why you'll go farther before you need to add a quart. You can prove it yourself with the "First Quart Test."

Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

*Retail price . . . 35¢ a quart*



# GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

# Pet Volcanoes

Continued from page 19

in which we zip back many millions of years in two minutes. All set? . . . It's 'way back, and the world is flaming and half-liquid. When the moon separated from the earth it left a gaping hole in the world—a great valley five thousand miles wide, twice as long and ten miles or more deep. This valley fills with ocean. But some 3,000 miles off the west coast of North America a great volcanic ridge has started to push up from the floor of the valley. Terrific pressure of gas underneath heaves up the ocean bed into domes ten, fifty, a hundred miles across. The domes crack open. Out pour fountains of white-hot molten rock and gas. The ocean finally conquers the lava, which builds up in successive eruptions until it shoves its head above water. Eons later, this first lava tip will be called Midway Island and will be a station on the transpacific air route.

Midway today marks the western end of the great 3,000-mile crack at the bottom of the Pacific valley. From it, the crack extends southeasterly, marked by a chain of islands. The other end of the crack is marked by Hawaii, half as big as Connecticut and nine times as nervous. The island is a great dome of volcanic rock, with its top six miles above the valley floor. Inside this dome are billions of tons of white-hot rock of the consistency of molasses, and enough torrid, compressed hydrogen to run the world for a century if anyone could figure out how.

### At Home in a Crater

Pressure inside the Hawaii dome is so great that it frequently bursts through the rock cap and shoots out of the reservoir below heavy tonnages of lava, through holes known as craters. Kilauea —which is pronounced Killa-way-ah— is the largest active crater on earth. Get in your car and drive a circle of 15 miles —that's how big it is. The sides are nearly vertical, high as the Empire State Building. The floor is of old lava, seamed and cracked. Inside this great pit is another pit, 700 feet deep and a couple of miles across. This is Halemaumau, the Pit of Everlasting Fire, hangout of the goddess Pele, and the pride, joy and despair of the island tourist bureau—and its businessmen.

And so we get back to Dr. Jaggar. He doesn't live beside the volcano, or in a laboratory miles away. He lives *inside* Kilauea, in a cozy home built on several levels, hung right inside the crater walls. From his porch you look out across the main crater to the lip of the fire pit. Every so often a portion of the lip cracks off with a thundering roar and a cloud of dust and steam whirls skyward. The house trembles—and Dr. Jaggar pours you another cup of tea.

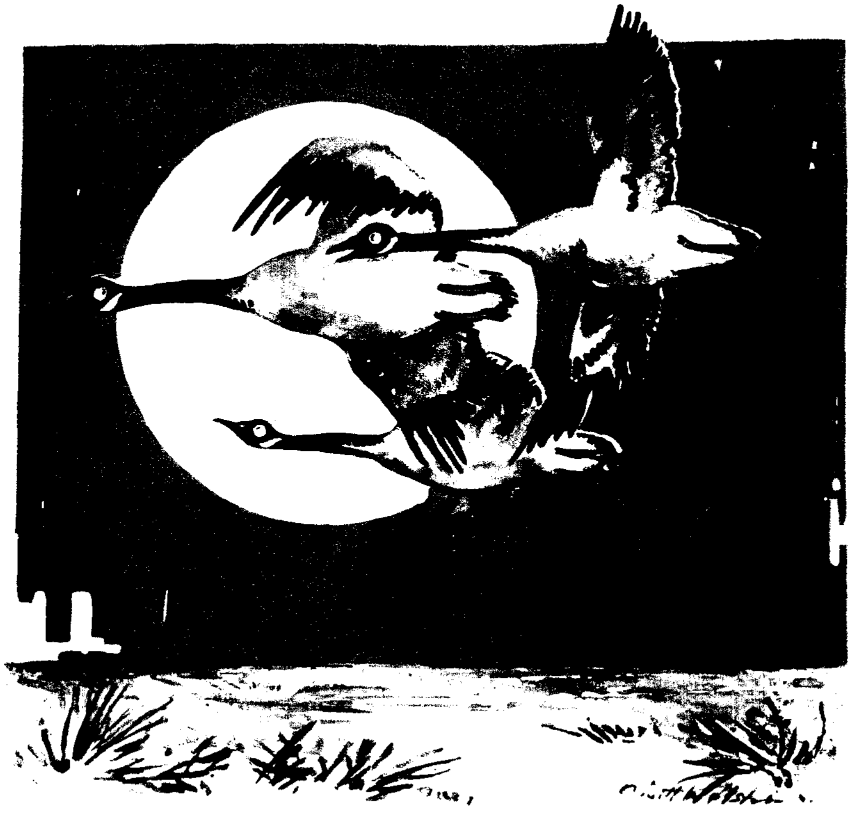
Thirty-five years ago Dr. Jaggar was lecturing in Harvard to 400 young hopefuls who thought they were learning elementary geology. Among them was a youth named Franklin Delano Roosevelt—but whether he was bright about geology or not Dr. Jaggar can't remember. He was just one of the 400 and the place was thick with Roosevelts anyway. . . . But Roosevelt remembered Jaggar and, when he visited the volcano a couple of years ago, went back to school for three hours and learned some more elementary geology from the grand old gentleman.

In Harvard, Jaggar also rather despised book learning and armchair scientists. When, in 1902, Mount Pelee blew up in Martinique, wrecked St. Pierre and killed 30,000 people, he dismissed his class, put on old clothes and took the first ship down to look at the disaster.

"I got the idea then," he says, "that the earth isn't a dead thing, as so many geologists seem to regard it. It's alive. You can't study it from books, or in an office. You have to get right down into it and learn its language."

After Pelee, Jaggar toured the world, poking into volcanoes and finding out about earthquakes. Twenty years ago he came across Mauna Loa and Kilauea, decided they held possibilities, and settled down—as much as a man *can* settle down inside an active volcano—and started to probe into the private lives of his two pets.

There was never enough money, and Jaggar got shifted around from one department to another. Some public-spirited folks in the islands helped with a Volcano Research Association that provided funds; the University of Hawaii did its bit. Jaggar went ahead, borrowing a bit of equipment here and there, making seismographs out of anything handy. Practically out of junk he rigged up an apparatus by which an earthquake not only announces its presence instantly but tells how big it is and just where it is happening.



"Boy! I'll bet we look picturesque as the devil" H. DEVITT WELSH

Hilo's interest in eruptions has always been two-sided. On one hand, everybody was more or less scared, because if the lava river didn't roll through the town, the resultant quakes might shake the thing to bits. On the other hand, let Mauna Loa boil up and throw a red glare into the night sky, and everybody for miles around hits out for Hilo with enthusiasm and spending money. While an eruption lasted, Hilo cashed in. So today, while Hilo doesn't in one way want another outburst, in another she does. Up at the Volcano House, on the edge of the big crater, in the midst of steam jets and sulphur banks, old George Lycurgus, the host, prays for a big blowout.

Down the slopes of most volcanoes valleys run, widening, to the sea. At the seaward end are villages and towns. When an eruption takes place, it's just chance which valley the lava river flows through—and if it picks a valley with a town at the end, it's just too bad for the town.

In December, 1935, Mauna Loa started pouring out lava, which flowed down at thirty miles an hour, then slowed up and headed down a valley toward Hilo. This had happened before, in early days. When it did, the Hawaiians had promptly sent a canoe over to Oahu for a princess whose blameless life had built her up a reputation as a lava stopper and volcano discourager. The princess came across and hiked up to the lava flow, which was only four miles from town—the town then being a grass-hut village.

Losing no time, the princess muttered suitable maledictions and threats, and the lava stopped. But, in 1935, there were no princesses left; and when the flow headed for Hilo, people called for Jaggar to do something right away. At this important moment Chemist Giacometti made his TNT suggestion, Jaggar accepted it, the Army air corps loaded up a ship or two with bombs and the lava flowed on, implacably, toward the town.

Jaggar's job was to turn the flow into a side valley, away from Hilo. He went up in one plane and the Army took its bomb-laden ships up 18,000 feet and let go where the volcanologist said it would do the most good. The simple theory of the scheme was that lava flows only under certain conditions of speed and tension, and if you disturb these, the river of molten rock slows up and finally dams itself into a state of rest.

The Army planes made sighting shots with small bombs and then, directed by Jaggar, let go with the 600-pounders full of TNT. That did the trick. The lava flow, blown apart, its channels and tunnels wrecked, slowed up, piled up, finally stopped. Hilo, twelve miles and twelve days from disaster, breathed more easily —especially as there was no diminution in the flow of tourists.

But volcanoes and quakes are not the only things that spread death and destruction when Mother Earth gets a split lip. Usually, and especially when the volcano is under the ocean, there's a tidal wave, too. And if lava flows at thirty miles an hour and travels a score of miles, a tidal wave will hit three hundred miles an hour and travel five thousand miles sometimes. Anything that happens to be alongshore when a 300-mile-an-hour wall of rather solid water hits is going to turn up afterward as assorted junk. And not much of that.

So another Jaggar job has come to be the prediction of tidal waves. Maybe there'll come a time when a tidal wave can be bombed and discouraged, but nobody has tried yet. The only thing for ships near shore to do is head out to sea and ride the wave as best they can.

Jaggar forecasts the waves from a couple of seismographs and some assorted apparatus he made himself—including the dingus that makes a quake anywhere ring a bell and flip an indicator to a number showing how much pep it has. Let a submarine volcano let go anywhere in the Pacific, and Jaggar knows a few minutes later just where it happened.

Once he knows where a quake is happening, how strong it is and which way its force is expended, it's a simple matter to phone down to the Hawaiian coastal cities that a No. 4 wave will be along at 4:28 tomorrow morning and anyone who wants to save his ship should put to sea or else drag the boat up a mountainside pronto.

### Millimeters and Millions

Some day, Jaggar thinks, the secret of life itself may be found in studying volcanoes. Everything is there—terrific power, superheat, the elemental stuff of the earth, mysterious gases. The University of Hawaii is developing huge vacuum tubes to trap the hot gases during the next eruption, analyze them —add one tiny scrap more to knowledge, perhaps come one short step nearer the solution of the universe's greatest mystery.

But that's all in the future—and Dr. Jaggar, starved by politicians, has all his time taken up keeping tab on Mauna Loa and Kilauea, tramping over the crater floor, measuring cracks, watching buried instruments, tending his seismographs. . . .

Jaggar's is a tough job, calling for endless patience, untiring energy. Volcanoes in action may be exciting and spectacular for tourists, but predicting them is a matter of measuring minute fractions of inches. A matter of millimeters may easily become a matter of millions—if Jaggar reads the signs aright. And he usually does.

For $3,000,000, Jaggar says, a whole system of volcano-quake-tidal wave stations could be established around the earth, to keep tab on the world's seventy active volcanoes, call up the bombing planes when a city is threatened, warn shipping and industry to get out of the way—and save some of the 40,000 lives and $200,000,000 worth of property that will be sacrificed this year to earthquake, eruption and ocean wall.

If you stand beside Dr. Jaggar on the rim of Kilauea's huge fire pit, you get an idea: Down there, jammed up into billions of tons of boiling rock and gas, is enough potential destruction to wreck a state, wipe out a population like flies, blot out everything aboveground for miles around. Opposed to this huge, mysterious force are a few ounces of human brain behind a pair of keen eyes . . . and the brain is going to win.

# Unfinished Symphony

### By Elsie Singmaster

MY DEAR—" Hearing her husband's voice, Mrs. Enright lifted her beautiful head, bent a little above her breakfast. She was thirty-eight, had short thick brown hair and very clear blue eyes under dark brows. People who knew her slightly thought her negligible, those who frequented her house admired her. Abroad she was inconspicuous; at home, in the rooms she had planned and in the garden she supervised, every charm of mind and body was enhanced.

Enright paced the floor, stepping in and out of the pools of sunlight, and glancing through the French doors at the terrace over which was a trellis covered with a grapevine, now bare. He was tall and growing portly, his cheeks were ruddy, his brown eyes had a humorous glance. He had devoted twenty happy years to the building of bridges, being the architect at the same time of a substantial fortune.

Without finishing his sentence, he stopped before the French doors and stood looking out, past the thick pillars, to the garden which seemed to beg for a covering of snow. He was thinking of Mrs. Enright and his eyes were moist. Mrs. Enright bent her head once more over her grapefruit, which was set in a silver bowl packed with ice, which, in turn, was set on a silver plate. Her mind, distracted for a moment from its secret thoughts, returned to its activity. It seemed to throb like her heart, as though it, too, observed a systole and diastole.

"Today I shall see him!"

"For shame!" came the answer.

"Today I shall see him!"

"For shame!"

Smiling at his own sentimentality, Enright left the door and stood opposite Mrs. Enright.

"My dear!"

Mrs. Enright lifted her eyes. Her color was bright under her delicate skin and a flush signified no more than arrested attention. "Yes?" she said.

Enright's gaze fixed itself on her brown head, on her round, slender arms. "When I look at you I realize that I'm growing old but you're not."

Mrs. Enright laughed. "Nonsense!"

"How would you like to go abroad?"

"Abroad!"

"Abroad. The aunts can take care of the children for two months. There are places where one can live out of doors—the south of France, Italy, Egypt—anywhere you wish. I'm growing logy. Business isn't so good that I need stay nor so bad I can't go. What do you say?"

Again Mrs. Enright's answer might be interpreted as an expression of delight. "What do you expect me to say?"

Enright rose. "Then go to it. Your part is the planning." He looked back from the doorway. "Ellerbe tells me his wife's recovering."

"Y-yes," answered Mrs. Enright as though she could not quite identify Ellerbe.

"You remember that when they lost their only child Mrs. Ellerbe seemed to be out of her mind. Now she goes to Doctor Sangree. Dr. Sangree, you know—"

"I know!" said Mrs. Enright in her heart.

"He has a sort of confessional for ladies of fashion; he's a doctor and a psychologist. The women tell him their secret thoughts. He seems to have brought Mrs. Ellerbe around—at least she doesn't sit in her room weeping all day. Hope it'll last. It's said that women in love with the wrong man go to him. It seems a little unhealthy. Goodby, darling."

"Goodby." Mrs. Enright lifted her eyes but not until Enright had closed the front door. She touched the bell and the maid came to remove the silver bowl set on the silver plate and to pour her coffee.

"May I bring you some toast, Mrs. Enright?"

Mrs. Enright said "No." In her heart she cried, "Don't bother me, Emma! I must have time to think. Today I shall see him! I'll go in at one-fifteen and walk from Broad Street to the Academy. I'll be among the first. I'll take a book. Just as the lights are dimmed, he'll sit down beside me. It isn't as though he were a professional singer or violinist—thousands of women fall in love with artists. He's a gentleman of leisure and good taste. I shall feel—" she set down her coffee cup and with her beautiful right hand stroked her round left arm—"I shall feel—" She pushed back her chair. Her vocabulary was small and she could not describe her feelings. She did not finish her sentence. "I wish I could get over this. All my life I've dreamed of Egypt and now Egypt is nothing—nothing."

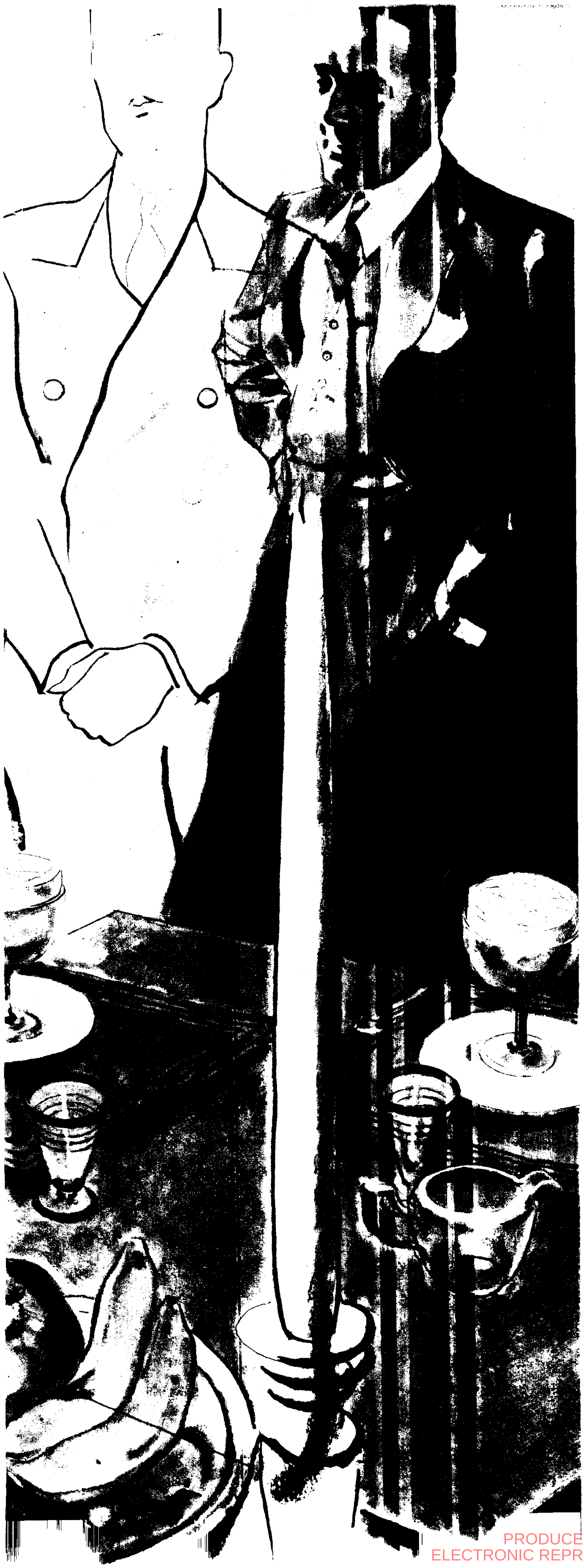
TRAILING her blue crepe skirt, she passed through the pantry into the kitchen. Enright liked her to wear long, light-colored tea gowns, preferably Alice-blue to match her eyes. The cook rose from her breakfast.

"Delia, I'll have bouillon and a salad at half past twelve. There'll be four guests for dinner at seven—businessmen for a conference with Mr. Enright. You may have—" Mrs. Enright paused, her thoughts tangled, her memory gone. It seemed to her that her body was revolving in a wide arc, as though she were riding a carrousel.

"Last Thursday we had a dinner, ma'm. You remember—for them other gentlemen. They ate something ravenous."

"Yes." Mrs. Enright, however, remembered nothing.

"We could have the same but with string beans instead of mushrooms."



"When I look at you," he said, "I realize that I'm growing old but you're not"

**Consider Mrs. Enright — enviably married, yet not happy. Here is what passed in one woman's mind when she met a man whom she wanted more than her husband**

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

"Very well. I've changed my mind about lunch. I'll have it at a quarter past twelve instead of half past."

Mrs. Enright trailed into the hall, through the living room and the library and back into the dining room where Emma was dusting.

"Talisman roses, Emma, and the white and gold china."

"Yes, Mrs. Enright."

"Four guests—gentlemen."

"Yes, Mrs. Enright."

MRS. ENRIGHT climbed the stairs to her bedroom and sat in a deep blue chair. Beneath the window was the grape trellis, beyond the brown lawn. She had planted a thousand bulbs in the borders; this spring they would bloom in their greatest glory. Now if she had heard the word "tulip" she would have looked blank.

"It would be sensible to go for a walk," she thought. "But I mightn't get back in time. I'd be too nervous to walk far. Today I shall see him! Gailliard is a beautiful name. I wouldn't know even his name if it weren't for Mrs. Herne. I ought to get cured. Doctor Sangree—"

She rose and stood looking about, through the walls to her husband's handsome bedroom and Susan's pretty bedroom and Jack's amusing room and a stately guest room, and up through the ceiling to the servants' quarters, and through the floor to the living room and dining room and library. She saw herself in a hall bedroom, long, long ago, sitting at a pine table, her head bent above a primer of stenography which she intended to make her steppingstone to life, a purpose which she had successfully carried out. She began to rub her hands together. Suddenly she filled with anger at herself. It wasn't her ability, it was Enright's love which had put her where she was. "And can't I cure myself of this?"

After a long time a clock struck downstairs—was it, could it be eleven? She hoped it was. She looked at the clock on the mantel—it was ten. She opened the door of a closet. Within hung dresses, most of them under covers. Shoes and slippers stood in racks. She lifted down a new suit, a woolen skirt of open, rough weave, a gray blouse, a gray coat trimmed with curly gray fur, a hat the color of her eyes, and laid them on the bed. Catching her glance in the mirror, she stared. "I've done nothing wrong! I shall do nothing wrong!"

Again she looked at the clock, expecting the hands to point to half past ten. They pointed to five minutes past.

"Two hours to lunchtime!" Suddenly she flushed crimson. A look of defiance hardened her eyes. She crossed the room and went down the stairs and into the living room. There was a phonograph there, invisible, its front even with the paneling. She opened the door and put on a record.

She was not musical, her choice was dictated not by intelligence but by emotion. It was the symphony she had heard the afternoon when Gailliard first sat beside her, when her heart began to throb and the flesh of her arm to thrill. Her hands shook as she put it in place: Schubert: Symphony in B Minor, said the label. Knowing nothing of majors and minors, she thought of the composition by a subtitle, printed in brackets: Unfinished.

She sat down with her hands clasped. She heard a voice; it did not speak; it merely breathed, "Ah, the cellos!" She did not know whether Gailliard had intended to enlighten her, or whether he had merely exhaled his own rapture. "Clarinets! Listen!"

The furnishings in the Academy were old and the arm between her seat and Gailliard's had a deep crack. In it she caught her sleeve and when Gailliard had extracted it, they looked at each other and laughed.

"You're fond of the B Minor Symphony?"

"I wish I knew more about it and all symphonies."

"You have a phonograph?"

"Yes."

"Get the electrically recorded symphonies and play them over and over—that's the way to learn them."

She had done her best with Mozart and Beethoven and Tchaikovsky and Brahms—most of them sounded cacophonous. She succeeded with one. Her heart sank at sound of the cellos, beat with the violin pizzicato, throbbed with the violas, sang with clarinets and flutes. It was not only her favorite, it was his. "Unfinished," she sighed. "But perfect!" She laid her cheek against the paneled door, pressing the wood as though it were a human shoulder.

AT ONE o'clock she walked to the station. The sky was overcast and the wind lifted papers and leaves out of the gutters. The station platform, two flights below the street, formed a channel for the blast.

She found the small waiting room intolerably warm and walked up and down outside. Now and then she glanced over her shoulder. Last year she had found the acquaintance of young Mrs. Herne, who attended the concerts, pleasant and profitable.

Mrs. Herne was a thorough musician and a pianist. She had light hair and very dark eyes and color which came and went swiftly like Mrs. Enright's. She was a few years younger than Mrs. Enright, and sometimes two young children accompanied her to the station. This year she answered a question of Mrs. Enright's with another question, a laugh, a flush and an odd look. It was, Mrs. Enright thought, a look of hunger.

"Why don't you ask young Gailliard

—he can tell you all about it, I'm sure."

Mrs. Enright bade her soul be steady. "Young Gailliard?"

"Yes. He sits next to you."

"You mean a tall young man? We've spoken to each other a few times about the music." She longed to ask, "Who is he? Do you know him?" Instead she changed the subject awkwardly. "She can look down from her box and watch me," she thought. Thereafter she neither sat with Mrs. Herne during the brief journey nor lifted her eyes to Mrs. Herne's box.

When the train arrived, she stepped in, moving as in a dream. She saw herself step out, cross the station, go round City Hall and down Broad Street, enter the Academy, bend her head over her book. She carried out her dream except for one particular—when she reached the Bellevue she glanced up Walnut Street, vaguely disturbed. Ah—Doctor Sangree! On one of a row of fine old brick dwelling houses, now converted into offices, she had seen his name.

She walked to her seat unattended. There was no mistaking the place—there was the long, deep crack in the armrest. A little out of breath, she sat down. Beyond her a dozen girls from a boarding school had seats for the season; shepherded by a woman teacher, they always came in good time. The usher who escorted them gave her a program.

At sight of it her vision became confused, her blood thickened, slackened its flow. They were going to play the Schubert Unfinished. A reason was given for repeating it in the same season, but upon this fine print her eyes were not able to focus. The chair beside her was still empty—she glanced at her watch. Only three minutes and it would be time to begin!

WHEN the lights were dimmed, she glanced toward Mrs. Herne's box. Mrs. Herne was there—she could see her blond head. She had taken off her seal coat; beneath was a dress of deep coral.

"Lovely!" thought Mrs. Enright.

Applause drew her eyes back to the platform. The conductor stepped to his dais and tapped the desk with his baton. Applause ceased. A man not far from Mrs. Enright laughed softly.

"He's coming," thought Mrs. Enright. "He's here!"

The conductor lifted his baton and lowered it slowly, the flutes commenced delicately. Mrs. Enright had heard the opening number before but she did not recall its name. She was aware of but one thing—the seat beside her was vacant.

"But he's here," she thought. "I heard him laugh. There's always a short number first; he's waiting until that has been played. I'll not look up. I'll keep my head low till he sits down."

Again she heard a man's low laugh. It came not from the direction of the door, or the aisle, but from the direction of Mrs. Herne's box. There was Mrs. Herne's blond head, her light dress, and beyond, a dark coat. She remembered Mrs. Herne's flushed cheek, her strange look, and her heart turned to ice.

"She has a husband and children!" Mrs. Enright spoke as though she herself had neither husband nor children.

"Here's the seat, madam," said an usher.

Mrs. Enright felt a soft pressure against her side. A stout woman sat down beside her.

"A man left his ticket at the office," she whispered. "Wasn't I fortunate? It's very warm, isn't it? I've been hurrying."

Mrs. Enright was not warm, she was cold. When the lights came on she was leaning forward, staring at the pale spot made by Mrs. Herne's light dress against a dark coat.

"It isn't true! It can't be!" She leaned farther forward. "That's why she wanted to get acquainted with me!" Mrs. Enright knew she was absurd. "That's why—"

Young Gailliard was bending toward Mrs. Herne, his eyes shining.

"What shall I do?" asked Mrs. Enright in her heart.

When the brief intermission was almost over she answered her own question by doing something very foolish. She rose from her seat.

"Are you ill?" inquired her neighbor.

IT WAS difficult to get out when so many persons were coming in. In the bright lobby, she ceased to be the person she had long been—the mother of two children, the wife of the president of the Atlas Bridge Company, a beautiful woman with all heart could desire. She became a desperate spirit.

"I can't stand it," said she and entered the passageway which led to Mrs. Herne's box. She put out her hand to steady herself. Common sense, principle, self-respect—these she had had; she had them no more. She passed one draped archway, another. She could see in the last a bulge in the curtain. Young Gailliard and Mrs. Herne sat no longer in the front of the box.

". . . an' we thought, Chief, we'd like to have rocket guns, like this here, now, Buck Rogers. . . ."

JAY IRVING

"I've often looked up and longed to be here," sighed young Gailliard. "It was like looking at heaven!"

"It's wrong," murmured Mrs. Herne. "But I can't help myself."

"Don't try," advised young Gailliard.

There sounded the tap of a baton on a wooden stand.

"Ah!" said young Gailliard. "The cellos! Clarinets! Listen!"

Mrs. Enright lifted her hands to her head; she stood motionless until anticipatory applause startled her like a cannon shot. Turning, she went at a rapid pace down the passageway.

"I must get away! Somehow I must be cured!"

The keen eyes of a doorman fixed themselves upon her. "Are you ill, madam?"

"No!" She heard herself give a queer little laugh. "Not exactly!"

"This is Locust Street," she said, when the wind caught her. "The next is Walnut. Doctor Sangree is on Walnut."

Buffeted by pedestrians, she felt no resentment; she was pursuing, she knew, without being able to help it, an erratic course. Her rage was gone: she felt only anguish.

Dr. Sangree's office was next to a corner; she was certain that she could walk directly to it. She saw in her mind's eye its businesslike interior. Doubtless there would be a nurse in attendance who would take her to an inner office.

"Only let me tell you my story!" she would say, laughingly. "How can I rid myself of this foolish obsession?"

She became aware that the street lamps were lighted. The wind, which had risen still higher, was blowing particles into her eyes—she could not be certain whether they were dust or snow.

"I've come through Rittenhouse Square."

She peered into the continuation of Walnut Street as though she were in a cave and seeking exit.

"I've missed it!" she said. "It's back of me!" She stopped and stood staring—there in the drugstore was a telephone; she would look in the book for Dr. Sangree's office. She could remember every name but Sangree. Enright? No. Herne? No! Gailliard? No! Ah—Sangree! She stood for a long time.

Suddenly she moved as though the wind were carrying her.

"I must see him! I can't stand it!"

At last, on a house at the opposite corner, she saw Doctor Sangree's name plate. Would the line of cars never pass? Confused, she started to step down from the curb. She heard shouts and screams and a sharp, "Madam!" A man jerked her back, then helped her across. "I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to be rough. Stand still and get your breath."

MRS. ENRIGHT stood still but she could not get her breath. Black waves smothered her. The stranger and a policeman caught her as she slipped.

"Guess we'd better lift her into your office, Doctor," said the officer. "Is it an ambulance case?"

"No," said Doctor Sangree.

A woman opened the door as they went up the steps.

"You must lie down for a few minutes," said Doctor Sangree. "This is my nurse; she'll bring you a stimulant. What was the trouble? Were you dizzy?"

Mrs. Enright gazed into Doctor Sangree's eyes. They were kind and penetrating, they searched her mind and heart. "Oh, I've been so—" She stopped short, the doorbell was ringing as though the hand which pressed it would never lift. The nurse went through the hall.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I must see Doctor Sangree!" cried Mrs. Herne.

"His office hours are over, madam."

"Is he here?"

"Yes, he's here."

"Then I must see him."

Doctor Sangree turned his head sharply, his attention arrested by the hysteria in Mrs. Herne's voice. It was naturally a soft voice but now it was raised to shrillness. He went into the hall, drawing the door shut behind him.

"I've been so wretched," cried Mrs. Herne.

"Come back to my consulting room," said Doctor Sangree. He led the way down the hall, walking swiftly.

The voices receded from Mrs. Enright, then approached. There was a passageway between the waiting room and the consulting room and the double doors were slightly ajar.

"What is the matter?" asked Doctor Sangree.

Mrs. Herne sobbed and laughed at the same time; she blurted her words like a child. "I have everything a heart could wish for and I'm obsessed by a man not my husband. He's younger than I. He's not worth my husband's little finger. He doesn't care for me."

"I'd stop caring for him," advised Doctor Sangree. "Why—"

MRS. ENRIGHT heard first one door close, then the other, each with a slam, as though Doctor Sangree were shocked to find them open. She sat up, feeling her hot cheek with her palm. She did not think of her husband or of her children; she thought of Mrs. Herne. How she must have hurried down the street. How she must have toiled up the steps to Doctor Sangree's door. Her pressure on the bell must have been that of one who leaned against it.

"Ludicrous!" thought Mrs. Enright, her cheeks flaming.

She stood up as the nurse entered. "I'm all right," she said. "I can still catch my train."

The nurse saw her bright cheeks. She lifted her wrist and took her pulse. "I think you're over it." In the room beyond the closed doors Mrs. Herne's voice went on and on, growing more shrill with each word. The nurse spoke loudly as though to drown out poor Mrs. Herne. "There's almost always a taxi outside. If not I'll call one."

"I'll ride," consented Mrs. Enright. "Not because I can't walk, but because I want to get home."

The nurse came down the steps and put her into the taxi and closed the door. Mrs. Enright looked at her watch—alas, she had missed the five-ten! She liked—rather she had always liked until this fall—to reach home before Enright. Now it was too late. She stood before the office where information was given about foreign travel. She walked in.

"Good evening, madam," said the clerk. "What can I do for you?"

Mrs. Enright looked past him at the clock. She had misread the tiny dial of her watch; she could still make the five-ten. She had an intense desire to reach the living room and her records. She saw them broken in the wastebasket.

"I'll write," she said in confusion. "I'll telephone. I'll—" She stepped out of the office.

"Unfinished!" she thought. "Unfinished!" She laughed. "Unfinished! But done!"

Weeks seemed to have passed since she had seen Enright. She looked about desperately, as though there were a fearful possibility that she might never see him again. "Home!" said she and, caught in a stream of commuters, ran for her train.

# It's the skill behind the brush that counts

FLORHIDE ENAMEL
WALLHIDE
SUN PROOF PAINT
WATERSPAR ENAMEL

YOU want your home to be in keeping with the times—bright-looking, cheerful and inviting. You want to protect the money that's invested in it, too. There's one practical way to satisfy both of these desires. Call in a *master painter*. Let him transform your home, inside and outside. He will make it a happier place in which to live—a more valuable one to own!

Bear in mind, the skill behind the brush counts when finished results are appraised. The master painter is a real artisan. He insists on good paints and produces beautiful work that gives you pleasure and satisfaction for years. He works quickly—capably—saves time and materials. For every operation he has the right tool—and is expert in its use. Before he makes a single brush stroke he sees that the surface is properly prepared. Old paint—blistered and peeling—is burned and scraped off. Chalked and crazed areas are sanded smooth. Cracks and crevices are filled. Dirt, oil and grease are removed.

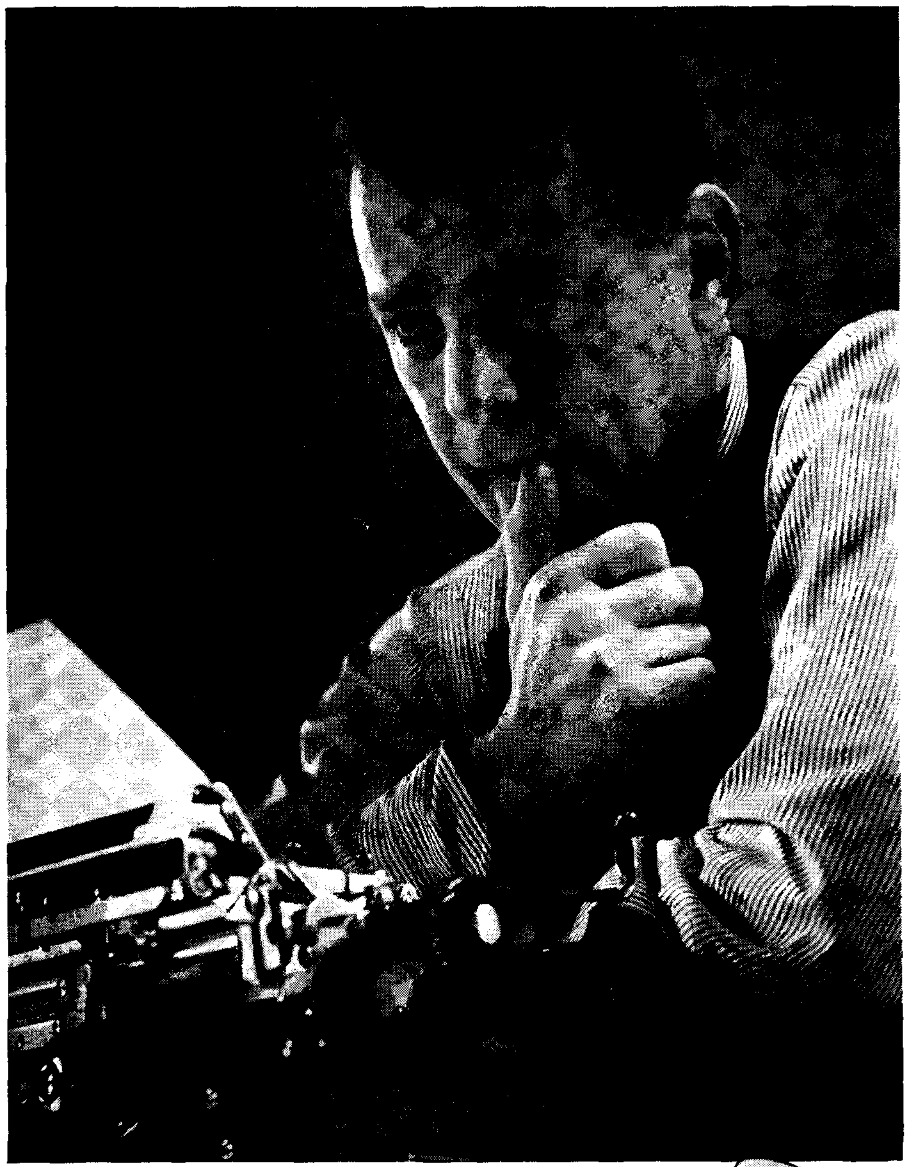
One-day painting is no novelty to the master painter. He knows the advantages of Wallhide, Florhide, Waterspar Enamel and Varnish and other Pittsburgh Paints. Also he is a color expert capable of producing the effects you want. Every stroke of his brush counts. He covers more area with less gallonage—actually saves paint. He uses the right undercoats—the right finishing coats. Under his deft hand paint flows on smoothly and dries without sags and brushmarks. His work is *workmanlike!*

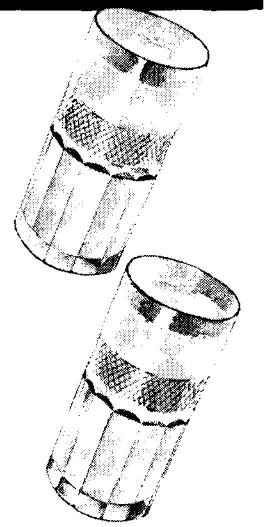
You will find master painters listed in the classified section of your telephone book. Consult one now. Have him paint you a new home. Do this and get lasting satisfaction for your money! . . . Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Paint Division, Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Paint is only part of the picture . . . it's the skill behind the brush that counts!*

A GOOD PAINTER IS
A GOOD INVESTMENT

Now how can you describe a flavor like that?





Impossible! How can words describe the imprisoned sunshine that comes from long, lazy days in the tropics?

How can you picture such freshness—a juice as fresh as a summer dawn?

How can you even suggest its flavor—the fragrant, luscious ripeness you taste, as you roll each mellow, golden drop beneath your tongue?

It can't be done!

The only way to know what a wonderful pineapple juice DEL MONTE puts out is to *taste* it yourself.

Give yourself a treat! Pour a sparkling glassful out—and drink. Let this sunny DEL MONTE juice tell its own eloquent story—of refreshment—and real enjoyment!

IT'S DEL MONTE PINEAPPLE JUICE

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
UNSWEETENED
PINEAPPLE JUICE

# Marked Shirt

Continued from page 18

seen him for two months. They give me some time sheets that he'd written on. You said it was peculiar what become of him when he moved out of that neighborhood. Well, now I'm with you. He must have been some miraculous kind of guy."

"Why, O'Malley?"

"A guy that moves out of one place moves into some other. Deebs didn't. A lot of cops been working on where he went. They checked a couple of hundred hotels and about a thousand rooming houses. He didn't go to none of 'em."

I saw him at headquarters the next morning. He seemed in a hurry.

"I'm going where them Marshan people live," he told me.

I went along.

"Do you think the Marshans can tell you more than they did?" I asked.

"I don't expect they'll tell me nothing, because I figure that they won't be there."

I was astonished. "Why not?" I demanded.

"Well, think it over. That's what I've been doing."

THE building where the Marshans lived was close by the East River. A paper stuck behind the bell said "Marshan." We rang the bell but no one answered, so we rang the bell of the woman who lived across the hall.

"They went to the country three days ago," she told us.

"How come you know that?"

"Why, Mrs. Marshan came to my door and told me. They had their bags. I was a little surprised she took the trouble because I really hardly knew them. She didn't mention where it was that they were going."

The janitor let us into the Marshans' apartment with a passkey. The living room and bedroom were dirty and badly cared for. The bathroom and kitchen both were spotless. Even the kitchen walls had been carefully washed. O'Malley lay down on his back and studied the underside of the kitchen table. He found some blood there.

"People don't hardly ever think to wash the undersides of things," he stated.

"Was Deebs killed here?" I asked.

"It looks like somebody was."

We found some clothesline. It was like the rope the dead man had been choked with. We found a metal candlestick which had been bent and might have been the weapon. There was a pile of newspapers in the kitchen pantry.

"They read the Globe," O'Malley commented.

"If that means anything," I speculated.

There were burned papers with writing on them in the refuse can. Some small pieces hadn't burned and O'Malley fished them out and put them in an envelope. There was nothing on them that meant anything; they had only single words.

"Now what?" O'Malley said. "We don't know where these people went. It might be smart if I did some advertising."

We went back downtown and stopped in at the Globe office and he wrote his ad and showed it to me. It said:

HELP WANTED. Couple on estate in Westchester for housework and gardening. $250 a month. Private servants' cottage but must be content not to entertain visitors or mix with neighbors. References less considered than personal interview.

"If they've gone to the country," I said, "they won't see this paper."

"Well, I'm a guy that takes a chance. This ought to get me plenty answers. I feel like answering this ad myself. I'll let you know if anything shows up."

It was three days before he phoned me.

"I'm stopping at the Hotel Cheltenham. Drop in on me."

I went to the hotel. O'Malley's name wasn't on the hotel register, but I saw two plain-clothes men in the lobby and I asked one of them.

"Room 814," he told me.

I went to the eighth floor. Two cops in overalls were in the hall working on a radiator. O'Malley was in 814. We talked for half an hour and then the house phone rang.

"You answer," he directed me.

I answered. I didn't recognize the visitor's name but I told him to come up. It was Marshan who came to the door. He darted back down the hall in fright when he saw O'Malley, but the two cops from the lobby were at one end of the hall and the ones working on the radiator were at the other. They caught him.

"Okay, guy," O'Malley told him. "Where's the Mrs.?"

"Yes, she's got to be in this too, as long as you've got me," the man said.

"I knew you were that kind of guy."

He told us where Mrs. Marshan was and two cops went to get her and we took the man to the precinct station, and they brought Mrs. Marshan in. I waited while they took them in to question them.

"Why did the Marshans kill Deebs, O'Malley?" I asked a little later.

"Are you that dumb? The dead guy is Marshan. The guy we pinched is Deebs."

I THOUGHT it over but I couldn't see it.

"Listen, thick guy!" he said to me. "Deebs lived with the Marshans and one of them plenty women he was mixed up with was Mrs. Marshan, and her and Deebs got tired of having Marshan around. Marshan was a superintendent of building construction and he was out of town on jobs sometimes. One time when he was out of town Deebs and Mrs. Marshan moved the furniture out on him and went to live together in the Bronx. Mrs. Marshan had relatives out West that she didn't want to have know what she was doing, so she figured she couldn't change her name, but Deebs didn't care what name he used. So in the new place he called himself Mr. Marshan.

"Well, Marshan come back to town and found his wife had moved out on him, and he guessed she was with Deebs, and he was too proud to tell the neighbors she had left him. He went and got a room where he wasn't known and he started looking for 'em. Marshan didn't have no idea how to look for people in a town this big and it took him two months to find 'em. He finally seen Deebs one time in the subway. He followed him home and there was a big quarrel and Deebs and Mrs. Marshan knocked Marshan off. They looked to see there wasn't nothing on him to identify him and then they took him down and put him in the river."

"Wait!" I objected. "Marshan had on Deebs' shirt."

"Why, now I know you're dumb! Deebs' shirt wouldn't fit Marshan. Mrs. Marshan and Deebs don't know yet how it was about the shirt but I figure it couldn't be only this way: Mrs. Marshan had all their stuff washed at home but Deebs sent his stuff to the laundry. One time one of Marshan's shirts got in Deebs' wash and got Deebs' laundry mark put on it. Afterward the shirt was washed at home till the mark got washed out. I guess Marshan didn't usually wear that old shirt, but he had it on the night Deebs and Mrs. Marshan knocked him off."

"A queer thing!" I reflected. "It was like some sort of Nemesis."

"Well, I don't know what that is. . . . Them smart cops that was trying to identify the dead guy fixed the laundry mark so it could be read and found it belonged to Deebs and that he lived with them Marshans, but they had moved away. Cops have got better ways of finding people than other guys have; all them cops done was call up some electric-service companies and ask if Marshans was paying electric bills anywhere, and one company says they was and told the cops where they lived. A cop went out there and told Deebs and Mrs. Marshan a murdered guy had been found that we thought was Deebs and would they come down and see if it was him. Well, naturally Deebs and Mrs. Marshan said the guy was Deebs—if they'd said it was Marshan, they'd been pinched for murder; and if they said they didn't know the guy we'd have got others that knew Deebs to look at him."

"O'MALLEY, how did you learn all this?"

"I ain't doing no bragging about that. I thought, like all the other cops, the dead guy was Deebs. We got pictures made of him and give 'em to a lot of cops to find out where Deebs moved to. Well, it wasn't only because Deebs had been using the name Marshan that they couldn't find out nothing; our trouble was this dead guy was an entirely different kind of guy from Deebs and didn't do nothing Deebs would have been doing. I was seeing that bartender again to find out what more he knew about Deebs, and it come to me the only identification of the dead guy we had was by them two people.

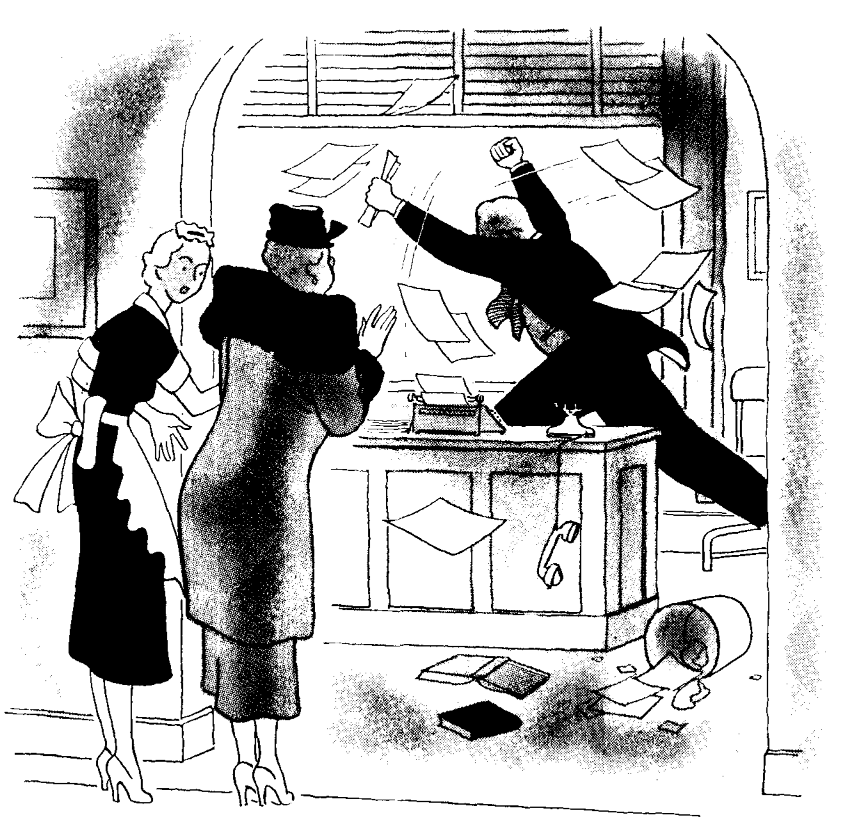
"It was just luck I thought of that. I had the guy's picture in my pocket and I showed it to the bartender and he said the dead guy was Marshan. So then I seen the whole of it. I and you went right out to that apartment in the Bronx, but I knew they wouldn't be there. They knew that as soon as anybody that knew Marshan or Deebs seen the dead guy, or seen his picture, they'd know the dead guy wasn't Deebs, and Deebs and Mrs. Marshan saying he was would put the finger on 'em for the murder.

"Well, we found Marshan had been knocked off in the kitchen. Afterward, Mrs. Marshan had went out of her way to tell the lady across the hall that her and Deebs was going to the country. That meant they weren't; they was just trying to plant a false lead for us cops. A smart guy that the cops are looking for don't leave New York unless he's got some outside place to go where he knows he'll be safe; he stays in New York because that's the hardest place to find him. But Mrs. Marshan's saying that to the dame across the hall meant that her and Deebs had talked about leaving town but had decided against it.

"I couldn't go to them because I didn't know where they was, but I figured if I could point out to 'em some safe place outside where they could go, I could make 'em come to me. I couldn't figure no safer place for a guy that was a landscape gardener than a job in the country where the people didn't want him to have nothing to do with the neighbors. So I fixed up that ad in the paper that I knew they read. Of course I got a lot of answers. But we had Deebs' handwriting on the time sheets from the place where he used to work and we had Mrs. Marshan's handwriting on them little pieces of paper I picked out of the refuse can at her place. It was Mrs. Marshan answered the ad, using a different name. I made an appointment to see 'em at the hotel and you seen how it worked out."

"Well," I reflected, "they say the big half of detective work is luck, but it's the smart cop that has the luck and you're one of them."

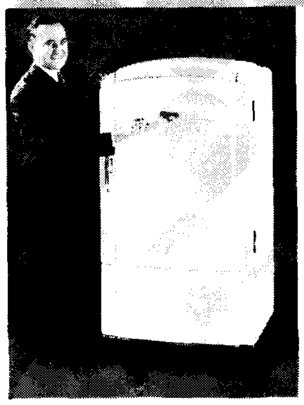
"Yeah? Maybe. I guess if things didn't happen like the marking on that shirt, everybody would want to be a cop, because cops wouldn't have to do no work."



"Mr. MacHarg has been that way for three days. O'Malley failed to solve his last case"

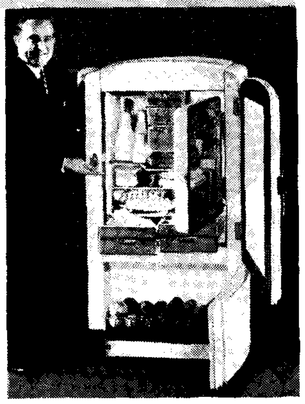
LOOK BEHIND THE NAMEPLATE

FAIRBANKS-MORSE



Look behind this Fairbanks-Morse nameplate! See the greatest improvement in modern refrigeration for the home that has been made in ten years.

The CONSERVADOR—a second door—a separate food compartment keeps frequently used foods at your finger tips—prevents front-of-shelf crowding.



Back of the CONSERVADOR—a complete refrigerator with every desirable feature for greater convenience, economy, and food protection.

Talk about Convenience!

● It's the most convenient refrigerator you ever saw.

(1) The CONSERVADOR plus
(2) new Self-Sealing Crisper, plus
(3) sliding Fruit Drawer

enable you to remove and replace two-fifths of the entire contents of this refrigerator without even opening the main food compartment to the warm outside air! No front-of-shelf crowding. Everything at your finger tips—always. It's the only outstandingly different refrigerator on today's market.

Every Worth-while Feature

New freezing mechanism provides heat-wave-proof freezing protection. New Double-Seal Outer Door provides twice the protection against warm air leaks. Simplified temperature control. Extra storage compartment in three models. Automatic motor protector. Presto ice cube trays. Backed by the 107-year-old Fairbanks-Morse reputation for dependability. See it before you buy. No investigation is complete until you look behind the Fairbanks-Morse nameplate.

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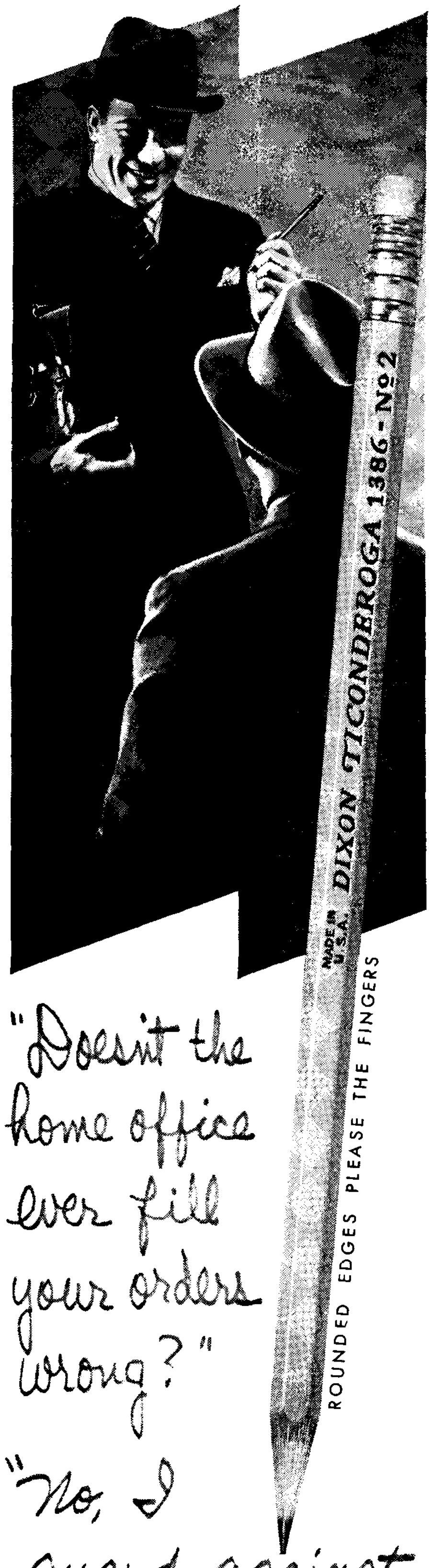

"Doesn't the home office ever fill your orders wrong?"

"No, I guard against errors by making mine out with a Ticonderoga."

Wherever legibility is essential – Ticonderoga is preferred. Out of its super-smooth lead comes *a clear as daylight handwriting.*

*Be sure*
**TICONDEROGA**
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**Five famous leads: No. 1, very soft; No. 2, soft; No. 2-5/10, firm; No. 3, medium; No. 4, hard. With regular tip or with the exclusive Knifedge eraser-tip, for neater erasure of one letter or several. You are entitled to a Ticonderoga for 5¢. Get quantity prices from your dealer.**

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# Castle Key

**Continued from page 17**

to start out, bound for nowhere in particular, the two of you, the way you used to do, and on a clear and zippy morning. You had talked to her about it only yesterday; of beating it away, the two of you, the way you used to do. You might be starting now. You would be up and out and standing by the car and hollering for her to hurry. You would stick your lungs out and breathe deep and feel swell; free and clean and swell and holler at her, "Hey! hey! hurry!" Now she would be coming out and getting in the car and you would start out, just yourselves, and not give two whoops where you headed nor when you got there. Just yourselves.

You'd talked about it to her only yesterday.

GREG heard Rusty coming down the hall. He hadn't been asleep; or had he? It was nearly noon and maybe you could sleep no matter what. But it was time he got up and got ready.

Greg said: "All right, Rusty. I'm awake. Come in."

He started to get up and Rusty said: "I better rub that shoulder, Mistah Greg. Then Delia bring your breakfas' up."

Greg took off his pajama coat. The bruise had turned dark blue, and spread.

Greg said: "It looks bad but it's hardly even sore. Tell Delia I'll just have some coffee. I'll come down."

"She bringin' you some breakfas' now. I rub it just a little till she get here."

It was easier to get back in bed and let them. Greg said: "Well, I'll take my shower first though."

If he took it cold it might help sting some life into him. It didn't, though. It didn't even make him want to dance and yell. He stood there letting it pour over him and all it felt was cold, uncomfortable.

He got back into bed and lit a cigarette and Rusty got the liniment and started on his shoulder. Rusty's hands were big and black and gentle, but the smell of liniment had spoiled the cigarette. Greg put it out and Delia came in with the tray and she would stand there, eying him until he ate. Well, here he was, Greg Adams. There was Delia. There was Rusty. Here he was, in bed and in the house where he'd been born. This might have been five years ago, or ten, or twenty. Only then the room next door had been a nursery; it had been a part of things. Now it was a white and jonquil boudoir; empty; and a part of things no more.

DELIA took the tray away and Greg got out of bed again. He said: "You'll want to go, of course. The service is at two o'clock and you and Delia take my car."

"Thanks, Mistah Greg. It don't seem like it true."

Greg said: "I'll wear the morning coat thing. If it doesn't look like hell."

"I press it fo' you las' night, Mistah Greg."

He'd got it for his wedding. That had been the only time he'd worn it. Once for the rehearsal and the pictures; and the last time to be married in. If you would let it it would all come back now, even now, this morning, as he put it on again for Hugh. The whole thing would come back, in detail, all of it. . . .

Greg heard the door slam downstairs and Bill's whistle and he called, "Come on up, Bill."

Bill had his cutaway on, too. Bill had been thinking of the last time, too, Greg guessed. Comparing it to this time, now, when they had put them on again.

The phone rang just as Bill came in.

Bill said, "I'll go on downstairs, Greg. Delia threatened me with breakfast."

"I'll be ready in a minute. Come on in."

Bill came in and sat down and Greg picked up the phone.

He said: "Oh, hello, Perry."

He could feel Bill carefully not looking at him. Weariness flowed over him again. He said: "Yes—yes—oh, sure, I understand—yes—well, thanks, Perry—yes—yes—sorry you got dragged in—no, not today; I'm leaving now."

He saw Bill leisurely get up and wander over to the window; casual, uninterested, and acting like he thought this call was just another call.

Greg said: "Tomorrow morning, then—well, here, I guess, at my house, ten o'clock, if that's all right—"

"Yes, I suppose so. Yes, I'll have Bill Keith here."

Greg said: "Yes, he'll represent me."

He put the phone down. Bill came over and sat down again. Bill's face was as blank and amiable as if he hadn't heard a word. Well, that was Bill; and you could always count on him. There wouldn't be a word, a look, the faintest sign that anything was wrong, till you were ready; till you started telling him.

Rusty had laid out the striped creased trousers and Greg had gotten into them, carefully. Three years. He thought: "They still fit, anyway."

He told Bill: "No gains through the middle of the line yet, anyway."

Bill grinned. He said: "Well, personally, mine were pretty shy and diffident. As if they'd never met before. I guess I'm just a little manlier across the chest."

"The chest," Greg said.

"Well," Bill said, "you can't blame a man for clinging to the thought. Or maybe they have shrunk. Or I don't drink enough."

"And all that exercise you always never take might do it, too," Greg said.

"My tie fits, though," Bill told him.

You could always count on Bill.

GREG put his coat on. It was after one o'clock and just as well, because they couldn't keep this up indefinitely. It was going to be hell, all right, but even hell was better.

Greg said: "Well, it's after one, Bill."

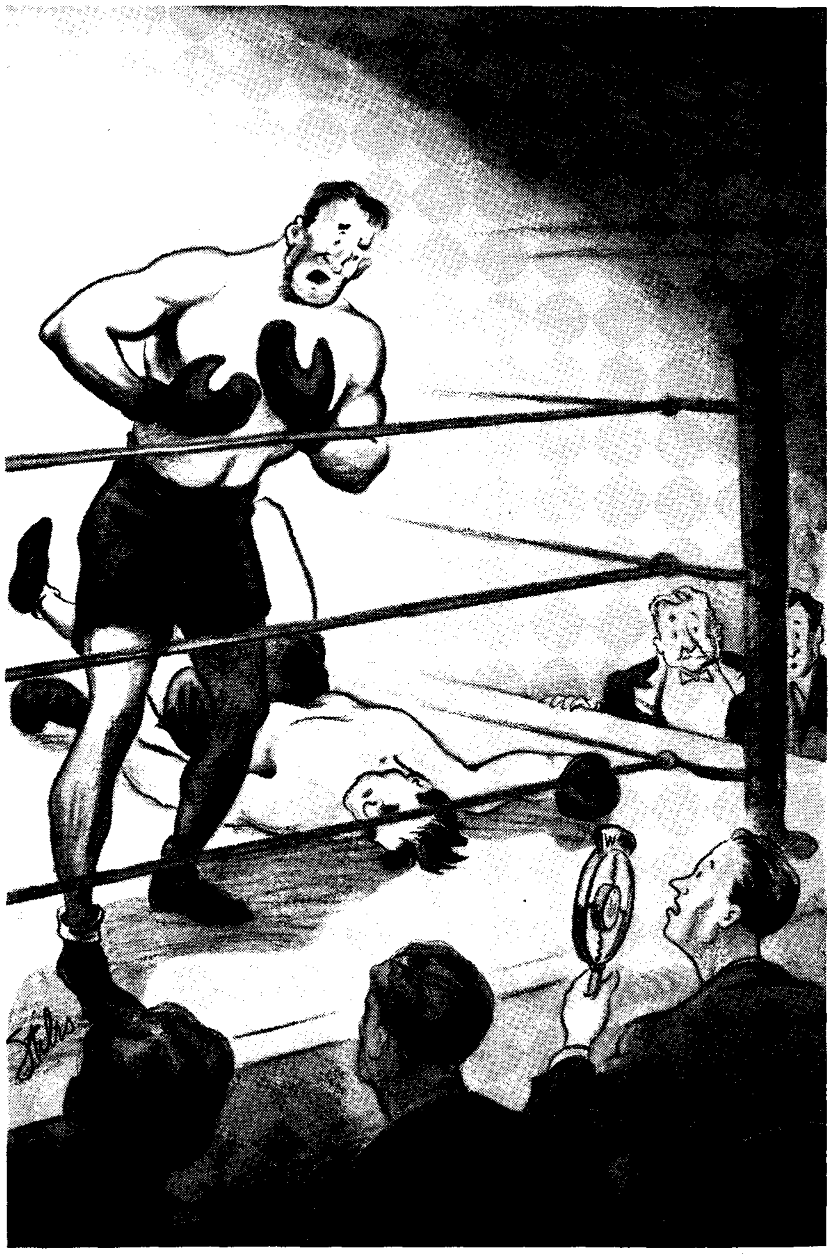
"Yes."

"Do you know how it's—it's arranged?"

"Yes. We are going in the car with Mrs. Tremple and the judge. With June."

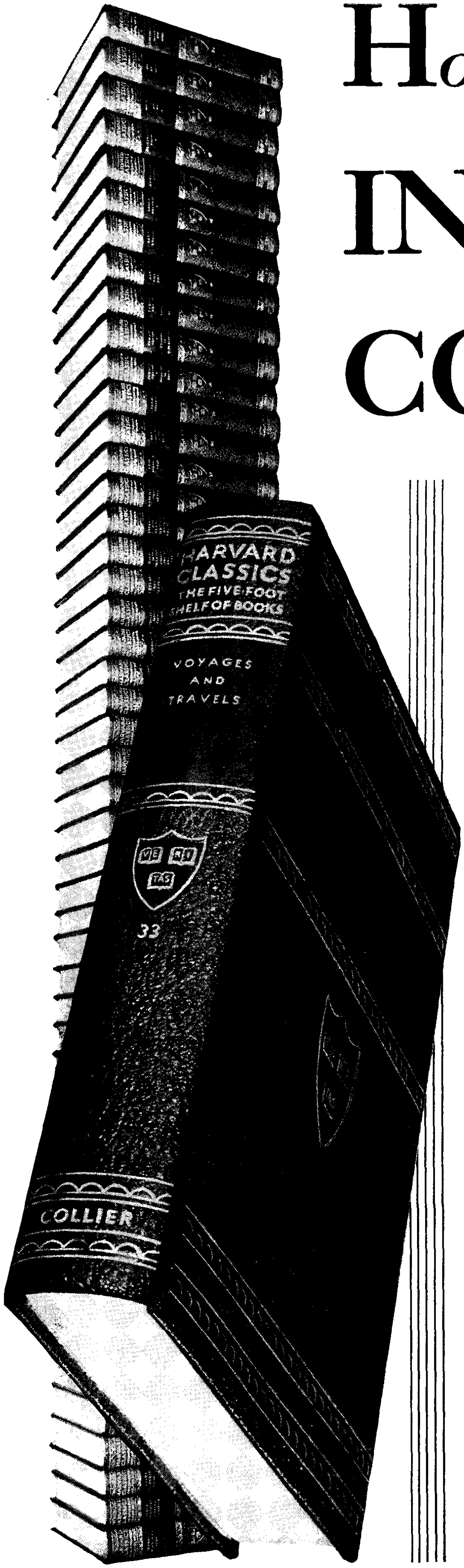
Greg said: "Come on then, Bill."

Perry put the phone down. He'd gotten up a while ago, and dressed, but



"Hey there! You got it wrong. I knocked him out!"

KIRK STILES



# How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

***A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck***

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important, he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He has learned the secret that the reading of great literature opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. This broader view inspires self-confidence. In a word, it's *culture.*

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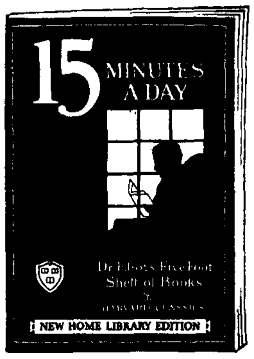

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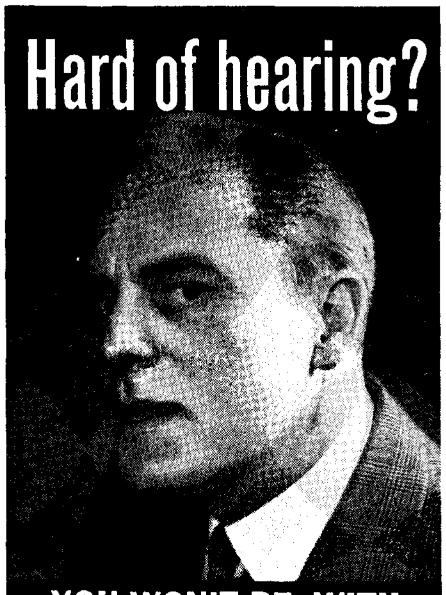
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**KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN**

George was still in bed. Awake, though, with the brandy bottle on the night table and a glass in both hands, warming up the big bowl, sniffing, sniffing, while he sipped. "He's never really stopped it since he got here," Perry thought. Small sips and slowly, but he'd never really stopped, except to sleep; and that was only maybe. But it seemed to make no difference in his steadiness of movement; in his colorless, impassive face.

George said: "Well?"

Perry said: "I'm tired."

"Well?" George raised the brandy glass again.

"You've had enough of that damn' stuff to give a man the d. t.'s," Perry told him, irritably.

HE REACHED to the table for a pack of cigarettes. It slipped between his nervous fingers and he made a grab for it and knocked it on the floor. He felt all shot. He reached down, feeling George's eyes upon him and thought, suddenly: "I've always hated him. I always will. No matter how this thing turns out."

George said: "I asked you what he said, my jumpy little brother."

"It's tomorrow morning," Perry said. "At his house. Listen—I won't have to be there, will I?"

"Good Lord! No!" George said. "You're just the faithful friend who tried to patch things up and failed."

He laughed and Perry said: "You think he'll come through, George? You really think so?"

"Certainly. The gallant Mr. Adams? Sure. The gallant Mr. Adams would get out the roll and peel it to the core before he'd see the fair white lily name of what's-her-name dragged in the mud."

"George, it will have to be quick," Perry said. "The money. If Greg sticks to that idea of going down to Florida—"

"It will be quick," George said. "Who is his lawyer?"

"Keith. Bill Keith."

"A wisey?"

"Adams' best friend. Just a boy-about-town, George. He wouldn't have the least idea. All he would want to do would be to hush a scandal."

"All right, then. It will be quick. Unless it takes him time to dig the money up. Three hundred thousand dollars is a tidy sum."

"Two! Two will cover me, I told you."

George said: "Did you think that I was doing this for love?" He said: "And half your stock in Castle Key. Or did I mention that?"

He laughed and Perry got up suddenly and poured himself a stiff straight drink of brandy. He said: "George, you're crazy. You can't take a man and wife like that and split them up like that and—"

"Well, we did," George said.

"All right," Perry said. "Last night. All right, last night. Sure. She was mad. They'd had a fight. She hates June, anyway, and it was easy, with the way she felt, to—to get her to believe—"

George said: "Of course she would believe you. No one could imagine that there'd be the kind of a skunk who'd lie about a thing like that."

He laughed and Perry turned and threw his glass against the wall and turned and started for the bed and George looked up, his face expressionless, and Perry stopped. His hands were shaking and his knees. He sat down suddenly. He said, his voice still choked with anger: "All right. But it won't work, George. She might do anything when she was mad. But when she thinks it over she won't stand for this, for any holdup, any threats to make a scandal. Rita's not that type, George."

"She won't know it," George said. "I'm her legal representative. All she will know is that he's settled. That he wants to pay up to get rid of her. She'll think it's that way. And there'll be her pride."

"All right. But George; what if he insists on seeing her or something?"

"No. The gallant sir is shocked and horrified. And he won't want to."

"He'll want something!" Perry said. "Good God, George. He won't just write out a check. He won't just take your word—"

"The little legal angles," George said. "I'll attend to them, my little relative. The papers! Yes, we'll have the papers. Little paper authorizing me to act for her; I got that last night, Perry. Little paper, nice and legal for him, settling her marriage claims—in full—when he pays up."

"All right. And if we get that far the money will be hers—not ours. George—"

George laughed. "Did you finally think of that?" He said, "All by yourself?"

He sipped his brandy, slowly and enjoyably. He said: "The money. That part is a nice touch, Perry. After she's confused with signing things and high-class legal phraseology, I simply tell her that she has to sign the money over to be put in escrow till she has her final Reno papers. And it's often done, too. But in this case I'm the escrow. Yes, a nice touch, Perry. So it's hie to Reno and we have the use of it for six weeks and then—"

"And then?"

"Well," George said, "you're the sex-appeal department, Perry. I supply the brains and you supply the sex appeal. You marry her. I thought you'd think of that all by yourself, too, maybe."

It was intricate and diabolical and it was George. You looked at George and it would work. You sat there picking it to pieces, part by part, and it would work. Unless—

George said: "Her father. What you call your mind was just about to get around to him, eh, Perry? And you wondered how I handled him. Why, Papa was the easy part. A stuffed shirt, as you said, and ever since his little Rita's marriage he's been riding, nice and cozy, on the gravy train. And when I told him you'd found out his dandy son-in-law was just about to ease the little lady out, with nothing but a poor bare bone of alimony—why, the old guy would have been for anything that meant some dough."

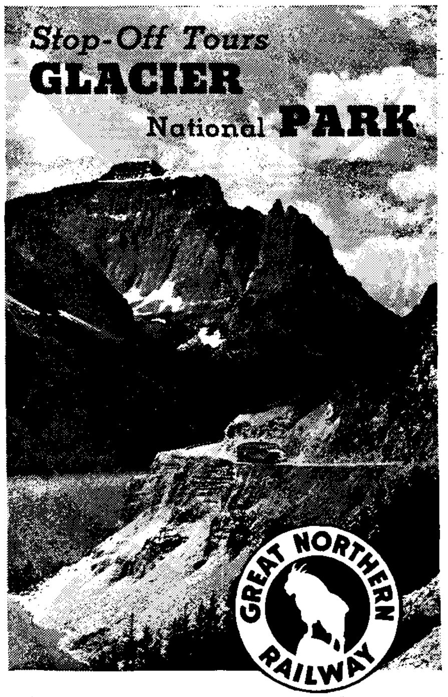
George laughed. He said: "He got so moral and indignant over his poor daughter's plight he didn't even smell the blackmail."

George held up his brandy glass and sniffed. He said: "A very stimulating odor, too."

"Good God, George!" Perry said.

BUT you could see it working. Greg and Rita could be kept apart, especially with her father helping. George could fix the legal things and Greg would settle, quick; he'd want to get the whole mess over, quick. Bill Keith would feel the same way. And about the money, George could fix that, too. She wouldn't even know what escrow meant. She'd sign it over and go off to Reno. Then—

Well, she had kissed him. And he didn't think she did that, casually, very much. In fact, for both of them the twice that he had kissed her was not casual at all and they had known it, both of them. But that was all. And he had known she'd meant it to be all; that she had meant to stop it for that very reason, that it wasn't casual. But that was then; and this was now, and different. George had said: "Well, you're the sex-appeal department." A rotten way of putting it. The way to put it was that she'd be free and they could fall in love and marry. He'd be free, too, then; free of George and all this rotten busi-



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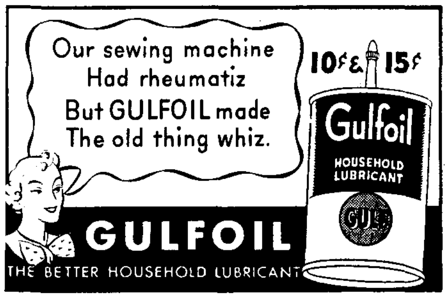

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ness. You could blot it out, then, blot the whole thing out, and pretty soon you would be selling out your share of Castle Key and have a million, you and Rita, and the kind of life you ought to have, and all this business would be like some crazy dream you'd had, not really you at all. And you could blot it out and blot George out and, anyway, the rottenness was his. And you'd be free of it and you'd be Perry Crane again and everything you'd always meant to be.

PERRY raised his eyes and George was looking at him with that faint, infuriating smile. George raised his brandy glass. He said: "The lover's reverie. So sweet. So pure. So innocent."

The mocking eyes searched down and deep. George said: "It won't be long now, Perry. Eh? And you will be a good boy, all your life; and nice to animals and nice to old ladies and a good boy. Won't you, Perry? With a nice clean conscience, too, because you'll have yourself believing all this dirty work was me." George laughed. He said: "Why, sure. You'll have yourself believing it was me who stole the money in the first place. Beat it out of here and close the door, you rotten little jellyfish. I want to sleep."

But you could see it working. You could see it working. There was no flaw anywhere.

Perry got up, moving toward the door and George said suddenly: "He's got it, hasn't he?"

"Got what? Who?"

"Got the money. Adams. Got three hundred thousand dollars. Well? You haven't any doubt about it, have you, Perry?"

Perry's lips were stiff and hard to move. He said: "Good God, George! Why—why, sure! Why, he was left a million—more—why—"

George said: "That's a little detail that I took your word for, Perry. That he has the money; that it's free; not in a trust fund—"

Perry's hands felt clammy. But of course he had it. Everybody knew Greg Adams had a million.

George's lips were curling in that version of a smile that always made you shiver. He said: "That would be an angle, Perry. Trust fund. That he couldn't break." He paused and then said slowly: "But we wouldn't let a little thing like that disturb us. Not us, Perry. Not the firm of Brains and Sex Appeal." He laughed and poured himself a drink with steady hands. He said: "Well, if it's in a trust—"

"It couldn't be! Not all of it. Good God, George."

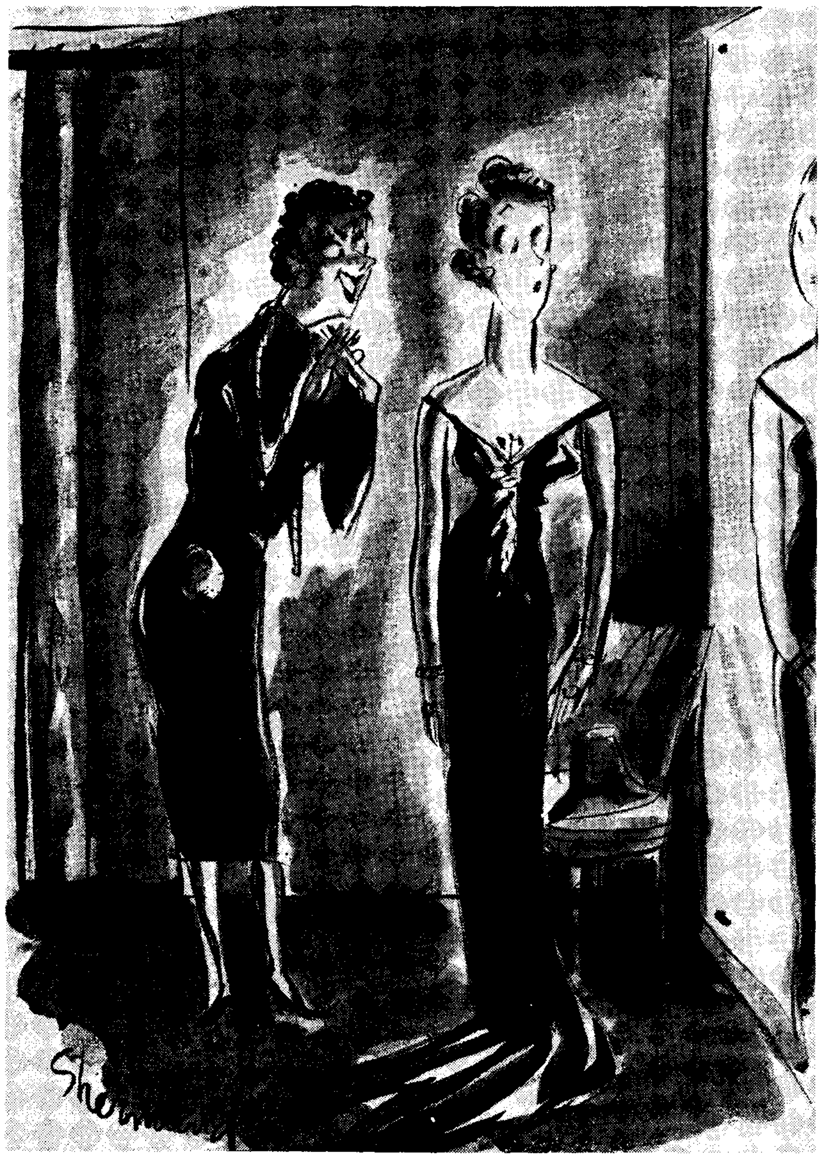
George said: "Trust. I almost like the idea, Perry. If it's in a trust, why, who would get it? Why, the widow, Perry. If he had one. Suddenly. He seems to be the type, too, Perry. He was headed for a widow just the other day, you know, and all that stopped him was a parachute. And he was pretty close to having one last night, too, for a minute. For a minute, Perry."

He was crazy. You could tell it by his eyes. You stood there looking at him, knowing he was crazy. Knowing there was nothing you could do.

George said: "Simpler, really. Then the little widow gets the trust fund. And the sex-appeal department gets the little widow."

Crazy. But Greg Adams had the money. God! He had to have it.

(*To be continued next week*)



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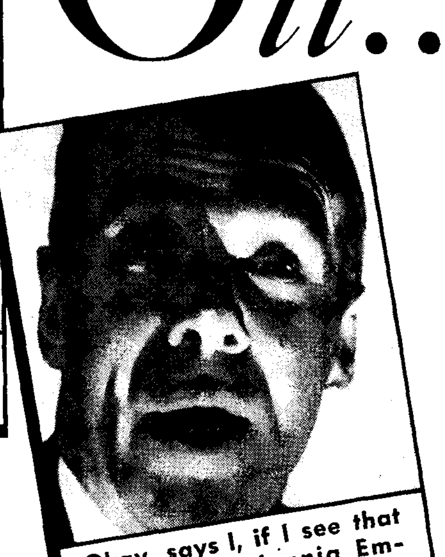

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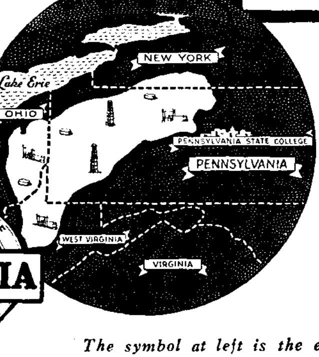

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# Twenty-Four Hours to Live

**Continued from page 21**

up," he admitted. "But let's get back to what we were talking about. We were talking about you and me."

"What were we saying?"

"I was asking the waiter whether he thought we'd be happy."

"What did he say?"

"He said we couldn't miss. He said it was in the stars."

"You talk like a song writer," June laughed.

He looked up. "Odd, that's what I am. By the way, what do you do?"

"What do I do?" June's impulse to laugh suddenly died. She looked at Johnny, and she said bitterly, "What do I do? I keep a diary."

He frowned. "Not much future in that." Then he looked at her keenly. "Listen, youngster, maybe I understand a little bit. Maybe just for today you'd like to have fun, just crazy fun that makes no sense at all. Let's both do that. Let's make believe that today is New Year's Eve. We'll put on paper hats and we'll blow horns and we'll have fun even if it kills us." He reached across the table and took her hand. Then he said, "And don't worry, youngster. I won't spoil things—if you know what I mean."

SHE looked at him and said a little breathlessly, "You do understand a little. And I appreciate it."

"Good," he said briskly. "Now, let's take a quick plungeroo in that there icy brine and get dressed. We can't miss that first race."

She hesitated, then laughed. Why not? "It's New Year's Eve," she said, and she dove into the pool.

While she was dressing, a boy knocked at the door and gave her a package. "It's from the shop downstairs, Mrs. Almy," he volunteered.

"But I didn't order anything," she said, puzzled.

"Mr. Durant ordered it, lady."

She opened it and found a white purse and on it in gold initials the letters, "J. A." The "A" obviously for Almy, but the "J"? He couldn't know that her first name was June.

"Tell me, does Mr. Durant come here often—to the hotel, I mean?"

"Johnny Durant?" the boy laughed. "Every year, lady. He does a lot of his work here. Last winter he wrote 'Live and Love' here."

"'Live and Love'?" June was startled. She knew "Live and Love" as the brightest musical comedy New York had seen in years. She knew the music, as everyone did. She had heard of Johnny Durant, too, as she had heard of Cole Porter or Noel Coward.

"So he really is a song writer?" she mused.

"I'll say. The best in the country, lady. And he writes plays, too. Lots of them. I guess Mr. Durant is very rich. He takes plenty away from the track, too."

Ten minutes later in his car they were streaking toward the race track. "By the way, thanks for the bag," she said.

"A small thing, but mine own," he told her.

"But why 'J. A.'?" she asked quietly.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Almy," he said. "The J is for June, which happens to be my favorite name for a girl. It reminds me of something I loved very much once."

"A girl?" She looked up at him.

"No," he said solemnly, "a song. The first song hit I ever wrote. It was called June Madness and I made a lot of money out of it."

She took her hat off and the breeze gave life to her hair. She found herself humming a song and then singing it.

"I'll write them, you sing them," Johnny laughed. . . .

They went into the clubhouse and up the stairs to the balcony and below them spread the panorama of the track. Hibiscus and palms waved lazily in the infield and the sun shimmered on the black ribbon of the track. The subdued restless talk of ten thousand people came to them from the grandstand.

People came up and Johnny introduced her casually. Once he said, sharply, "Keep those dark glasses on."

"Why?" she protested.

"Because it's New Year's Eve. Here's a man I want you to meet. This is going to be very funny." He laughed, then greeted a dapper man, with hair graying at the temples, who walked up smiling.

"Hello, Johnny boy," he said, "what news?"

"Why, Walter, the biggest story of the day is right here at the track, and you can't see it. By the way, meet Mrs. Almy, whose husband is an old friend of mine. My dear, this is Walter Winchell."

She bridled a bit. Only a few days before Winchell had reported in his column, "June Black and Francis Devan *are soon going to walk that last mile to* the altar."

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Almy," Winchell said. "Now what's that news, Johnny?"

"I'm going to pick six winners today," Johnny told him.

Winchell turned to June in disgust. "It's news when Johnny doesn't pick six winners. He's the luckiest gambler in town, Mrs. Almy."

He walked on. "I think Buckeroo will take it all in this heat, June," Johnny said, looking at his card. "What say we drop some on his pretty nose? By the way, have you any money with you?"

"Money?" she said blankly. That was the one thing she had forgotten. Money! She didn't have a cent.

"Here, take a hundred from me. You can pay me back later. We're going to get rich this afternoon so we can get poor tonight at the dice tables."

"I couldn't," she protested, as he handed her a hundred-dollar bill.

"It's New Years' Eve," he assured her solemnly. "Now how much of that do you want to bet on Buckeroo?"

"Well," she said uncertainly, "suppose I bet two dollars on Buckeroo to show."

"Two dollars to show!" His voice was shocked.

SUDDEN anger flared within her and she snapped, "All right, I'll bet the whole hundred on him to win."

"Now you're talking, youngster." He nodded to a betting commissioner. "Get me two hundred-dollar tickets on Buckeroo, win, in the first."

"Two hundred, Buckeroo, win, the first," the betting commissioner repeated.

June sat there tense and nervous as the horses went to the post. Buckeroo was a gray and he pranced nervously up the stretch in front of the grandstand.

A short, stocky man with black curly hair slapped Johnny on the back. "How are you, Johnny?" he smiled, and Johnny with an amused look on his face introduced him to June.

"Meet Mr. Hoover, June. This is Mrs. Almy, whose husband is a great friend of mine," he said, and as June looked at him she felt that inwardly he was laughing to himself.

"How do you do, Mrs. Almy."

"How's business, Edgar?" Johnny asked.

"Terrible, thank goodness," Hoover laughed. "I'm taking a vacation."

Johnny casually lit a cigarette. "Does that thing at Palm Beach look like a snatch?"

Hoover shook his head. "That's what the papers say, isn't it? But I don't think so."

"What is that?" June asked breathlessly.

"Oh, some silly kid stayed out all last night and they're all excited about it," Hoover explained.

"Have they called in your department yet?" Johnny asked.

"Listen, Johnny," Hoover laughed, "if they called us in every time a kid decided to stay out all night, we'd never get any work done. But as a matter of fact, the kid's father had me on the phone. He insists that his daughter was kidnaped."

"Who is he?" Johnny asked.

"Oh, he owns a little thing on wheels," Hoover replied.

"A kiddie car?" Johnny asked.

"No, a railroad. His name is Robert Minton Black."

"Never heard of him," Johnny said casually. "So long."

"Who was that?" June asked as Hoover walked away.

"A man named J. Edgar Hoover. He's a detective, a G-man. G as in grape, which reminds me we ought to have a drink."

"And hadn't you really ever heard of him?" June demanded incredulously.

"Hoover? I've known him for ten years."

"No, no," she said impatiently. "I mean Robert Minton Black."

"Honest, lady. I never knew he existed until this minute. But they're about ready to go."

He'd never heard of her father. What was it she had said to Francis the night before? "I would give anything to know just one man who didn't know my father, who wasn't afraid of him." Well, she certainly knew such a man now!

"They're off!" The most thrilling cry ever to leap eagerly from ten thousand throats told that ten thoroughbreds were straining with every nerve and fiber of their bodies as well as every bit of their hearts to be the first to cross the finish line. They thundered past the stretch and around the curve.

"Lady Jane leads—White Rabbit has the place—Jaywalker is third. . . " The announcer's voice calling the race droned through the loud-speakers.

"Where is Buckeroo?" June cried.

"Nowhere, yet," Johnny told her.

"Oh, Johnny, hasn't he a chance?"

"He's got four legs like the rest of them," he smiled.

"Lady Jane on top—White Rabbit has the place—Buckeroo is coming fast. . . . Buckeroo is second!"

THEY thundered down the stretch and June stood quivering with excitement, not knowing that she was screaming, "Buckeroo, come on Buckeroo!" And Buckeroo came on. He won by a nose and June turned a laughing face to Johnny. "He won, Johnny, he won!"

"I told you he was a friendly horse."

"Such a wonderful horse!" she cried.

A roar went up as the mutuel pay-off was listed. Buckeroo paid $18 for a two-dollar ticket. June and Johnny each got $900.

"And it's only the first race," Johnny told her. "Now we have something to bet with."

Mimi D won the second. They lost the third race, but Windfall copped the fourth for them. They lost the fifth, but Squirt, a long shot, came home for them in the sixth, paying $32.50, and June incredulously looked at $5,000 which she had in her bag, the day's winnings.

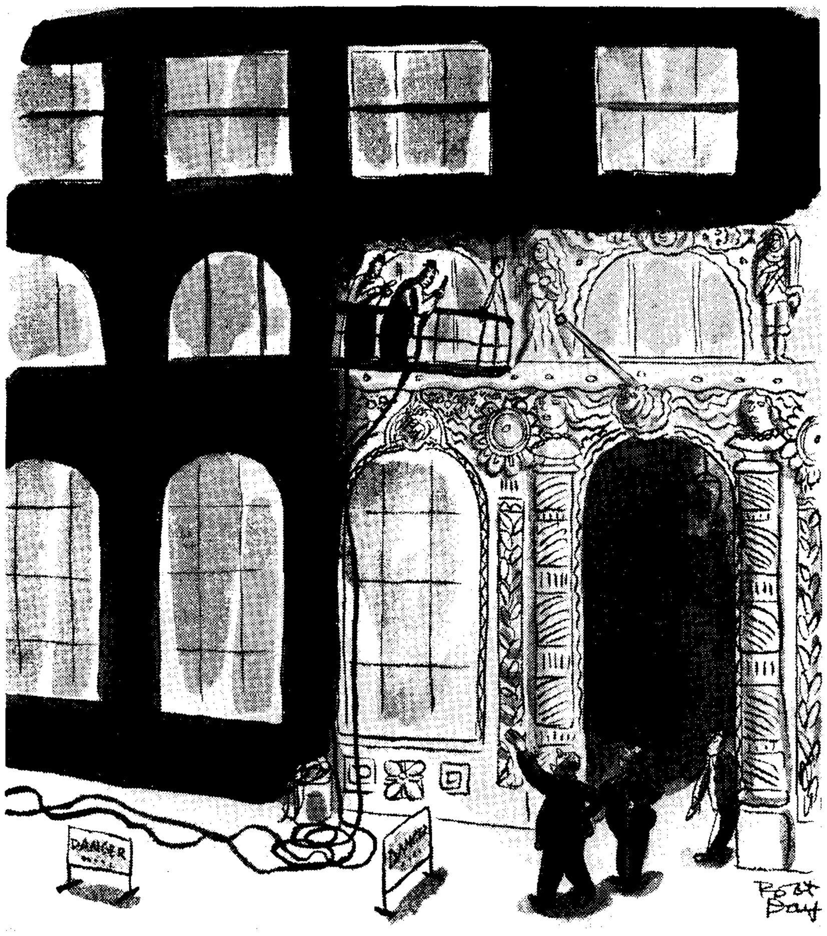
"Nothing like New Year's Eve," Johnny told her as they roared along Bird Road at seventy miles an hour.

"No," she said with a little catch in her voice, "but it ends so soon."

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "and at midnight the little princess, tired after playing all day with the peasant children, went back to her castle."

She looked up sharply. "Johnny, Johnny, you know?"

"Yes—you must go back to Papa Robert Minton Black, who owns things on



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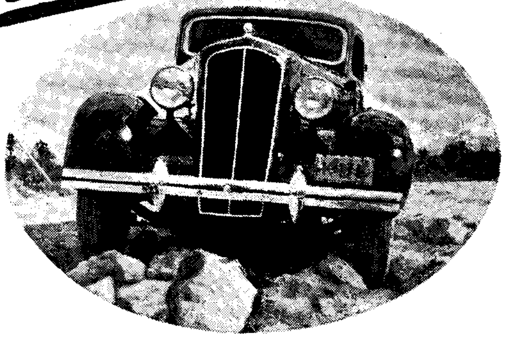

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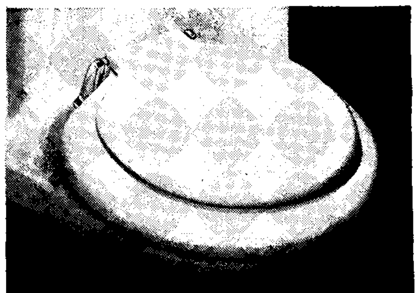

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wheels. You must go back to Francis and polo games and to bridge."

"Stop, Johnny!" she said, white-faced. "You're being mean, dreadfully mean. Yes, I must go back but can't we—can't we finish New Year's Eve?"

"Of course we can," he said gently.

"Where will we go tonight, Johnny?" She raised suddenly solemn eyes to his.

"Where will we go?" he repeated. "Never worry about where you're going, June; think of where you've been and if it's been fun, why, it'll be fun where you're going."

The car rolled up in front of the hotel. "Go up and sleep for an hour, June," he told her. "Then get dressed. The royal carriage will be waiting."

June couldn't sleep immediately. Too many thoughts, too many impressions were racing through her mind. Today she had seen another world, a world of men and women who knew how to play without being bored.

AND the next thing she knew, the imperious ring of a phone interrupted dreams in which the waves were singing and she was clad in a wrap of sea foam, gravely fixing stars in her hair.

"Time to get up, youngster," Johnny's laughing voice came to her. "By the way," he added casually, "you might pack your bag and bring it along. I'll have your car sent back to Palm Beach. I'll drive you home tonight."

"Home? Oh, yes—thank you, Johnny." She sat up slowly and stared ahead. Then abruptly she made a decision. She leaped up and a moment later she was splashing in a cold shower. When she met Johnny in the lobby he saw a girl in white satin that made him gasp. Her dark brown hair curled rebelliously in wisps away from its combed sleekness and her eyes were starry bright.

"You look like one of those dolls they put over telephones," he gasped.

He told a bellboy to put her bag in the car and then they walked out into the magic softness of the night.

Dinner with Johnny was an adventure. He ordered food casually with none of the studied effort most of the men with whom she had dined affected.

After dinner, they walked into the adjoining room. Tables lined the walls, and the song of the little ball whirling merrily around the roulette wheel, the merry clicking of the dice as they rolled over the green baize of the tables, the monotone of the croupiers and the subdued laughter of men and women all formed stimulating overtones.

A group around a dice table parted to make room for them. "Give us each a stack of blues," Johnny said, and he handed the croupier two thousand-dollar bills.

"That's an awful lot," June protested.

"But it's only money, June," he said, amused.

"Money is power, Daddy says."

He laughed. "And power is the second most unimportant thing in the world. My dice? Well, I'll shoot ten blues."

The blue chips were fifty dollars a piece. Johnny took the dice, rolled them, and two big sixes came up.

"Box cars, the house wins," the croupier droned.

"Ten more," Johnny smiled at June's expression of dismay. Again he rolled and once more two big sixes came up.

"Oh, Johnny, that's a thousand dollars," June gasped. To her it seemed sinful to squander money like this.

"But I'll get lucky, June. Let's have two more stacks of blues. Now I'll shoot twenty blues—that's a thousand. Dice, be good to me."

The dice rolled out, slammed against the boards that edged the table and came to rest, a six and a one.

"Seven, the player wins," the croupier said.

"We leave it. shoot the two thousand." Once again Johnny shot and this time the dice showed eleven.

"Eleven, the player wins the money."

"That's four thousand dollars," June gasped.

"It stays there," Johnny said calmly. There was a murmur from around the table.

"No, Johnny, hold back some," June said. "You'll lose it all if you don't."

"All or nothing, honey," he laughed. "We'll shoot at the moon. Then if we lose at least we know that we were shooting at something big."

"But four thousand dollars!" she wailed.

"It's only money, youngster, it's only money. Am I faded?"

"The gentleman is faded," the croupier said. June leaned forward over the table, white-faced. She was tense and she felt now as though she and Johnny were against the world. She felt alive and vital and then Johnny rolled. The dice showed ten.

"A ten," the droning voice said. "The player is after a ten."

"A hard one to make, June, but keep your chin up." The dice rolled—a six, then an eight, then a four.

"I've found you at last! What do you mean running off like that, driving your father and me half crazy?" June and Johnny turned and there was a tall slim man, tight-lipped, trembling with anger.

"Oh, it's Francis," June said weakly. "Francis, this is Johnny Durant."

"Quiet, sonny, I'm after all the money." Johnny told him and rolled the dice again.

"Do you know that the whole police force and the G-men of the country are looking for you?" Francis said fiercely. "Now I find you in this gambling dive. Come home with me immediately. Your father flew back tonight—he's waiting for you."

"Quiet, sonny," June said with sudden courage. "Johnny is after a ten."

There was a subdued cheer from those around the table. "The dice read ten, the player wins," the croupier droned.

"Johnny, Johnny boy, you've won!" June cried. "Francis, Johnny boy won all the money!"

"Johnny boy?" Francis lifted patrician eyebrows.

"I'll pass the dice," Johnny said. "Credit me with these, Mac," and he pushed the pile of chips across the table.

"Well," Johnny said quietly, "let's go into the bar. We'll have a farewell drink, youngster. New Year's Eve is over."

"Over," she repeated dully.

THEY walked into the bar. "We've been looking all over for you," Francis ranted. "How you escaped being found, I don't know. Your picture was on page one of all the Miami papers today: The story of your disappearance was in every paper in the country."

June turned to Johnny. "That's how you knew?"

"I didn't know until this morning. I was reading the papers when you came down to breakfast. You photograph very well. Three brandies, Jimmy. Francis, my boy, a brandy will do you good. You look bad."

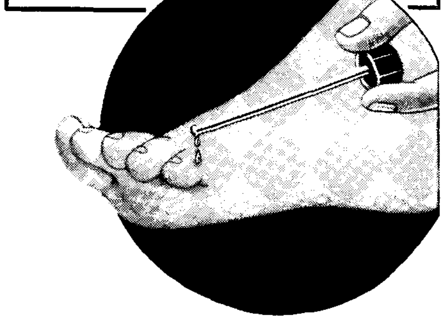
"I—I had a terrible day—just a dreadful day," Francis admitted.

"You missed the polo, I bet. And roller skating, too," Johnny added solemnly. "I understand the boys at the Colony have taken up roller skating."

"Yes," Francis' face lit up. "It's a lot of fun, no end of fun. By the way, are you downtown, Mr. Durant?"

"No, I operate from uptown. I buy on Monday and sell on Friday. Works out very well. By the way, Mr. Devan, I'll bet you I can guess your weight." He put his hands on the shoulders of the startled Francis. "Mm, let me see now. About—I'd say—" He ran his hands over the thin chest of Francis. "Very deceptive, June, these tall thin men. Very

HOW TO REMOVE CORNS
—without using pads or knife



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hard to tell. You know I did this at Coney Island once for a living. Jimmy, what would you say he'd go?"

The bartender came out from behind his bar and looked solemnly at the bewildered Francis. "About 135, I'd say, Mr. Durant."

"Come, now," Johnny laughed. "You weigh more than that, don't you, Mr. Devan? No, no, don't answer," he said quickly. "It wouldn't be fair. Jimmy, get a couple of waiters over here. Let's do this right. I need some expert advice."

Two white-coated waiters, hearing Johnny, came over and ran their hands over Francis.

"Oh, I say now," Francis said feebly.

"June, if he had his coat off I could tell in a minute," Johnny told her, and then he looked at her and saw that her eyes were filled with tears. A party of six, sitting at a near-by table, came to watch. Two waiters deftly removed Francis' coat.

"What would he weigh, ladies and gentlemen?" Johnny called gaily. "Feel his muscles. Look at those shoulders. Did you ever play football, Mr. Devan?"

"But, really, Mr. Durant. I really, I never—"

"Come now, don't be modest," Johnny laughed. "Step up, folks, help me guess this man's weight. First time in ten years I've been stumped."

THE bar was crowded now. People from the dining rooms, hearing the noise, had crowded around Devan. People came in from the gambling room. Then Johnny looked for June and she wasn't there. He slipped away from the crowd and hurried out of the bar.

"That lady with you is outside in your car, Mr. Durant," a doorman told him.

He found her huddled in the front seat, sobbing miserably. He got into the seat beside her.

"You've spoiled everything, you've spoiled everything," she choked.

"How, June? How have I spoiled anything?"

"I was going back tonight. I was going back to the life that is mine. Back to Daddy and to Francis. Yes, I would have married Francis and been contented. But I never can marry him now," she wailed. "He was so ridiculous—such a fool."

Johnny started the motor. "But funny, very funny, June. Think of how funny he looked with his coat off. Think of the fun we've had today. Nicest New Year's Eve I ever spent."

The car roared out of the club grounds and wheeled south.

"This isn't the way to Palm Beach," June said.

"We're not going to Palm Beach."

"Oh," she faltered.

"We're going to Coral Gables."

"Oh?"

"I know a man there."

"Oh!"

"He performs marriages." The car wheeled around a corner on two wheels, and the shock threw June against Johnny's right shoulder.

She was silent for a moment and then she said:

"Oh, Johnny boy, aren't you going to stop the car and kiss me?"

He stopped the car and now he wasn't clowning Johnny Durant. He was a young man in love and he took June in his arms and he said the kind of things that he'd written in his songs—but this time he meant them; and she whispered:

"Will it always be New Year's Eve for us, Johnny?"

He nodded and said, "My darling, of course it will. I decided that at four o'clock yesterday morning in the hotel lobby."

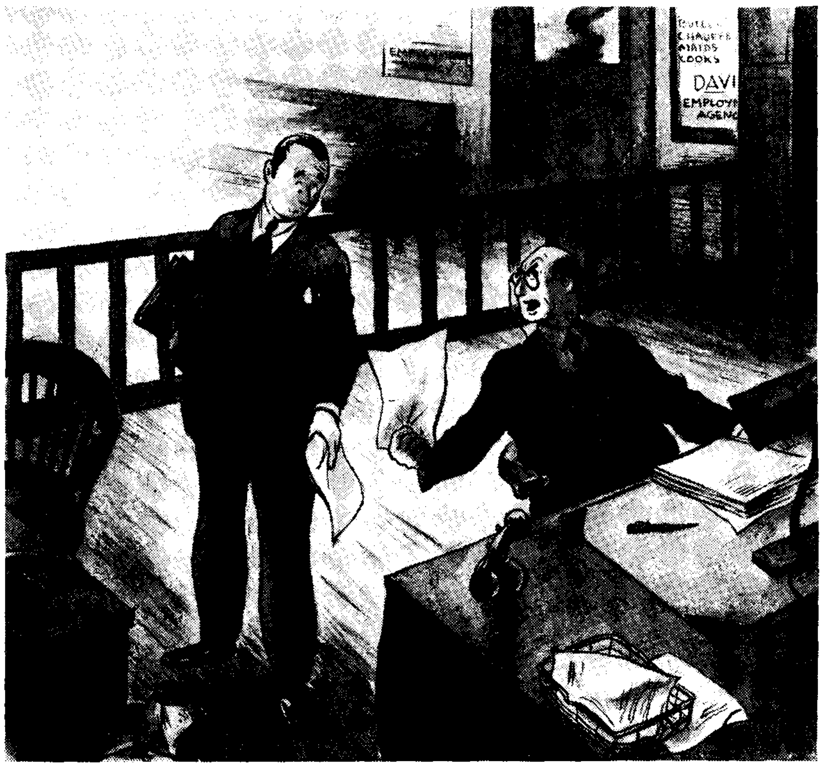
"Johnny, I forgot something!" June walked back to the rumble seat for her bag. She opened it and there lying on top of a heap of clothes was her diary. She opened it. There was the last notation. "Dear diary, nothing ever happens in Florida."

"Look, Johnny, and I wrote that only twenty-four hours ago." She slowly tore the page out of the book, carefully crumpled it, tore it into a hundred pieces and then threw them away.

Johnny took the diary in his hand. "Honey, this diary was written by a girl who is now dead. So let's bury it. There's a nice bunch of hibiscus plants." He tossed the book into the bushes that bordered the road. "Starting tonight, we'll begin a new diary but instead of writing it we'll live it."

"It ought to be fun, Johnny."

"It will," he assured her, "be fun."



"What is the meaning of this description of Miss Charles—Eyes: Mmm; Hair: Mmm?"

G. WOLFE

# "A Foot Stuck Out of the Mud..."

Someone Lay
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Beneath that Wreck...
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Couldn't Lift It!

"My brother and I were going to bed when we heard tires screaming on 'Death Curve,' a dull tinny thud, the clank of glass, then silence," writes Fred Holgate who lives on a farm out of Waterloo, Iowa. "As we ran from the house, I grabbed my flashlight, and a good thing I did.

"The car was lying on its side in the mud and water of the ditch. We pried open a door and found one man on the back seat. That seemed peculiar, so we asked if there were any more. He said, 'Yes.' But they certainly weren't inside, and we looked around some time before finding a foot sticking out of the mud under the wreck. We couldn't budge the car so I ran back to the road, stopped the next two cars with my flashlight and with four husky helpers we pulled two unconscious forms from under the fender. One of them was so nearly drowned it took artificial respiration to bring him back. Another few minutes under that car and it would have been too late.

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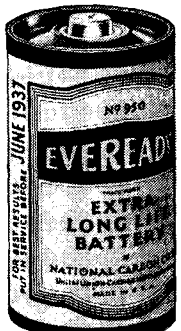

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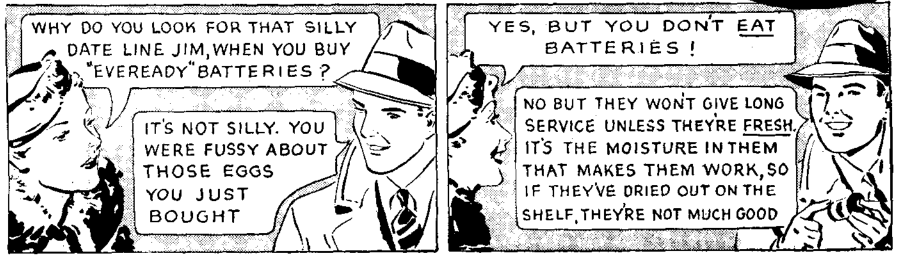

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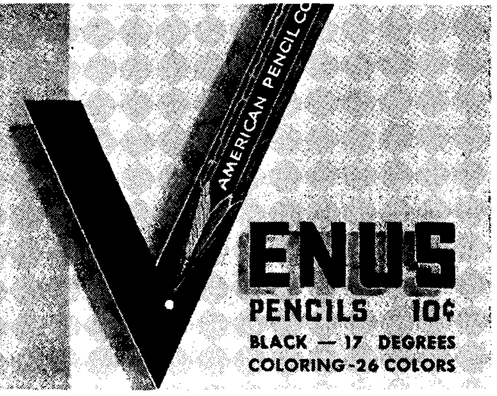


PHOTOGRAPHED BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Frank McGowan and daughter. She won't see Daddy much this summer; he'll be busy playing big-league baseball

# Third Time UP

**Mr. Frank McGowan has spent seventeen years going up and down in the baseball world. At present he is the most venerable rookie in the majors—and if anybody knows all the answers, it's Mr. Frank McGowan**

### By Bill Cunningham

THE bells in Buffalo's spires had already bonged the hour of midnight when Outfielder Frank McGowan walked up to the plate and stood storklike for a moment just outside the box, tapping the mud out of his cleats with the bole of his bat. Night ball can run long in the minors—especially in those daylight-saving towns. Long and chill, in a northerly spot such as Buffalo, where midnight in August often brings a foretaste of September.

It was the last half of the ninth, the score was tied and the Bisons had the winning run on third. There'd been a rustle of sorts on the Rochester bench as McGowan climbed out of the dugout, but the decision to send in another flinger was apparently abandoned. The pitcher shook off the first signal, accepted the second and rocketed his fast one up the low groove which is the blind spot of night baseball hitting.

The veteran center fielder of the Bisons swung.

The crash sounded like a truck running over an orange crate. The viciously hit liner cleared the infield, landed safely between right and center and trickled on toward the deep purple of the distant outfield shadows.

The runner on third galloped home. The hitter touched first. The crowd, most of whom had their coat collars turned up by now, gave a final whoop and started for the exits.

The ball game was over.

McGowan was slower than usual getting dressed that night. The room was nearly empty when he finally emerged from the showers, after a good half hour under extra-hot water, and started across to his locker by the window.

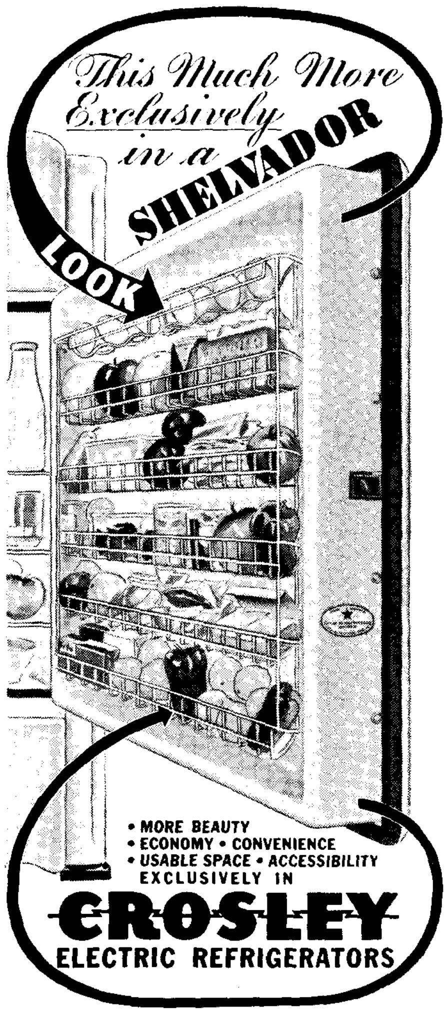
Frank Wakefield, the Buffalo sports writer, sat there waiting for him.

"You looked pretty good on that last one," the scribe said.

"Yeah," said McGowan, "but not good enough. I guess I've had enough of this racket."

"What d'ye mean, enough?" said Wakefield, "you're going like a million in there. You're almost a cinch for the most-valuable-player award. You'll win our Buffalo popularity contest hands down. You're hitting around .400. You're driving in more runs than anybody in the league. You're still fast on the bases. Your fielding's okay and there's not a better throwing arm in the league. You're headed back for the majors the way you're going."

"The majors?" said McGowan, with a



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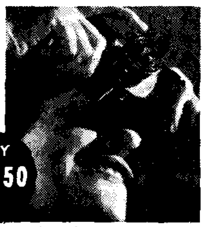

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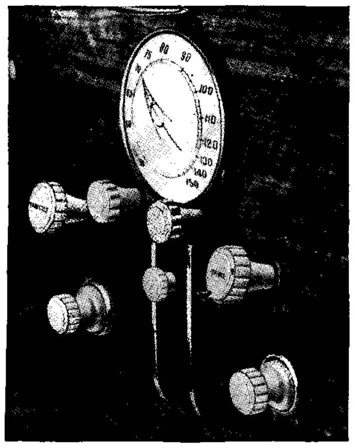

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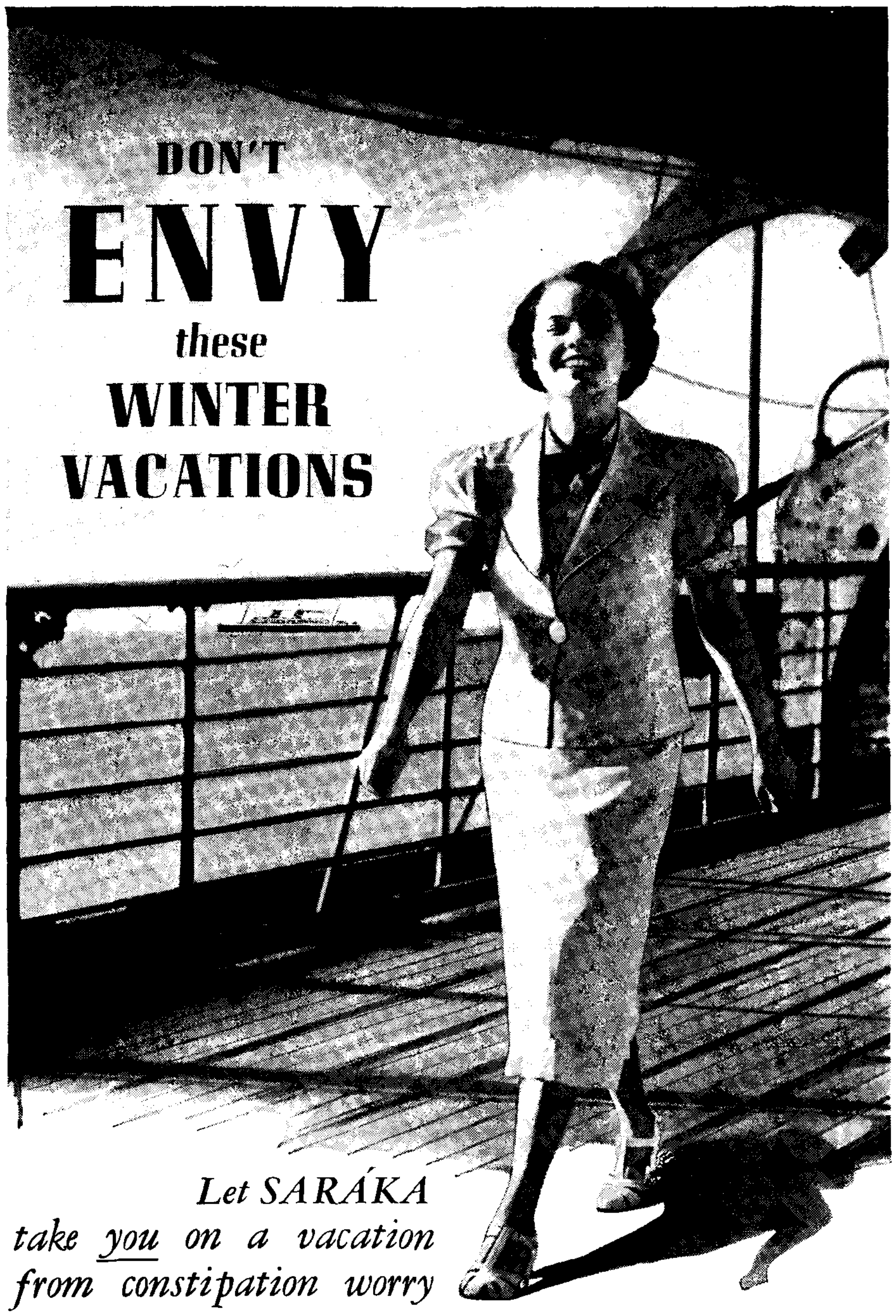

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bitter sort of smile, as he sat down on the bench and reached for his socks. "The majors aren't taking any ballplayers thirty-four years old, with seventeen years of service already behind them and the reputation of having been up twice and failing to stick either time. It's nothing but curtains for me. This is my last season if I can stick this one out."

"What's the matter with you?" said Wakefield. "You looked like a colt out there tonight—and every night, for that matter—and you talk as if you were a broken-down plug. What's got you down?"

"What's the use of kidding yourself?" said McGowan. "I'm not going anywhere. The majors don't want old men like me, and I can't take this night baseball much longer. I don't blame the minors for playing night ball. They've got to do something, and this apparently is it. And it's all right for the kids. A kid can stand anything. But when you've had seventeen years of it, your machinery's not exactly all it used to be. You've got to start taking care of it, and in this kind of baseball you can't very well.

"I don't mind the lights," he said. "You don't get as fast a jump on the ball maybe, and low pitching's a little harder to see, and yet," he grinned, "I kissed that last one, didn't I?"

### Two Bad Breaks

"Right on the beauty spot," said the sports reporter. "It's probably rolling yet."

"No, the way they've improved the lamps," said the player, "night ball's easy enough to play. It's what it takes out of the system. In daylight ball, you can set a routine. Games start the same time and finish about the same time. Here, depending upon what kind of time they have in the various places, they start anywhere up to nine-thirty and sometimes don't wind up until one o'clock. It must be almost one o'clock now."

"Yeah, I know," said the sports writer.

"I'm not kicking at the game," said the veteran with something of a shrug, as he lighted a cigarette and watched the smoke curl upward. "The game doesn't owe me anything, when I look at it one way. I'd like to have been something more than just a minor-league ballplayer, to be sure, but, after all, I've made a living out of even that for seventeen years. I've seen the whole show and all departments of the show from bench warmer to manager. I've baked in Kansas City and Columbus and frozen in Buffalo and Montreal.

"I've been up twice and didn't stick either time. Once it wasn't my fault. Once it was. I've seen fellows I broke in with, and even some that broke in after I did, move up, take their whirls in the majors and come down again. I was there to congratulate them when they went up and was waiting right there in the same spot ten or a dozen years later to greet them when they came down on their way out.

"But at least I've had steady work. I've saved some of my money—enough to tide me over until I can get a start in something else. I do basketball and football officiating in the off-season and a fellow in New Haven says I really could sell insurance if I got in there and really pitched. I've got a swell wife and a young daughter who thinks I'm pretty nice. I guess they can stand a little more of the old man around the house. I'll try not to make 'em too much bother."

"But you still like baseball?" asked the scribe.

"Like it?" said the ballplayer, "I love it—and love it better than anything else except my family. I guess I've seen more of it and more different kinds of it than a lot of the fellows who really are famous in it. I quit school for it and have given my life to it. And but for a couple of bum breaks I might have got somewhere in it maybe. The first of those breaks was a broken bone. The second was some bad headwork on my part following the wrong sort of advice.

"You see," he continued, "I came out of a little place called Branford, Connecticut. That's about seven miles from New Haven. I was in my third year in high school and was playing outfield with the Branford town team. New Haven was in the old Eastern League then. A fellow named George Weiss owned the team, and old Chief Bender was manager. New Haven was short an outfielder, and our manager, a fellow named Jerry Reynolds, was friendly with Weiss. He told Weiss about me and they gave me a tryout. I finished the season with them as a regular. We won the pennant. That was 1920. I was seventeen years old.

"Baltimore—Jack Dunn was still alive and had the club then—bought me at the end of the season but sent me right on to Newark in a player deal. I hit .315 with Newark that season, and the Athletics drafted me. Roy Mack, Connie Mack's son, was the Newark business manager. I never knew but I always figured he recommended me to his father.

"So here I was set for a major-league tryout and it looked as if I was on my way. Then came the first of those breaks I've been telling you about. It was a broken wrist. I got it just one week before I was due to report to the Athletics' camp at Eagle Pass, Texas, in 1922. Got it in a semi-pro basketball game.

"But I didn't know it was broken. I thought it was just sprained. I reported and tried to play, but the wrist wouldn't get better and that situation went on for a couple of years, with me occasionally going into the line-up and getting nowhere because the wrist wouldn't respond to treatment. All the rest of the time I spent with doctors, masseurs and all that. Finally a New Haven doctor decided the wrist must have been broken all along. He operated, found he was correct, removed some splintered bone and it got all right.

"But the big discovery had come just too late. Connie had got tired of waiting for me to prove something one way or the other and sent me to Milwaukee.

"Milwaukee shunted me on to Kansas City in a big player deal before I even got a good look at the town, and I was with the Blues in '25. In '26, I held out and was shipped back to where I started from New Haven on option.

### Back in the Majors

"But that was only for a season and was done in the interests of discipline.

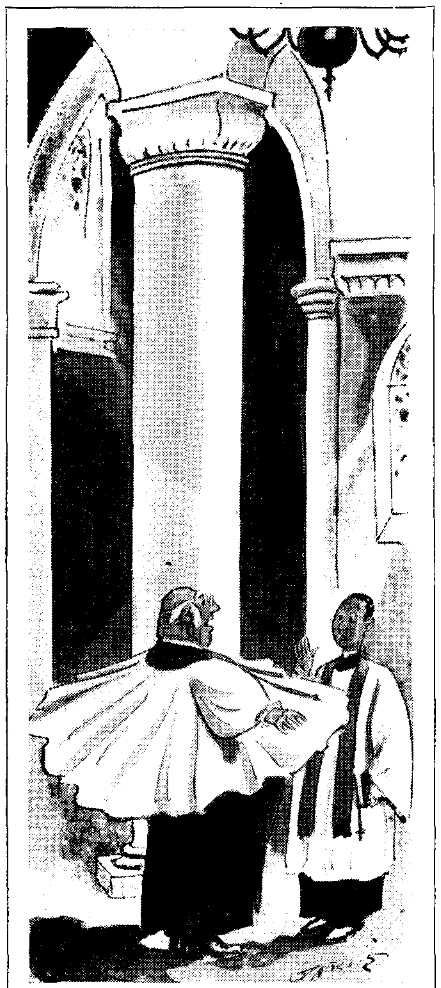
"The Blues pulled me back in '27, and I went along with 'em until I broke my right leg sliding in Columbus, Ohio, in August. But it was a clean break and I was back in '28, and then my next big chance came along. We were playing a series with the St. Louis Browns. The series was tight and I was in a lucky streak. I made a half dozen catches that surprised even myself and hit safely almost every time I came up. I finally busted up the last game with a three-bagger and the next thing I knew St. Louis had taken me in an even player swap for Frank Wilson.

"So here I was back in the majors again. I had a good year. I guess you could even call it a great year. I was the regular right fielder, with Heine Manush and Fred Schulte in the other gardens, and I hit .363. But the good year was, in a way, my downfall, for after the season I went on a trip with a couple of older ballplayers. Never mind who they were now, but they were crabbing about money and I made the mistake of listening to them and getting ideas of my own.

"I was getting $5,500 at the time and I now realize that was pretty good pay for a first-year man, but I'd really played good ball that year and nothing had been said about a raise. They said I was crazy if I took a cent less than $7,500. They had to have me, the older ballplayers said, and I might as well show 'em I had some sense in my head.

"Listening to that advice was the major mistake of my life. I was completely licked in the long run, had made bad friends with all the club executives, came back whipped, dissatisfied and far behind the rest of the team in condition. In that frame of mind, I couldn't play ball, and had a bum year. And I guess word got around that I was a hard guy to handle, for when they shipped me down to Baltimore at the end of the season—that was '29—none of the other clubs said, 'Wait a minute.'

"I guess you know the rest of the story. I was with Baltimore in '30, '31 and '32, a confirmed minor-leaguer now with all major dreams gone glimmering. In '33 they made me manager. But by the middle of '34, the fans were riding the club, and me with the club, so I asked 'em to tear up my contract as manager and ship me somewhere else as just a ballplayer. That's how I happened to come to Buffalo."



**"The laundry put too much starch in it"**

CHESTER GARDE

Lights were burning in the front office upstairs as they left the park in the chill of early morning. If either had known why, neither would have been meandering off the premises so casually.

Business Manager Leo Miller was up in his sanctum under those lights pondering a call he'd recently had from a blocky gentleman with a shock of white hair and a brusque way of speaking.

"I am," said the gentleman when he'd made his call, "Bob Quinn, president of the Boston National League Baseball Club and I want to talk with you about your outfielder, McGowan. They told me there were no baseball players in the International League, but the last time we were in Brooklyn, I went over to one of your night games with Newark and I suddenly found myself watching this McGowan. The first thing that caught my eye was when he went far over to his left to trap a hard-hit ball, and then he threw out by ten feet a runner trying to go from first to third. He has an arm like a rifle.

"At bat," he continued, "I saw him bunt, hit, steal a couple of bases—in fact, do everything an outfielder can be expected to do. I've been following you around for a couple of weeks watching him, and I think I want to talk terms with you for him. I know he's an old-timer, but just how old is he?"

"Well," said Miller, "he says he's thirty-four. The record books say thirty-five. However old he is, he's been in there seventeen years, but he's undoubtedly the best ballplayer in the league. He knows all the answers and seldom makes a mistake."

And so the conversation had gone.

Downtown the ballplayer and the sports writer were saying good night.

Wakefield wrote the piece.

The repercussions were several and sharp.

The local club yelled. It was afraid McGowan's announcement might affect popular interest in the Bisons.

The sellers of flood-lighting equipment registered a quavering bleat. They weren't sure whether he'd criticized their product or not. Some of the magnates wondered at his words about their starting hours.

### The Old College Try

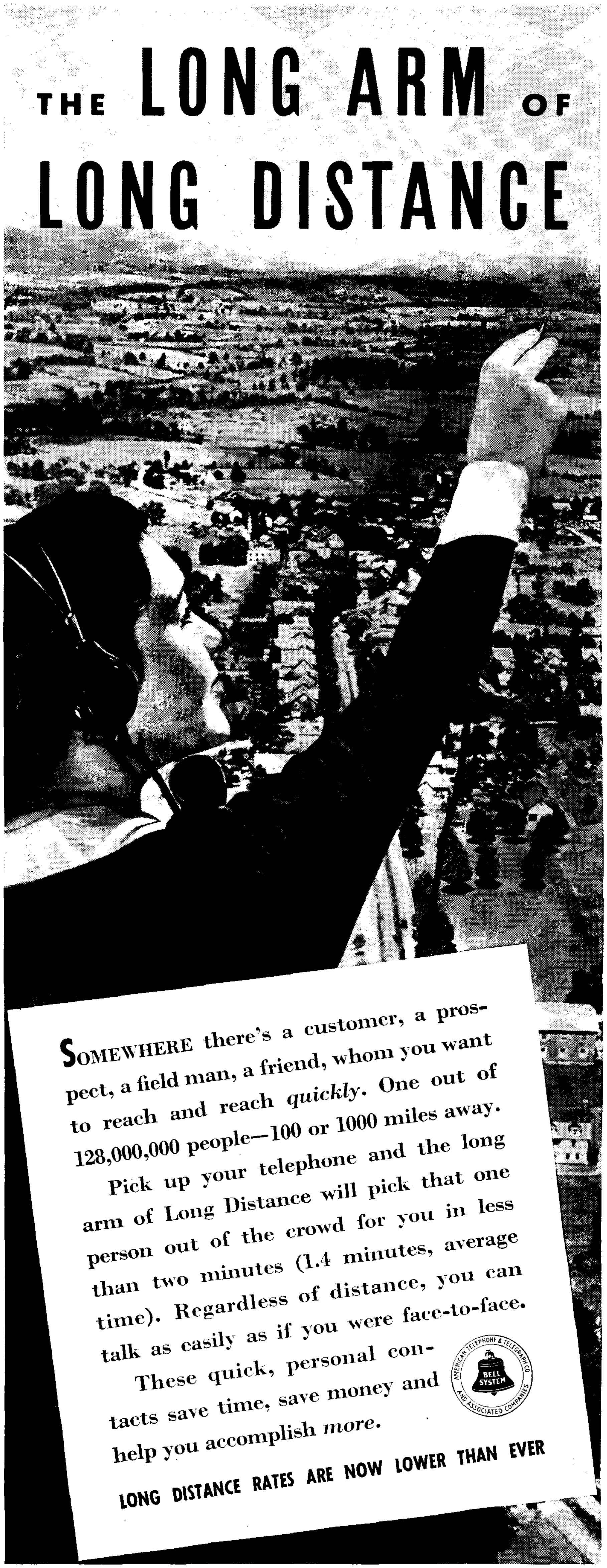
But the ultimate pay-off came whistling over the press-service teletypes from Boston. Apparently figuring the news they'd promised to keep quiet until the end of the season had leaked from the Buffalo end, the Boston Bees released a brief but official item to the effect that Outfielder Frank Bernard McGowan had been purchased from the Buffalo team, for delivery at the end of the season.

Fate wasn't to let him go, however, without one more haymaker. It was that old recurrent pain in his side. He finished the Buffalo season in a blaze of glory, hitting .358 and winning both those awards previously mentioned, and went back to his insurance and football officiating. It was while handling an intramural football game between two teams at Yale that he suddenly became ill, went home and collapsed. They operated on him at one o'clock in the morning. The appendix had burst, and they found a double hernia while they were about it, too. He had a tough tussle, but a fine physique and clean living stood by him. They brought him home from the hospital on Christmas morning, and he was out and around in due course.

I was talking to him just before he left for training camp. He's a trim physical specimen, 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighing 180 pounds. The only marks of approaching age are a thread of silver here and there in his blue-black hair.

"I'm going to give it the old college try," he said. "I feel swell, better than I have in years. But, of course, I wasn't able to do my usual winter training. I always work out all winter in the Yale baseball cage. But if I could have a year like last year, dragged down by that trouble all the time, and I now realize it was dragging me down, I think I ought to be a lot better now."

Whether he goes on or out remains to be seen, but what star-spangled drama the scribes will strain through their typewriters if, perchance, some not too future World's Series finds this James J. Braddock of baseball crowned with a hero's diadem!



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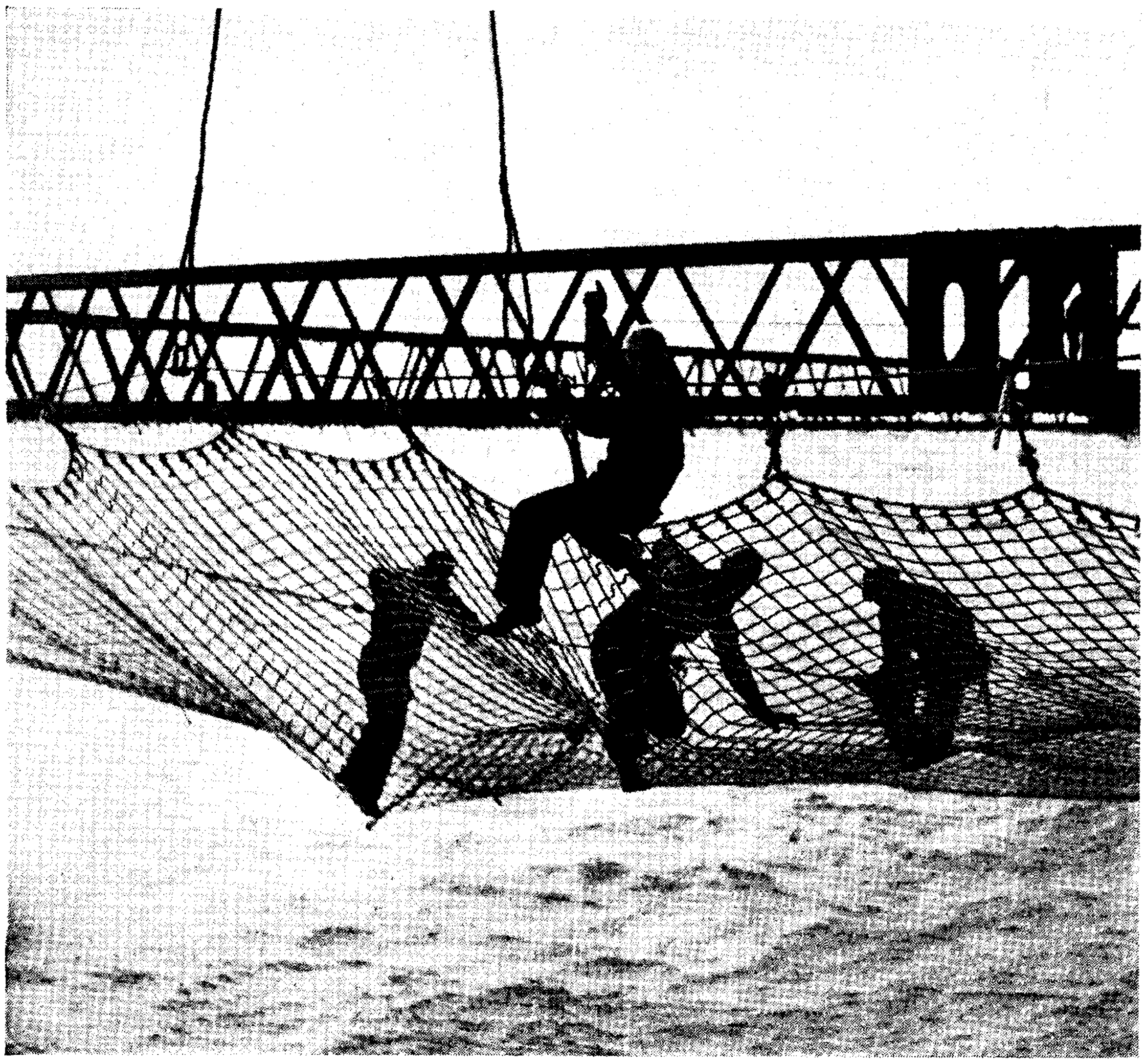

ACME

Safety nets, part of the intensive safety program enforced in building the Golden Gate Bridge, saved eleven lives and despite the recent tragedy helped set a new record for accident deaths in high construction

# LIFE SQUANDERERS

SAN FRANCISCO'S two new bridges tell a magnificent story. The great bridge across the bay linking San Francisco and Oakland and the beautiful span thrown across the Golden Gate are among the modern wonders of the world.

Bridge building, however, is dangerous work. For every million dollars spent previously on the great bridges one life has been lost. The famous bridge at Quebec cost the lives of eighty-four men.

The California engineers made prodigious efforts to prevent accidents. Still, during the construction of the Oakland Bridge twenty-four men were killed in spite of all precautions. This is a ghastly sacrifice. Yet if the Oakland Bridge had been as costly in human life as experience elsewhere indicated, seventy-seven men and not merely twenty-four would have been killed.

The safety record on the Golden Gate Bridge, even taking count of the accident last month, marks a brilliant achievement. Joseph B. Strauss, chief engineer of the Golden Gate Bridge, persuaded the authorities to drape safety nets under the entire structure. Those nets, which are a revolutionary innovation in bridge building, saved the lives of eleven men who fell into them. Some of the workmen dropped as much as forty feet into the net without injury and immediately returned to work. Until the spectacular accident in February when the collapse of scaffolding tore away the net and dumped thirteen men into the sea, only one life had been lost. Before this tragedy the bridge was ninety-five per cent finished.

The necessity for imagination and determination in the long effort to achieve industrial safety is very pressing. It is now fairly certain that in 1936 not less than 110,000 lives were lost and over ten million persons were injured in accidents of one type or another. The injured included not far from 400,000 permanently incapacitated to a greater or less degree. Among the dead, about 16,000 were children; 67,000 were between the ages of 15 and 64, most of them fathers carrying heavy family responsibilities; and 27,000 were older people.

For such havoc there is no parallel outside of war with its deliberate destruction of human life. Calculated in economic terms, the loss of lives, of health and of property reaches a sum running into the billions each year. The situation is truly fantastic. The money we thus waste would more than take care of our relief needs today.

When we think of accidents, our minds naturally turn to the automobile. Last year, motor vehicles were charged with 37,500 deaths, but they were, by no means, the chief offenders. As a matter of fact, fatalities in the home actually exceeded motor vehicle deaths in 1936. What irony in the belief that the home is the safest place in the world! Because of the increasing industrial activity and employment, last year saw a rise in the number of fatal occupational accidents to more than 17,000, mostly among men.

This situation is characteristically American. Nowhere else in the world is there anything like it. England and Germany, industrial countries like ours, have only half the number of accidents per unit of population. It is the same everywhere among civilized peoples. How cheap life is held among us is indicated by the fact that the homicide rate is nineteen times as high as in England. We have apparently little regard for the sanctity of human life and that contempt seeps through the whole population. Our daily activities and way of life involve haste and throw caution to the wind. The result is inevitable.

Nothing short of the re-education of the American people to a finer appreciation of the sanctity of human life will solve our accident problem. Our engineers and captains of industry, our public officials and welfare workers will continue to make useful contributions toward safety. They have already done much by eliminating physical hazards, by providing safer places for work, and parks, playgrounds and play streets for our children. But there are limits to what they can do. Unless our whole people change their attitude toward safety, we shall continue to lead the world in accidents. Someone must find a way to raise the esteem in which safety is held.

Every community should organize for safety—and that does not mean to hold an occasional safety meeting. A permanent organization to include representatives of all public and philanthropic organizations should be set up. Direction of the movement should be in the hands of a trained person who has proved his ability to get things done.

Education should be the chief objective in the campaign. Our greatest hope lies in the children. Their attitude toward life is still in the making. Here is a challenge to the schools, churches, welfare agencies and other institutions whose work deals with the building of character. With adults the problem is more difficult. But if we constantly hammer away, as Mr. Strauss did in San Francisco, the value of safety may grow in the public mind.

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